VANITY FAIR

FEBRUARY 1929

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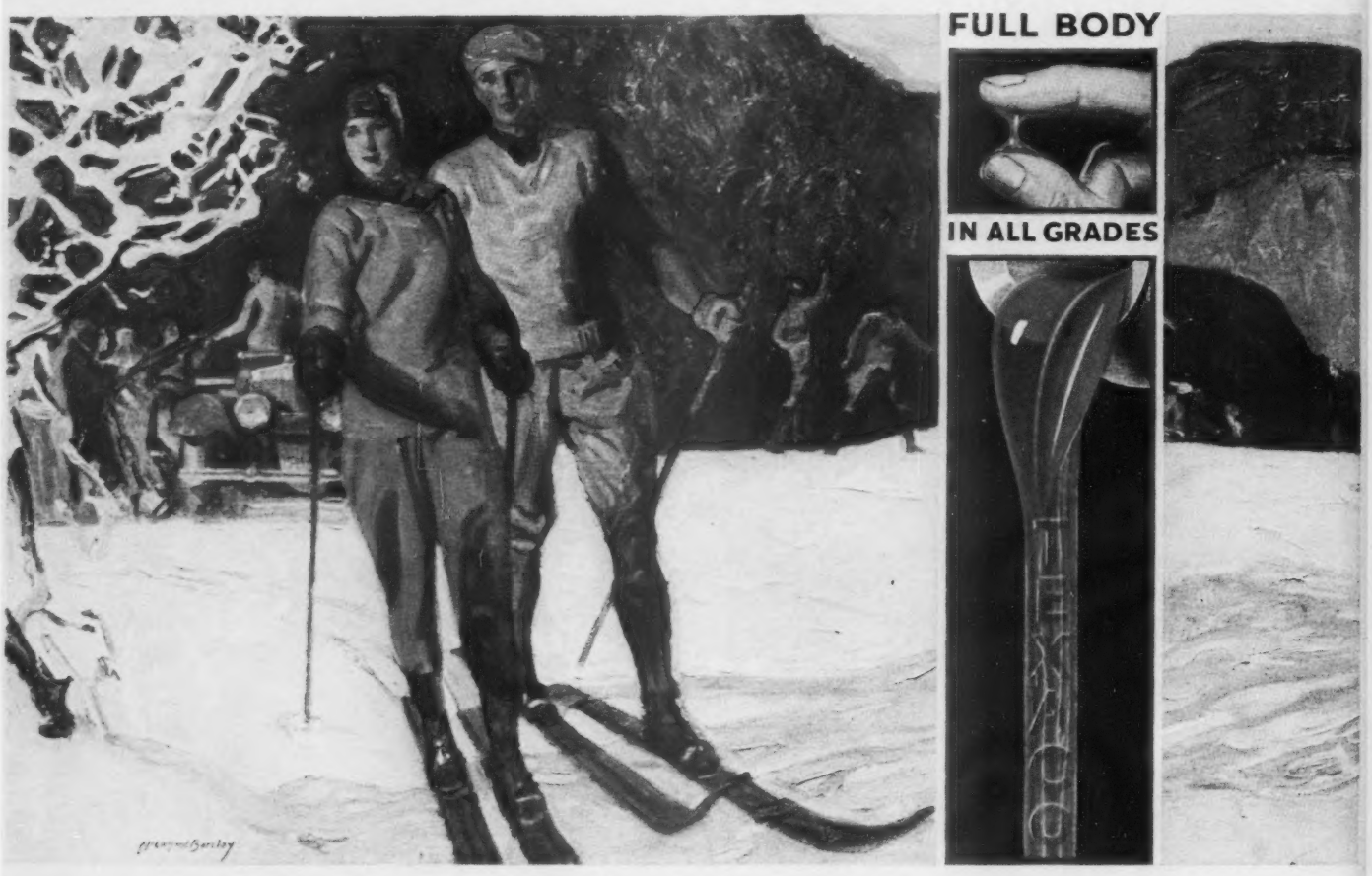
35 cts - 4oo a year

Step on the starter. This oil flows! ¶ Instantly, every bearing gets a life-saving stream of pure lubricant. ¶ Not so with all oils. Some of them will actually solidify, and require time and engine heat to "melt" them, and all the while the moving parts are scuffing and scraping with little or no protection. ¶ Clean, clear and full-bodied Texaco Golden Motor Oil contains no cold-sensitive elements.



Stop today where you see the Texaco Red Star with the Green T for Texaco Golden Motor Oil, the one oil that protects the engine *winter* and summer —and the *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline, the high test easy starting fuel.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Texaco Petroleum Products

TEXACO GOLDEN MOTOR OIL

TIFFANY & CO.

JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

PEARL NECKLACES

and Pearls for
Improving Necklaces

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

CARON CORP.. 389 FIFTH AVE.. NEW YORK

VANITY FAIR
February, 1929

Vanity Fair is published every month by The Condé Nast Publications, Inc., Boston Post Road, Greenwich, Conn. Executive and Publishing offices, Greenwich, Conn. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Greenwich, Conn., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Editorial offices, Graybar Bldg., Lexington at 43rd, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions for the United States, Canada, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, $4.00 a year in advance.

Vol. No. 31, No. 6

G E N T L E M E N ' S O U T F I T T E R S

Altman Dress Clothes, faultlessly styled, range in price from $50 to $90 for dinner suits and from $75 to $90 for full dress wear

One sees formal wear at its smartest these winter days. And it is interesting to note that the better a man's dress clothes are cut and tailored, the more often he finds occasion for wearing them.

MEN'S CLOTHING—SIXTH FLOOR

B. ALTMAN & CO., *Fifth Avenue, New York*

GUERLAIN

DJEDI

To fittingly commemorate one hundred years of Guerlain artistry we announce the debut of Djedi — the parfum of a century

New-York - 578 • madison • ave - Paris • 68 • champs - élysées •
Guerlain • perfumes • are • bottled • and • sealed • in • Paris • and • sold • only • in • the • original • bottles •

The Knitted One Piece Frock Is A Smart New Sports Fashion

Graduated stripes decorate this smart frock for active or "spectator" sports wear. White with red, yellow with brown, beige with brown, almond with dark green, powder with dark blue. Sizes 14 to 40..... 26.50

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

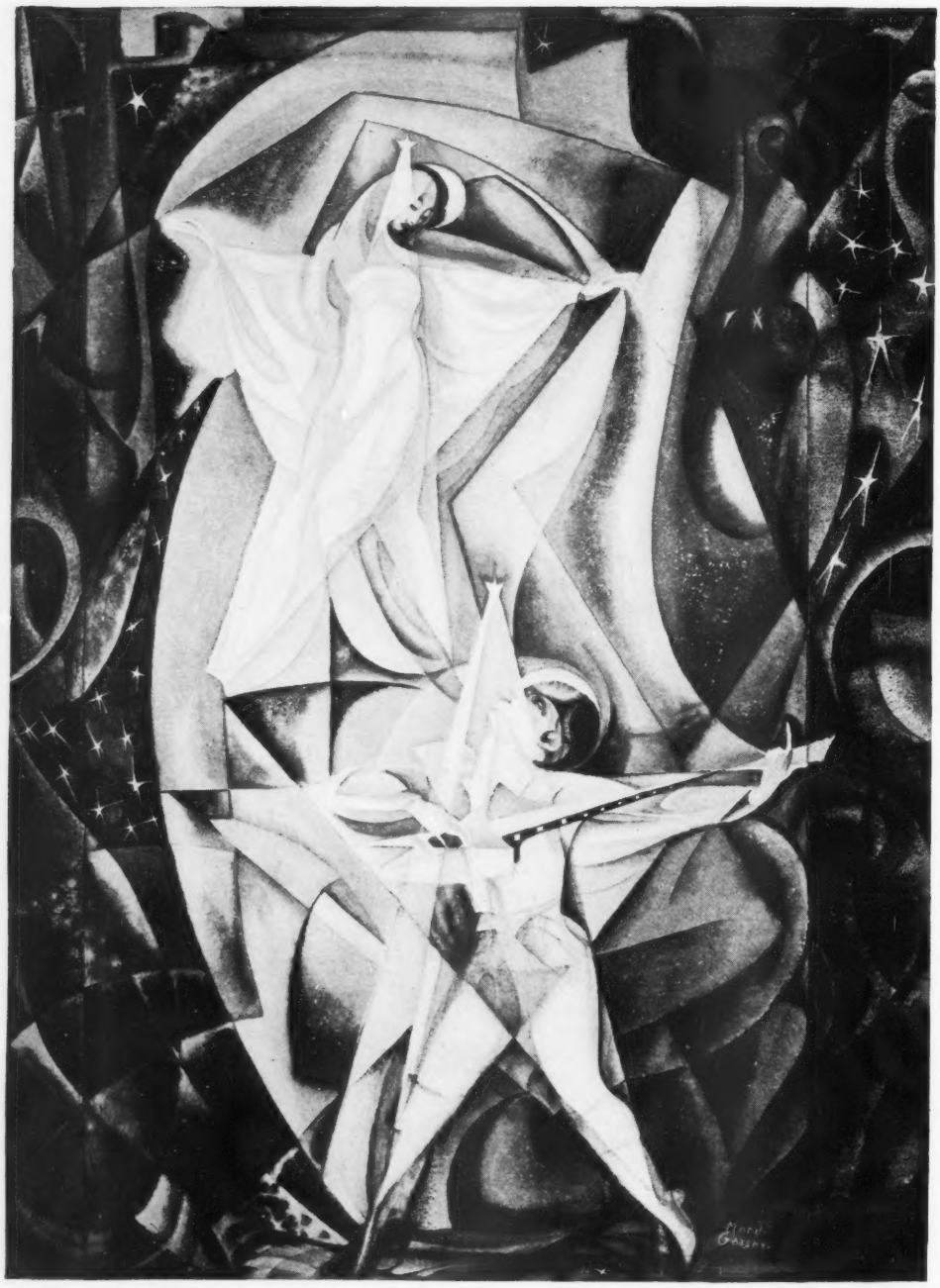
The Nada one piece sweater frock is knit in "gingham check" effect and has a wide patent leather belt. Brown, blue, red, green, or black and white checks. Sizes 14 to 40..... 19.50

A Charge account simplifies long distance shopping

Best & Co.

Fifth Avenue at 35th St.—N. Y.
Paris *Palm Beach* *London*

Write for date of our fashion showing in your town or nearby



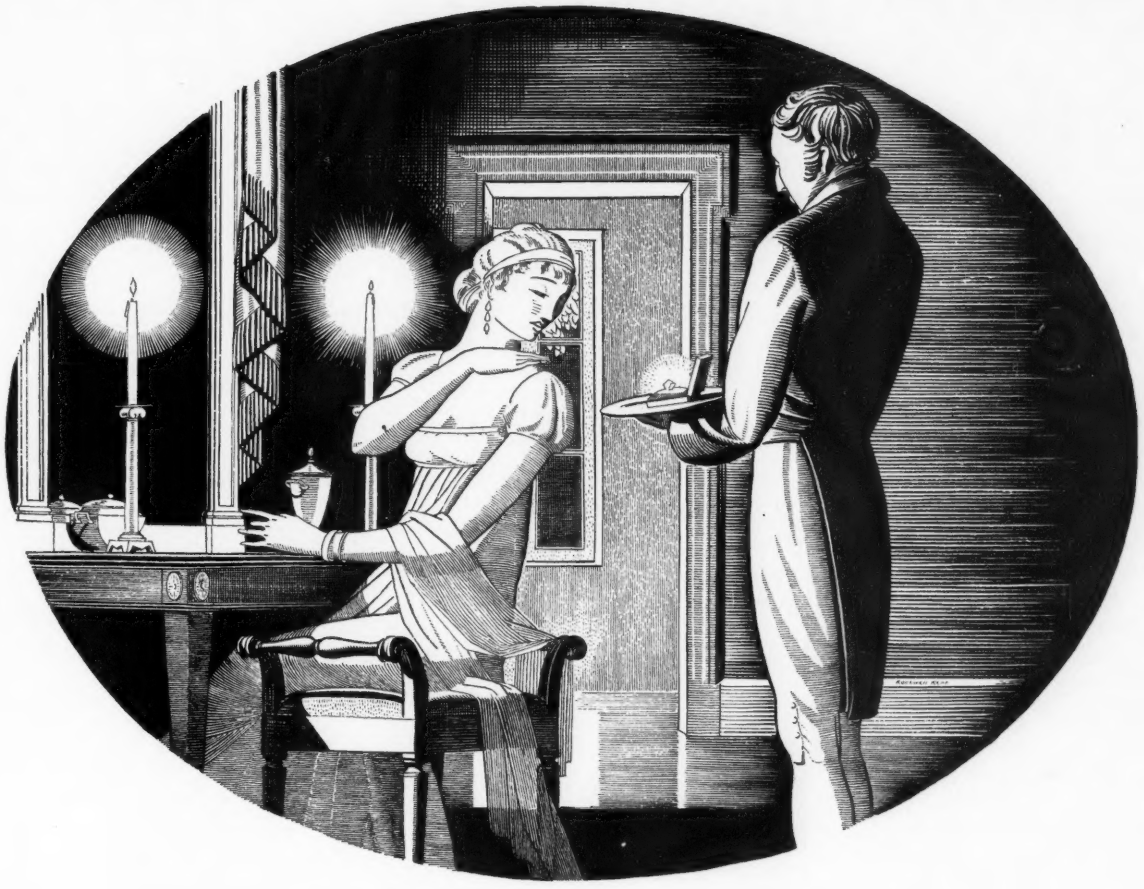
MOONLIT GLAMOUR *in a silver box*

Le Pirate—a daring, ardent perfume by Lenthéric echoes its moonlight magic in an enchanting companion—a face powder—the very secret of beauty in a silver box. *Not* scented with a dull, unfaithful adaptation of this poetic fragrance, but miraculously *Le Pirate* itself, a triumph of powder-making and perfume art . . . Poudre Le Pirate smooths itself upon a lovely skin—lightly and caressingly, and by its clinging fineness, its delicate tones, gracefully complements

Nature . . . Every woman may find a Lenthéric powder to accent her loveliness . . . there are 8 shades cleverly toned to beautify any coloring. Every woman, too, will be enchanted to discover that each box holds its own soft, velvety puff—and that she can buy *Le Pirate* at a price lower than any comparable powder.

Lenthéric, *Paris*

Parfums . FIFTH AVENUE AND 58TH ST., NEW YORK
245 RUE SAINT-HONORÉ, PARIS, FRANCE



ACCENTS

ONCE, in a hushed audience at *La Bohême*, a quick gesture scattered a thousand tiny stars about a diamond bracelet . . . bright accent for a very lovely hand.

Later, at a particularly intimate luncheon for two, a black opal like a dark flame first burned and glowed on tapered ivory fingers.

And recently it was at Meadow Brook that a noted horsewoman was seen to wear a novel sport pin of carved and painted crystal . . . an exquisite miniature of her favorite mount.

Accents! . . . A line, a note, a thing different to create an impression intensely individual and characteristic . . . a new beauty . . . an unsavored charm!

It is a point of pride with Marcus & Company that in these cases they have occasioned new and notable modes . . . that in the baguette diamond, the black opal, the crystal miniature they have created vogues of real importance and significance . . . high accents to the unending progression of modes and manners. *The Palm Beach branch of this establishment will remain open through March.*

MARCUS & COMPANY

JEWELERS

WM. ELDER MARCUS, JR. CHAPIN MARCUS

Fifth Avenue at Forty-fifth Street, New York; London; Paris; Palm Beach

© 1929

Helena Rubinstein Cosmetics Proclaim the Artist!

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN
World-Famed Beauty Scientist

THE secret of a successful facial ensemble? . . . Make-up that is as perfect in texture as in color . . . lipstick that lends satin smoothness as well as luscious tone . . . rouge you can blend with ease . . . powder so gossamer it becomes one with the skin . . .

Such are the cosmetics of Helena Rubinstein. For they are the creation of one who is artist as well as scientist . . . one who for years has divided her life between laboratory and atelier . . . studying constantly to bless all women with the wondrous coloring of immortal beauties.

When you touch the new Cubist Lipstick to your lips, when you bring the glow of Red Raspberry Rouge to your cheeks, when you clothe your skin with the gentle fragrant radiance that is Valaze Powder, then you realize the magic that lies in make-up.

For color, for texture, for staying quality, for wholesomeness, the cosmetic creations of Helena Rubinstein are unquestionably the finest in the world.

The Basis of a Chic Make-up

Before you apply your finishing touches, cleanse the skin with Water Lily Cleansing Cream—the exquisite youthifying cleanser, designed for the fastidious (2.50, 4.00, 7.50). Water Lily Foundation lends the skin a soft, alluring creaminess, makes rouge and powder doubly adherent, doubly flattering. An ideal powder foundation. 2.00. Now your skin is ready for—

A Powder Masterpiece

Valaze Powder. Clinging, exquisitely textured, subtly fragrant. In a rich variety of smart and enhancing shades. Novena for dry skin. Valaze for average and oily skin. 1.50, 3.00, 5.50.

Ravishing Rouges

Valaze Rouges (compact or en creme) impart a luscious bloom that actually protects the skin! For daytime you will choose gay, piquant, youthful Red Raspberry, and for evening, Red Geranium, the vivid, the provocative. For the conservative woman there is the subtle Crushed Rose Leaves. 1.00 to 5.00.

The Magic Lipstick

Cubist Lipstick—Helena Rubinstein's newest cosmetic creation. Brings to the lips a softness, lustre and beauty rivalled only by the rare loveliness of its coloring. In two enchanting shades, Red Raspberry for day and Red Geranium for evening. To be chic one must have both. Smart enameled cases, Golden or Black. 1.00.

Water Lily Vanities

are masterpieces of the jeweler's craft! Enameled in Jet Black, Chinese Red, Jade Green or Golden. Double Compact 2.50, Golden 3.00. Single Compact 2.00, Golden 2.50.

Beautiful Eyes

Accent the Beauty of Your Eyes with Valaze Persian Eye-Black (Mascara)—instantly darkens the eyelashes, giving them an effect of silky, soft luxuriance. Wonderfully adherent, yet does not leave the lashes stiff or brittle. 1.00, 1.50.

Valaze Eye Shadow (Compact or Cream, in black, brown, green or blue). 1.00.

Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener promotes luxuriant growth of lashes and brows. 1.00, 1.50.

The Smart Woman's Beauty Treatment

Cleanse the skin with the luxurious Valaze Water Lily Cleansing Cream. Contains youth-renewing essences of water-lily buds (2.50). Revivify the face and eyes with the rare anti-wrinkle lotion, Valaze Extrait (2.50, 5.00, 10.00). Then wake the tissues with the unique rejuvenating stimulant, Valaze Eau Verte (3.00, 5.00, 10.00), and while the skin is tingling and responsive, pat in Valaze Emailline (1.75, 3.50, 6.00, 11.00), the bracing astringent massage cream. If muscles of face and throat droop, revitalize them with Valaze Georgine Lactee (3.00, 6.00, 11.00), a muscle tightener vital to sagging faces. A complete beauty treatment for the smart woman.

It is essential that you visit Helena Rubinstein's Salons at this trying time of year, so that your beauty may present a harmony of perfection—skin, contour, eyes, hands and hair all exquisite. Here you will receive the last word in scientific beauty treatments and expert guidance on home treatments and make-up.

LONDON *Helena Rubinstein* PARIS

8 East 57th Street, New York

Philadelphia, 254 South 16th Street
Boston, 234 Boylston Street
670 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago
951 Broad Street, Newark

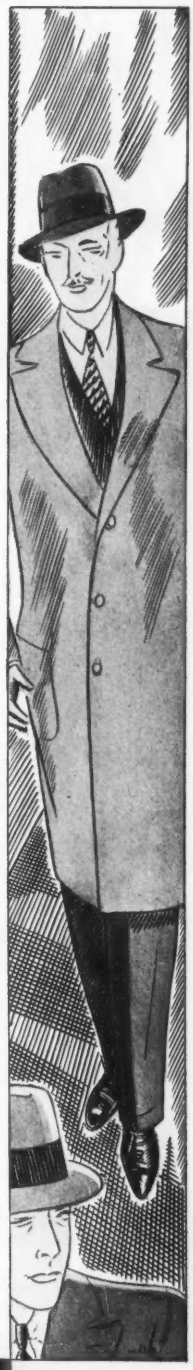
Cosmetic and home-treatment creations of Helena Rubinstein are obtainable at the better shops, or direct from the Salons

Spring OUTLINES

For Spring the dominating tendency in topcoats and hats is toward casualness and freedom of line. The topcoat is comfortably full and roomy—the hat is of grey or brown felt with a snap brim. These tendencies are realized par excellence in the Moorland topcoat and this smart snap-brim hat.

★

Single-breasted Moorland Topcoats made on the outside of fine imported cheviots, with a durable worsted back. Also West of England coverts in fitted or box styles. Tailored here of fine imported materials. All are showerproofed and silk trimmed throughout. Available in various weaves and colors at $70.00.



An unusually smart snap-brim felt hat, especially designed so that the brim keeps its crisp curves long after the ordinary hat would be shapeless. Available in partridge, brown, pearl and drab grey, $8.00. Other fine hats in various new shapes and shades, $7.00 to $12.00.

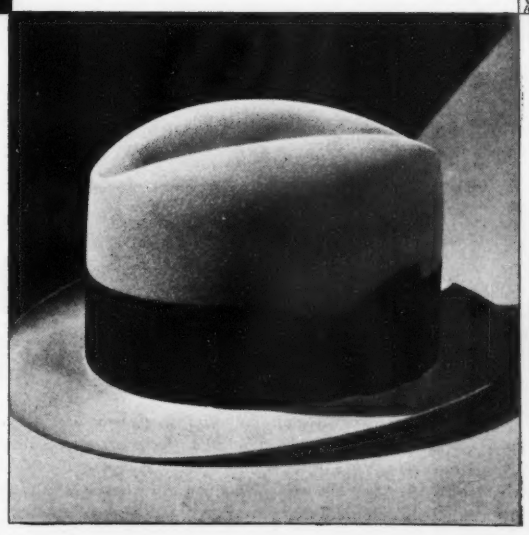
★

THE MAN'S SHOP

Lord & Taylor

FIFTH AVENUE ★ NEW YORK

EXPRESS ELEVATORS DIRECT

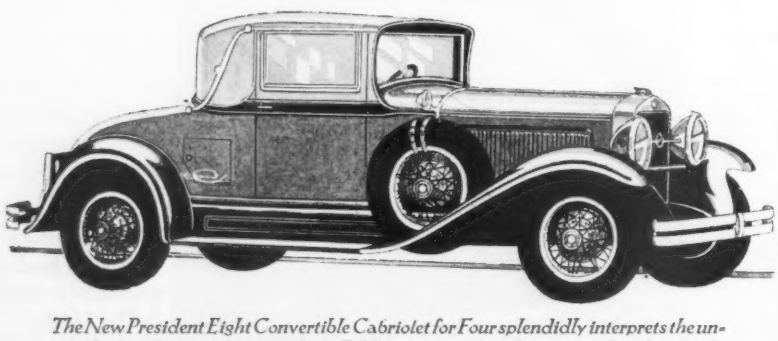


A permanent curl in the back, a permanent snap in the front.

STYLE HAS BEEN SET TO SWIFTER TEMPO

. . . and none so fleet, so smart, so stalwart as the new Studebakers!

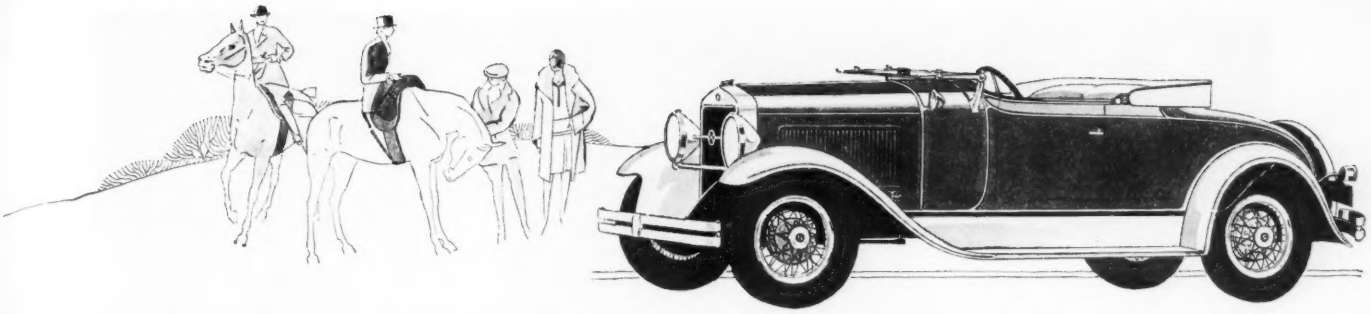
The New President Eight Brougham for Five bespeaks eloquently the velvet road-mastery of its 115-horsepower world-champion chassis. Broadcloth upholstery of French pillow type, with folding center arm rest in rear seat, and adjustable driver's seat. Priced $2350, at the factory. Equipment, other than standard, extra.



The New President Eight Convertible Cabriolet for Four splendidly interprets the unmatched performance it provides. Folding top permits this smart closed car to be converted into an open roadster. Dual carburetion. Houdaille double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers. Priced $1895, at the factory. Equipment, other than standard, extra.

JUST as a musician weaves the pattern of his theme in rhythmic harmony, so have Studebaker's artists in coachcraft expressed the brilliant spirit of these new champion motor cars.

Fleetness, stamina, and trustworthiness—far beyond what other motor cars have ever proved — are the qualities which enable Studebaker to hold *every* official stock car speed and endurance record. And these are the very attributes interpreted in every virile line and contour of these incomparable new Studebakers!



The New Commander Regal Roadster for Four offers thrilling performance and smart appearance. Available with six-cylinder or straight-eight engine. Ball bearing spring shackles and hydraulic shock absorbers. Priced $1450 or $1595, at the factory. Equipment, other than standard, extra.

Studebaker's undisputed performance leadership, remarkable riding ease and traditional reliability, are here linked brilliantly with forward styling. Turn to Studebaker for world champion swiftness. Turn to Studebaker for beauty unapproached in Studebaker's four great price ranges. Turn to Studebaker if you would not pay more than you should for less than Studebaker provides.

The New Commander Victoria for Four provides companionable transportation with generous roominess. Individual chairs for driver and companion. Lounge seat for two. Non-shatterable windshield. Double-drop frame. Priced $1375 or $1525, at the factory. Equipment, other than standard, extra.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

Photo by Edw. E. Jacobsen

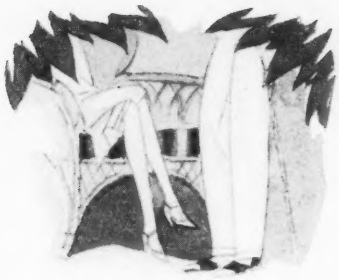
A Palm Beach Suit

The suit shown above is made of cool Palm Beach Cloth; and perhaps its very counterpart will be seen on the Lake Trail of Palm Beach, Florida, at this moment . . . . For wherever the sun sends its quota of warm days, *there* you are sure to find this refreshingly smart, remarkably comfortable fabric.

Men invariably praise it for its economy—its faithful durability—its long service—its breezy weave—its excellent drape. Its light shades may be washed again and again—while dry-cleaning suits the dark shades best . . . . For travel, for sports, for business, for evening wear—Palm Beach Suits and Knickers will present the ideal answer—in scores of new, smart patterns.

Your clothier will provide. If, at any time, you have difficulty in filling your needs—be very sure to communicate with us.

PALM BEACH MILLS, GOODALL WORSTED CO., SANFORD, MAINE. Selling Agent: A. ROHAUT, 229 4th AVE., N.Y.C.



THE WARDROBE SET

Better-dressed men are now buying their shoes as they buy their golf clubs—in sets. The group shown—all Walk-Overs matching in quality and smartness—are built on slightly varying lasts to meet the different conditions which they will encounter. Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Massachusetts.

WALK-OVER SHOES

FOR GENTLEMEN

Apthorpe—a black oxford in boarded calf at $10.

Briarcliff—black and white sport shoe of buck and calfskin—$10.

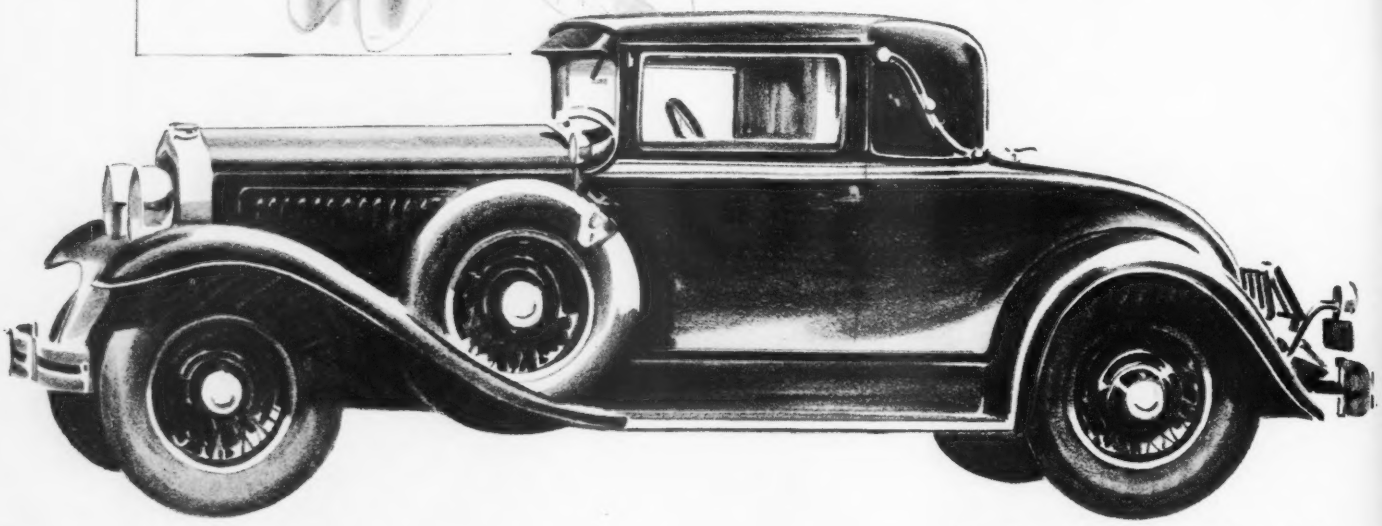
Brinsley—a tan calf oxford for informal day wear—price, $10.

Park Lane—patent-leather shoe for evening wear, at $10.

SENIOR

A new advance in fine-car style

EVERY MAN of affairs will instantly recognize the spirited style and the fine dignity of the new Dodge Senior as something he has long wanted in his car. Here is a rare blending of modern smartness with large-car ease and stability. It is a Walter P. Chrysler achievement! Fine—large—luxurious—the new Dodge Senior has genuine character and attraction. Its superiority is many-sided. Its excellence of engineering insures fine performance. Its sound construction guarantees long life. And its new, advanced style is commanding universal admiration everywhere.

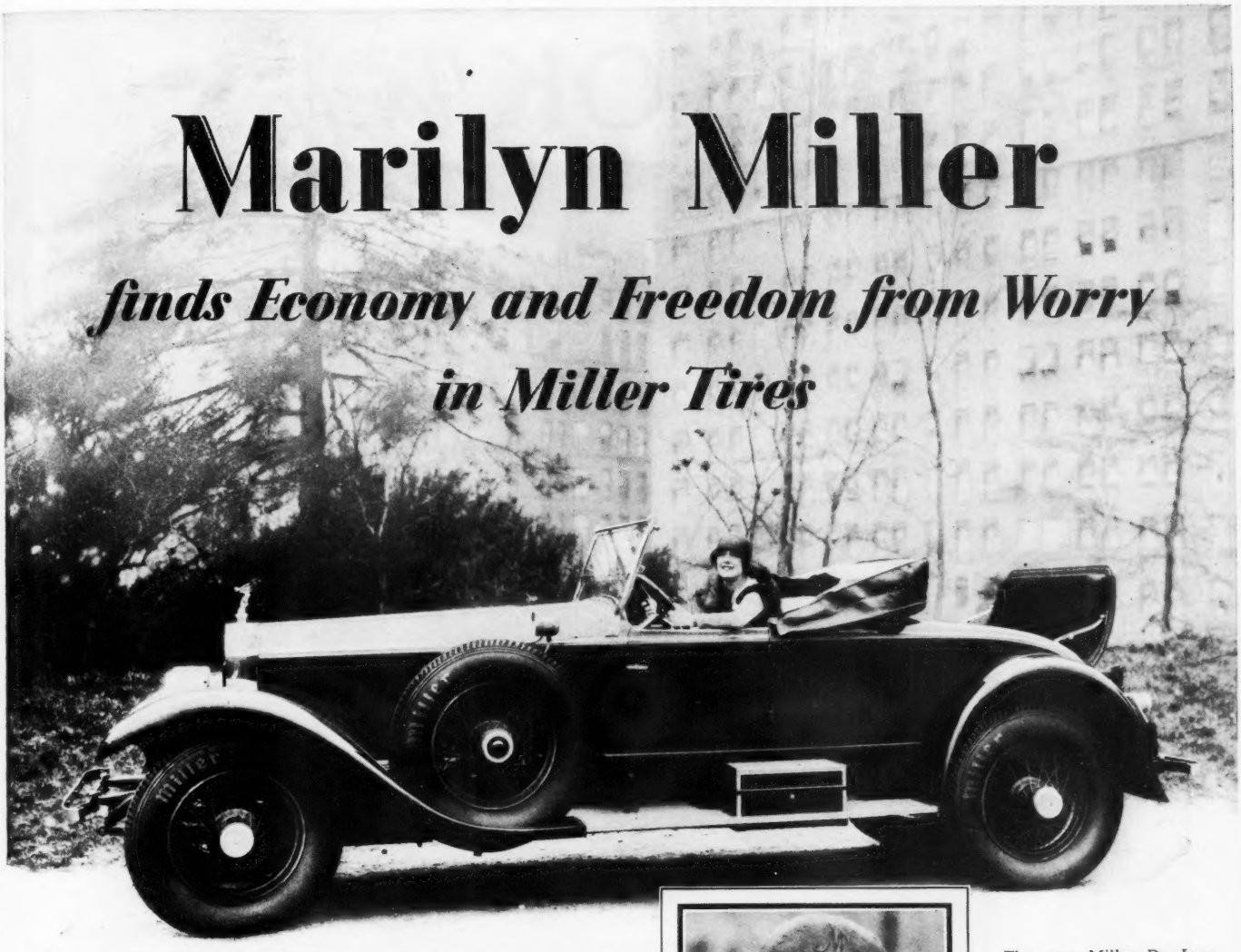


Sport Coupe with Rumble Seat (wire wheels extra)

NEW DODGE SENIOR

Marilyn Miller

finds Economy and Freedom from Worry in Miller Tires



"If economy and freedom from worry are important to a driver, then one understands why Millers have gained such popularity. From the way mine are wearing, I know I am getting the most for my money."

Marilyn Miller

The new Miller De Luxe 6-ply Balloon pictured below is a new super-type tire for those who demand the utmost freedom from blowouts and punctures. It is built to give extra long mileage and to withstand the roughest service.

IN acknowledging the splendid service Miller Tires are giving her, Miss Miller has hit the keynote of Miller's great growing popularity—*freedom from worry!*

To millions of women who drive, Millers have brought a new confidence—a new trust—in motoring by themselves.

And, in order to bring an entirely new significance to the words *"freedom from worry,"* Miller has created and perfected a new type tire—the De Luxe Balloon. It is built for those who want the best balloon tire money can buy, and who realize that the best is always cheapest in the end. It is for those who want thousands of extra miles with total freedom from road delays on long drives. It is for those want a surpassing degree of safety and non-skid protection. And for all who want a tire in which the puncture hazard is practically eliminated.

The Miller De Luxe Balloon does not supersede Miller's fine standard product—the Geared-to-the-Road Balloon. It adds a super-tire of giant strength—and necessarily of higher first cost—for those who drive fast and show their tires no mercy. It will give you a measure of economy and *freedom from worry* such as you have never experienced—in fact, was created by Miller to last as long as most people keep their cars.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY of N. Y. AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Miller REG. PAT.

TIRES • TUBES AND ACCESSORIES • DRUG SUNDRIES • BATHING WEAR
SHUGLOVS • RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS • MOLDED RUBBER GOODS

The HICKOK Garter

New

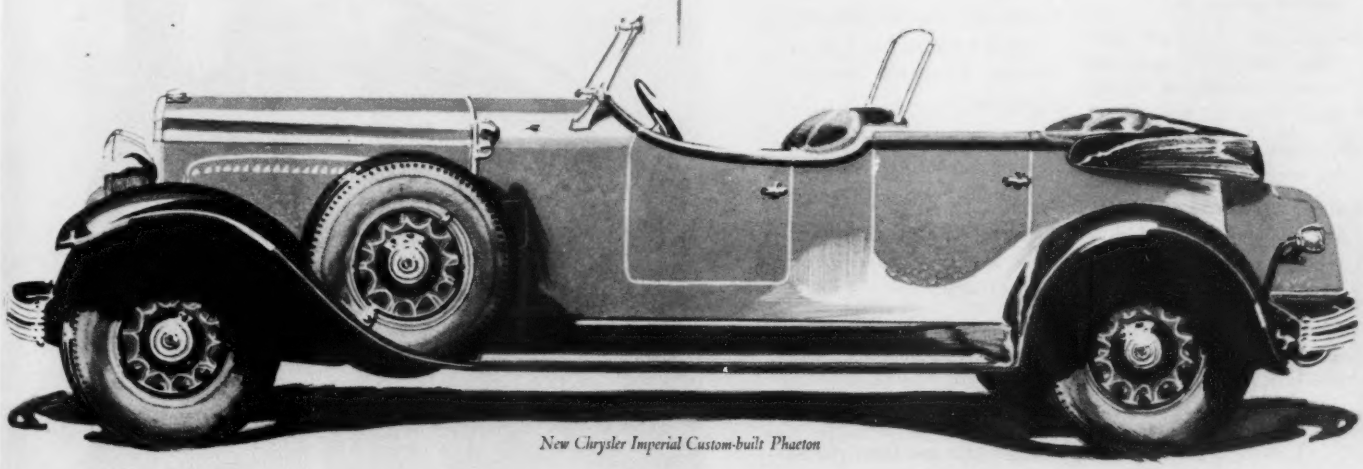
Styled by Hickok in varied designs to suit any individual taste. Many of the patterns may also be had in Hickok Braces.

50¢ - $1.00

BELTS BRACES GARTERS

THE NEW CHRYSLER

IMPERIAL



New Chrysler Imperial Custom-built Phaeton

The Highest Expression of Chrysler Accomplishment

The new Chrysler Imperial is the highest expression to date of Chrysler accomplishment in engineering, performance and equipment, and of the new style that re-styles all motor cars—now presented in the largest and most powerful car Chrysler builds . . . . ¶ It conveys at first glance a correct conception of what it is and what it will do—impressing you immediately with its imposing proportions and consequent luxury and carrying the promise of road ease and restfulness which cars of lesser specifications cannot be expected to provide . . . . ¶ The new Imperial is very beautiful—a richly groomed car in every sense of the word—designed, fitted and finished with restrained good taste and quietly effective in every large or small detail of its environment.

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL PRICES—*Roadster, $2675; Standard Coupe, $2895; Town Sedan, $2975; 5-passenger Sedan, $2975; Convertible Coupe, $2995; 7-passenger Sedan, $3095; 7-passenger Phaeton, $3095; Sedan Limousine, $3475. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.*

MODERNISM is sweeping the intelligent world

YOU find it in music, in the arts, in literature. You can't ignore it. Yet, what do you know about it? What do you *think* of it?

You won't always understand modernism. But you should at least be able to appreciate it.

There is a way, an easy way, to know and enjoy the newest schools of modern thought and art. . . . A forum where the most brilliant minds of two continents exchange their ideas.

This forum is the magazine Vanity Fair. In it you will find. . . .

Wit and satire that reflect the brittle gaiety and subtle cynicism of modern life.

Portraits you won't see anywhere else of the men and women distinguished in the world of art and letters.

Essays and reflections on modern music and drama.

Brilliant discussions of politics and the new schools of philosophy.

The talking cinema and notes on the new dances.

Reproductions of pen and ink drawings, etchings, and paintings by Picasso and other contemporary masters.

Articles on contract bridge by Sidney Lenz, and on golf by Bobby Jones and Bernard Darwin.

Caricatures of modern life that startle one because they hit the truth so squarely.

A department of men's fashions that is the most authoritative of its kind.

News of the gay capitals of the world . . . . London, Paris, New York, Vienna.

Vanity Fair always presents the modern point of view . . . the sketchy, sophisticated, half gay, half serious outlook on life. . . .

It is, in a true sense, the mirror of modernity.

Subscribe now and assure yourself of a fresh and modern point of view for all of 1929. . . .

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PABLO PICASSO
EDWARD STEICHEN

COURTESY OF THE WEYHE GALLERIES

"Pinnacle," a lithograph by Rockwell Kent, an artist who has at last come into his own and is today generally conceded to be one of the ten outstanding American painters. His work appeared in Vanity Fair in 1916, three years before it appeared in any other periodical, and years before its public acceptance

1 Year Vanity Fair $4.00

Sign and mail the coupon NOW

Vanity Fair,
Graybar Building, New York City.

Enclosed find $4.00 for one year (12 issues) of Vanity Fair.

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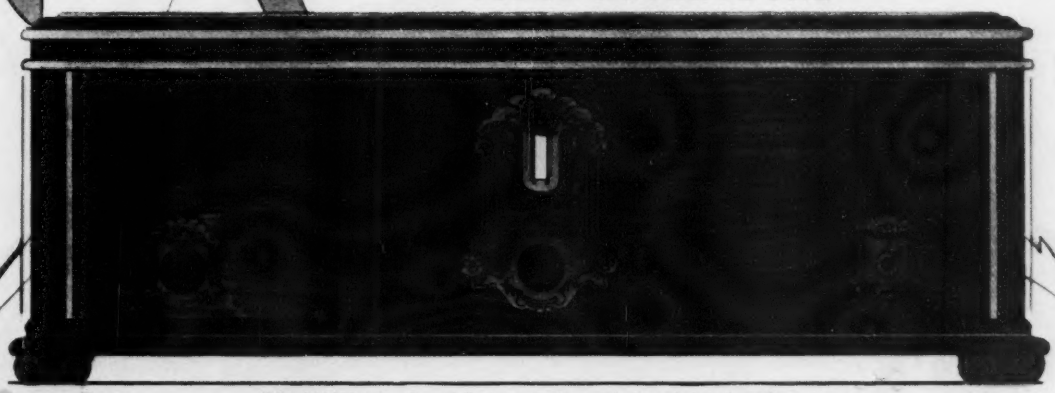
RCA RADIOLA 60

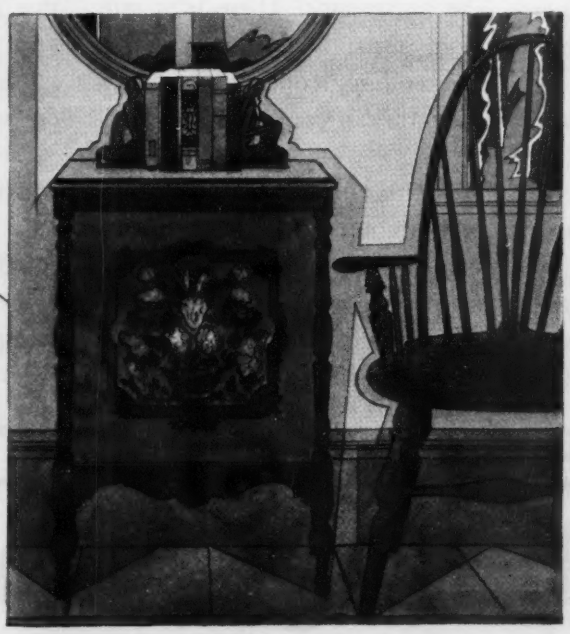
SUPER-HETERODYNE



RCA RADIOLA 60—Beautifully designed table model of new Radiola Super-Heterodyne with A.C. electric operation. Single control with illuminated dial. Ideal for congested broadcasting areas—highly sensitive for places remote from broadcast stations. Two-toned walnut veneered cabinet. An instrument of wonderful musical range and tone fidelity. $147 (less Radiotrons)

Radio receiver and speaker as separate units permit a flexibility in arrangement not possible with the larger cabinet combinations.

The "60" Super-Heterodyne may be put on a library shelf or a small side table, and be connected with the speaker placed anywhere in the room—or in another room. The best reproducer to use with the "60" is the new "106" Electro-Dynamic. This is of the same type as that used in the de luxe cabinet models of the new Super-Heterodynes.



Buy with confidence where you see this sign

106

RCA ELECTRO-DYNAMIC SPEAKER 106—The incomparable reproducing instrument of the type used in the new cabinet Radiolas now available as a separate unit. Operates from A.C. house current. A beautiful little piece of furniture as well as a reproducer of amazing range and tone. $88

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

New York Chicago Atlanta Dallas San Francisco

All the machinery is on top

-you never see it .. never oil it .. barely hear it!

ALL the machinery is on top . . . do you realize the importance of this simple statement? Do you know that this radically different design was chosen only after fifteen years of painstaking research in the laboratories of General Electric to determine the simplest, the most efficient, the most worry-proof arrangement?

The General Electric Refrigerator is one of the outstanding engineering achievements of recent years. All its mechanism is contained in an hermetically sealed steel casing, mounted on top of the refrigerator. There it is safe from dust and difficulties. It never needs oiling. It operates so quietly that you can scarcely hear it.

As for its installation—that is a matter of minutes. There is no soldering, plumbing or wiring. You simply attach the cord—just as you would with an electric iron—to any outlet, and turn on the switch.

Automatically, economically, this machinery which you never see gives you the perfect refrigeration that safeguards health. It keeps your food always within the safety zone—well below the fifty degree danger point. It makes plenty of ice cubes for you . . . and uses surprisingly little current. You will want complete specifications of all the models. You can get them by merely dropping us a card asking for a descriptive Booklet N-2.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
Refrigerator

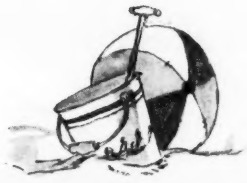
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY HANNA BUILDING CLEVELAND, OHIO

How to run a Beach Party

GET together a group of fun-enjoying sea-sand-and-sun lovers one hour after or before a meal and turn them loose with the newest ideas in beach games and water sports and pastimes.

It is to be expected that the kind of people you would invite will come costumed lightly and with the requisite dash and color to provide a picturesque setting—that most of them will wear A & F swimming suits and beach clothes.

To be sure you have the newest and best in beach games and surf sport equipment, get in touch with us by mail or in person.



Do you know of these?

Rappo for Beach Exercise
Rubber Animals
Beach Balls
Bathing Suits for Men and Women
Beach Shoes and Sandals
Beach Robes for Men and Women
Beach Pillows and Bathing Bags
Surf Boards
Women's Bathing and Diving Caps
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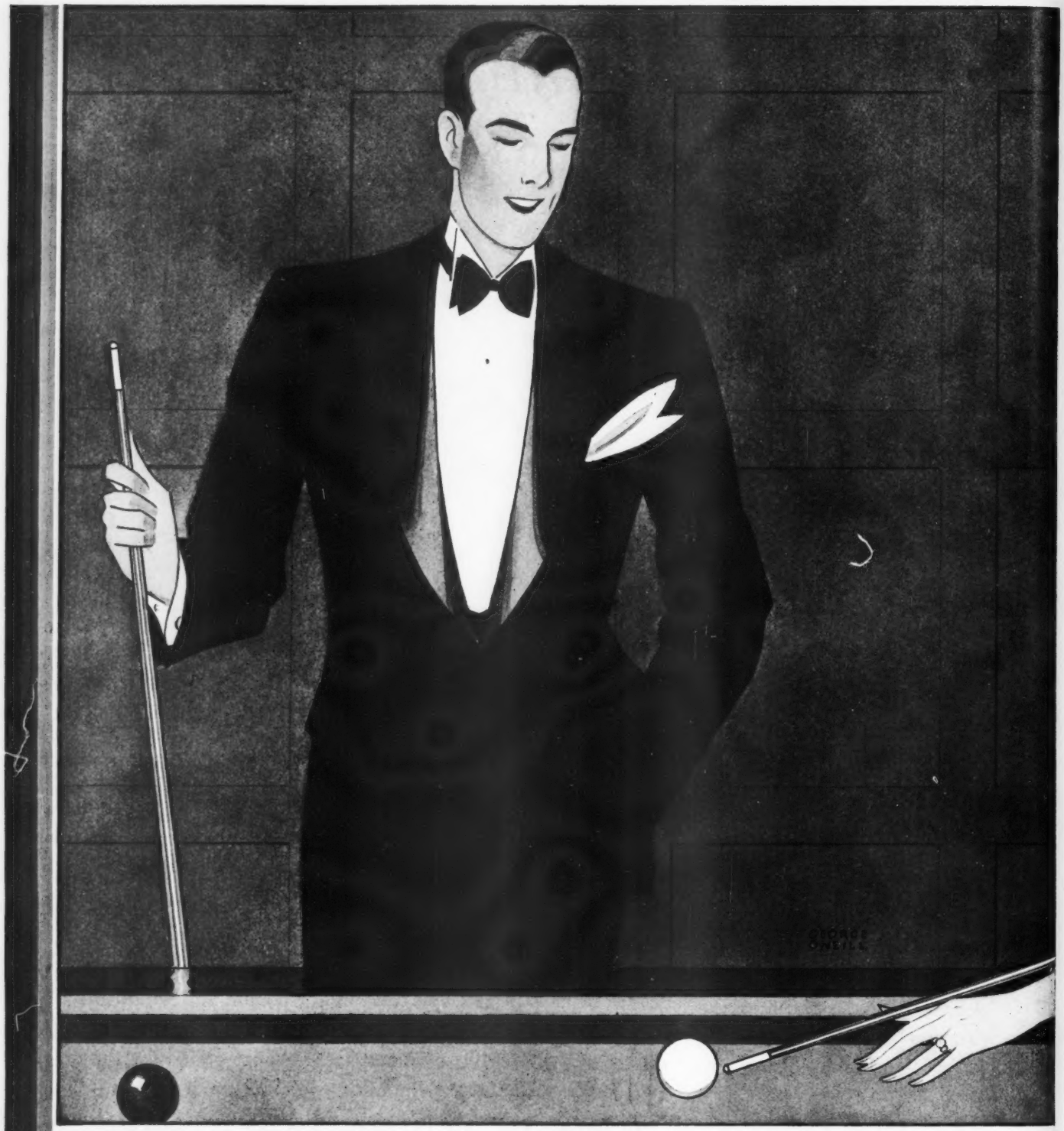


The "form" of the athlete—

lithe, graceful, rhythmic, and a pleasure to watch—was not acquired in a day. It came only after years of patient, concentrated effort. So it is with Roberts-Wicks Evening Clothes. Years of specialization have given them championship "form". Roberts-Wicks Company, Utica, N. Y.

ROBERTS-WICKS

EVENING CLOTHES *and* FORMAL DAY WEAR

RAINY DAY DISTINCTION
FOR
THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

He who goes snugly buttoned up in a "Gray Day" coat of Duro Gloss knows what it is to be smartly dressed for the harshest day. Protection is the basis of Duro Gloss quality, and a distinct style to suit each masculine taste is presented in a distinguished line of Duro Gloss "Gray Day" Coats.

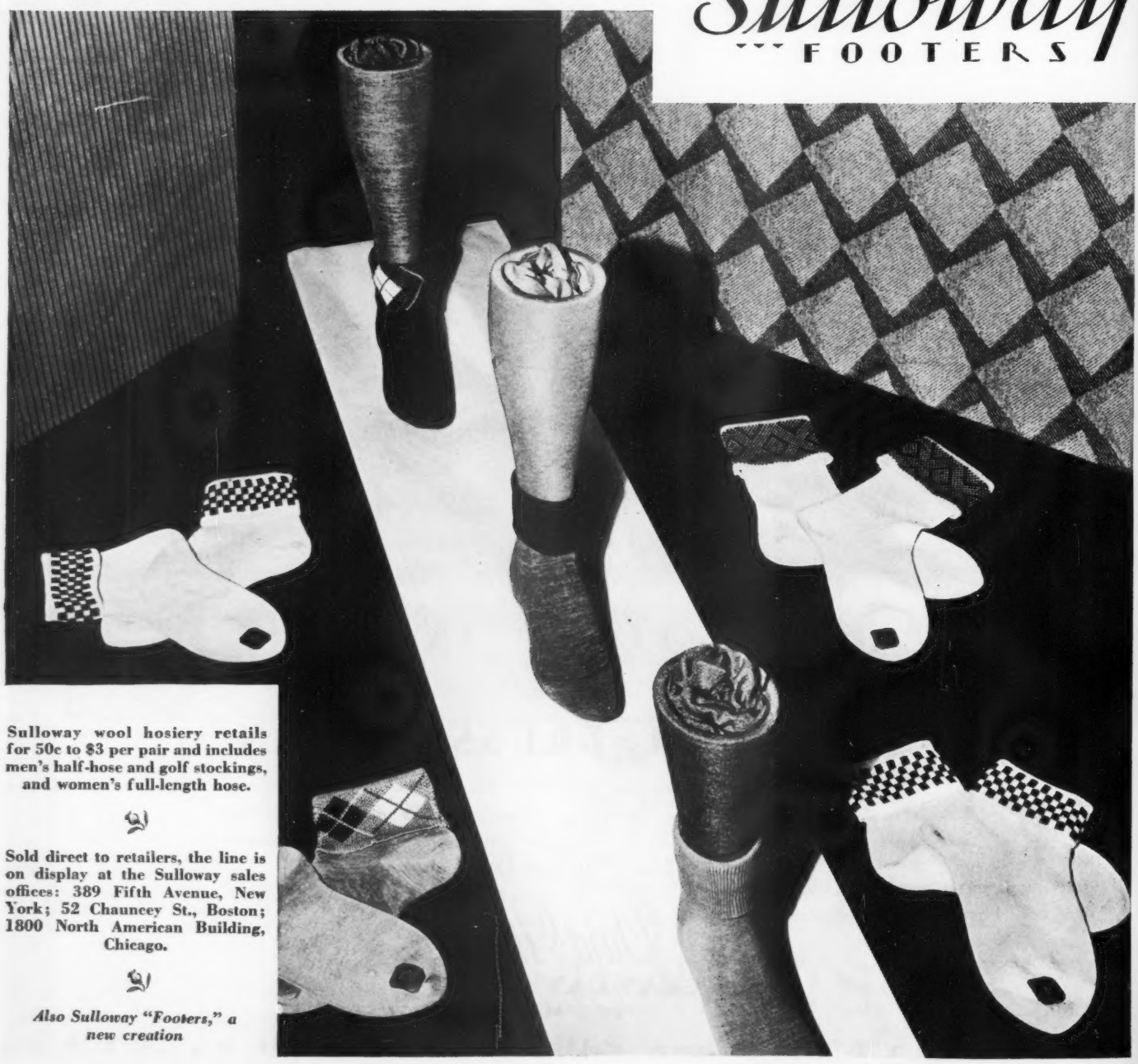
Duro Gloss

"GRAY DAY" COATS
FOR MEN

J. C. HAARTZ CO. ▲ NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FOOTERS are offered this winter for skating, as well as for all other sports in which the comfort and warmth of wool hose is demanded. Men have welcomed them on tennis courts. Footers have been used by active women both as sport socks and as oversocks with silk and chiffon hose. In the fall, their patterned tops added gay splashes of color to many fashion resorts, and were seen on smart feet along Commonwealth Avenue in Boston, and Park Avenue, Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, and in Hollywood, California. Sulloway Footers are knitted with turned-down tops in authentic colors (in solid and in fancy designs) pleasingly suited to any costume. For street wear or for sports, they are smartly styled. We invite you to buy Footers. You will find them at attractive shops everywhere.

Sulloway
FOOTERS



Sulloway wool hosiery retails for 50c to $3 per pair and includes men's half-hose and golf stockings, and women's full-length hose.

Sold direct to retailers, the line is on display at the Sulloway sales offices: 389 Fifth Avenue, New York; 52 Chauncey St., Boston; 1800 North American Building, Chicago.

Also Sulloway "Footers," a new creation

An Outward Sign of Inbred Quality

FASHION STREETS OF THE WORLD
Tremont Street, Boston

Visible Eyelets
on shoes of the better grade

YOUR SHOES
How are they made?

SHOES look pretty much alike to most of us. Yet, there is quite a difference in the methods by which they are made. The Goodyear Welt process is the standard by which the virtues of other methods are measured . . . Goodyear Welt shoes are acknowledged to be the most comfortable and most durable as well as the only shoes that can be satisfactorily repaired.

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE use of Diamond Brand *Visible* Fast Color Eyelets is an assurance of correct style, quality materials and careful workmanship in the shoe itself. Visible Eyelets preserve the smooth style lines of the shoe upper, allowing it to snug down comfortably and smoothly to the instep. Visible Eyelets snap up the appearance of the shoe without disturbing its air of quiet elegance.

LOOK FOR THE ◆ ◆ TRADE MARK

DIAMOND BRAND *Visible* FAST COLOR EYELETS

Ile de France

Centering about Paris, taking in the five great rivers, the ancient district called Ile de France contained all that was loveliest, gayest, most scintillantly alive in Europe . . . kings, statesmen, poets, beautiful women whose names are spells. Palaces, chateaux, gardens. The wars of Clovis, the fêtes of Le Roi Soleil, the thrilling story of Jeanne d'Arc, the pitiful tragedy of Marie Antoinette. What would be left of history if the old Ile de France had never been? . . . and carrying history to its completion today comes the new *"Ile de France"*, the most modern ship afloat . . . with the *"Paris"* and the *"France"*, the *"Ile de France"* provides a Weekly Express Service, the most enjoyable trans-Atlantic interlude, "the longest gangplank in the world" where France begins the minute you come aboard. Fastest and most direct service to Plymouth . . . then Le Havre, a covered pier . . . three hours . . . *Paris itself!*

Three Mediterranean Cruises by the "France", Jan. 3rd, Feb. 7th and March 14th

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Who Wants to be a Golf Widow Nowadays?

WHAT is more, who needs to be? Golf widows are in the descendent. No longer is America's national game looked upon as the ruination of married life. No longer do wise wives bow out of a friendly foursome with the pitiful plea that they "just haven't learned to play". They know all about the difference between a caddie and a mashie . . . and can use both to the fullest advantage.

Former golf widows (and, for that matter, every one of the 4,000,000 others who play the game) will do well to read every issue of The American Golfer. It tells how to play all difficult shots. Shows series of photographs of championship players in action and carefully analyzes their play. Contrasts right-way pictures with wrong-way ones. You may easily save your entire subscription several times over in one round of a hard-fought four-ball match.

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All the news, gossip and good fellowship of the grand old game.

Take up this Special Offer now . . . at an introductory price that saves you a dollar straight off and may save you a lot more in the form of tips on how to improve your game.

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Graybar Building, New York City

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V.F. 2-29

The YOUNGER HOSTESS...

who is not only fashionable but who has her own ideas

THE trend among the smart younger hostesses today is to view the decoration of the table with increasing interest. The table affords the hostess who is not only fashionable, but who has ideas and real taste, an incomparable opportunity to express her own individuality, to discover beautiful settings uniquely appropriate to her, to her home, her guests, or the occasion . . . . . Following this fashionable trend the younger hostess with taste finds the foundation of the modern two-tone tablecloths of Irish or Scottish linen damask most complete in the variations their simplicity affords... in white and in pastel colors, the new designs of Irish or Scottish weave may now be seen at your favorite shop... You will find them moderately priced.

LOVELY LINEN
DAMASK TABLECLOTHS & NAPKINS
impressively correct

Each season ushers in its wide array of new silhouettes, colours, and accessories to pass in review before the discriminating woman. She chooses the distinctive, discards the bizarre . . . she knows what will be smart but not overpopular. Have you that perfect sense of chic that gives one an air of such charming detachment and ease? If not, subscribe to Vogue . . it's just a matter of keeping informed.

2 years of Vogue . . . . 52 issues $8

. . . . . that second year for only $2 . . . . . .

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You may easily save Vogue's purchase price by avoiding a single over-popular or declining style.

You waste no money on buying unnecessary things. Guided by Vogue, you plan your whole season's wardrobe in advance, complete with interchangeable accessories. It is really amazing to discover how many things . . . unthinkingly bought by less well-informed women . . . you do not need at all.

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For chic is a matter of information, not of income. Wrong things are often costlier than right. What you leave off is even more important than what you put on. Guided by Vogue, you may look smart on a $100 expenditure, while uninformed women look frumpish in $10,000 worth of mink and pearls.

Why take chances again this coming season, when . . . by simply sending in the order card with $8 . . . you may have Vogue at hand . . . for two years, every other Thursday . . . to insure full value from your dress allowance, and add immensely to your pleasure and your charm.

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Spring Fabrics and Original Designs	February 2	Summer Fashions	June 8	Paris Fashions	October 12
Mid-Season Fashions	February 16	Summer Travel	June 22	New York Winter Fashions	October 26
Spring Millinery and Bridal Features	March 2	Sports Number	July 6	Fashions for Older Women, and New Accessories	November 9
Spring Shopping	March 16	Autumn Forecast	July 20	Vanity Number	November 23
Paris Openings	March 30	New Ideas for Interior Decorating	August 3	Christmas Gifts	December 7
Paris Fashions	April 13	Early Autumn Fashions, Fashions for Children	August 17	Fashions for the Holidays	December 21
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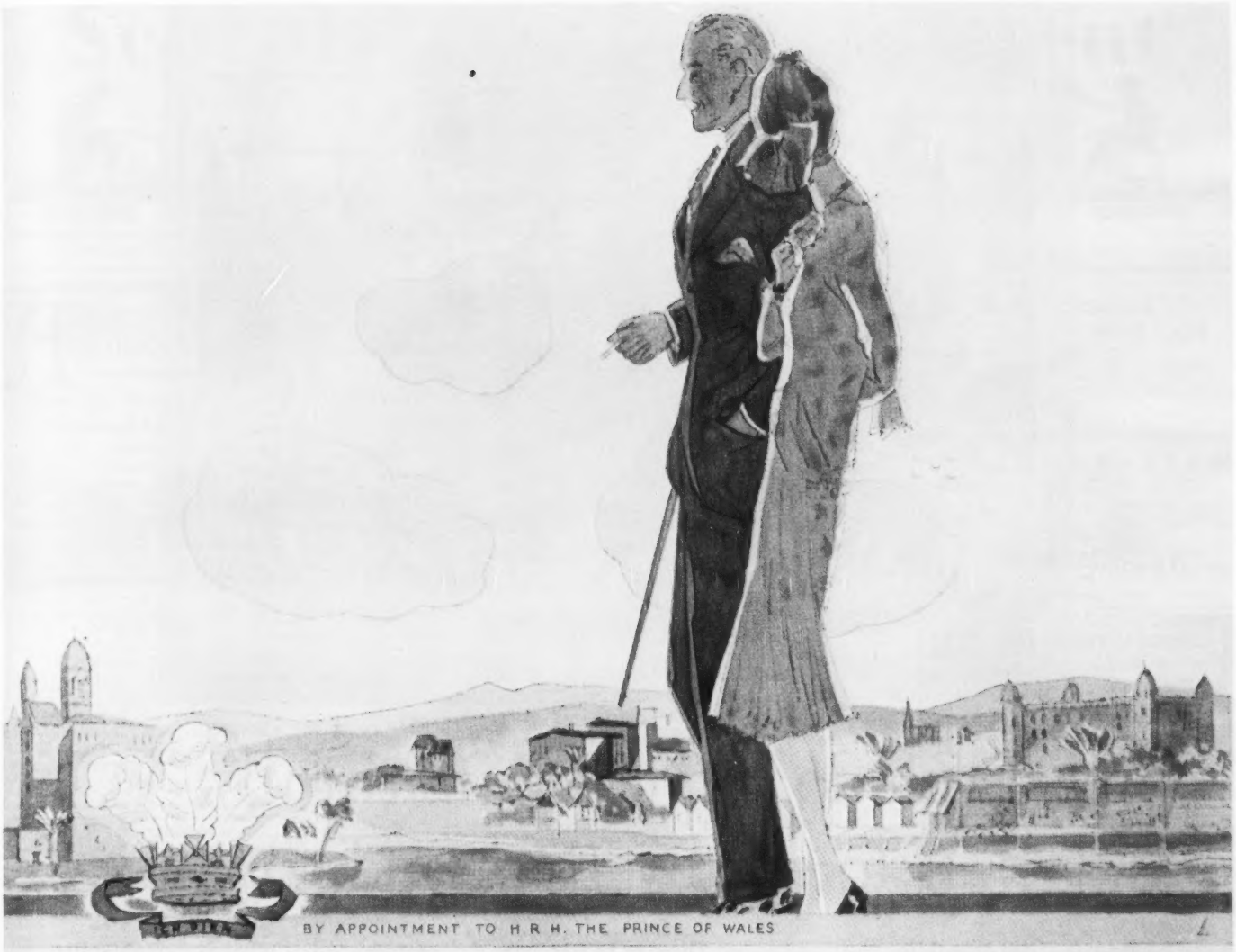
ARITHMETIC

Bought singly, 52 copies at 35c each cost $18.20 . . . subscribed to at regular annual rate of $6.00, they cost $12.00 . . . through this Special Offer you get them for $8.00 . . . or a second year for only $2.00 more than the regular one-year price. Sign the coupon now.



PALM trees, glittering shop windows, sunshine and an azure sea . . . what could be the Riviera without them? Yet society at Cannes is scarcely complete without the presence of that delightful English woman, Lady Ursula Hetherington*. Her beauty is radiant as the dawn. ✣ ✣ Lady Ursula's dressing-room holds one precious product that unlocks partly the secret of her perfect skin. It is a delicate toilet soap, Yardley's Old English Lavender—so pure, so fragrant, so stimulating that for three half-centuries it has been used exlusively by the finest English families. ✣ ✣ Yardley's sheer Face Powder, Lady Ursula employs to protect her complexion from weather of every kind—fragrant as the soap, with the cool perfume of lavender blossoms. Yet these are but two of the famous Yardley products. England's best, they are obtainable anywhere in America. Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap, "The Luxury Soap of the World," box of three cakes $1, or 35c the cake; Face Powder, $1; Compact, $1.25; Talc, 50c; Sachet Tablets, 25c; Shampoo, 15c the cartridge; Bath Salts, $1; Dusting Powder, $1.50; Old English Lavender, in sprinkler bottle from $12 to $1. Yardley, 8 New Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue at 40th Street, New York; Toronto and Paris. **Out of deference to our clientele we have refrained from using actual names.*

Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap

Established 1770

Built to serve you faithfully and well for many thousands of miles

THE new Ford is a remarkably fine car for one that costs so little. It is simple in design, constructed of the finest materials, and built with unusual accuracy.

These are the reasons it performs so wonderfully. These are also the reasons its service requirements are so few and the up-keep cost so low.

An example of the simplicity of Ford manufacturing methods is shown in the engine lubrication system. It is reliable and effective in action, yet so carefully made that it requires practically no service attention. There is, in fact, only one thing for you to do, but that is a very important thing . . . *watch the oil!* Keep enough oil in the oil pan so that the indicator rod never registers below low (L) and change the oil regularly every 500 miles.

If the oil level is allowed to fall below low, the supply becomes insufficient to oil all parts as they should be oiled. The oil also loses its lubrication properties more rapidly because it is used faster.

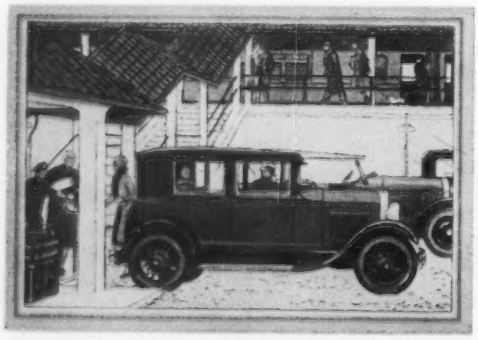
In addition to having the engine oil changed, you will also find that it pays to have the chassis lubricated every 500 miles. Every 2000 miles the distributor cam should be cleaned and given a light film of vaseline. At 5000 miles, the lubricant in the differential and transmission should be drained, the housings flushed and new lubricant added.

The oiling and greasing of an automobile is so important and means so much to economical, satisfactory performance that it ought not to be neglected or delegated to inexperienced hands.

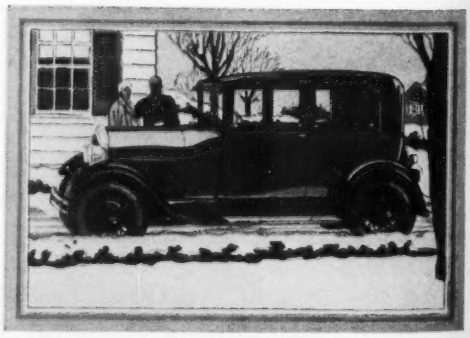
FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

When you consider that each piston moves up and down at the rate of 1300 times a minute when you are traveling at only thirty miles an hour, you can see the need of complete and proper lubrication. And the piston is only one of many moving parts in the engine!

Ford dealers are the most competent to handle the lubrication requirements of the new Ford. They know what oil and grease are best and they have special equipment to do a thorough job at a fair price.



Long, low and fleet are the lines and strikingly beautiful the colors of this new Fordor Sedan. Distinguished, too, by a richness of finish and appointment unusual in a low-price car. Five people can ride in comfort in the new Fordor Sedan because of the wide seats and generous room in both front and rear compartments.



All the features of the new Ford are brought to you in this Tudor Sedan. Beautiful lines and colors . . . 55 to 65 miles an hour . . . quick acceleration . . . smoothness at all speeds . . . fully enclosed, silent six-brake system . . . Houdaille shock absorbers . . . Triplex shatter-proof windshield . . . reliability and low cost of up-keep.

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Schools for Two-Year-Olds

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* * *

. . . recruiting their pupils often from the families of busy professional women. These schools are usually high up, full of sun and air, remote from the nervous noises of the street. They have bright attractive play-apparatus, and roof playgrounds where the children may learn happily and grow fat in the sunshine.

* * *

Some of them are in the country, and reproduce home conditions closely. Fresh country air, Jersey milk, gardens, trained nurses, supervised play . . . and, most important of all, sympathy and love from women who have chosen, out of all the vocations in the world, to spend their lives playing with little children.

* * *

If you are faced with the sad necessity of sending your baby away from you for even a little while, ask us to recommend one of these schools. Realizing the grave responsibility of taking a tiny child away from its mother's care, we take particular pains to investigate these schools for young children, and recommend none without personal knowledge of long standing.

There is, of course, no charge for our service

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THE CONDÉ NAST EDUCATIONAL BUREAU
1929 Graybar Bldg., Lexington at 43rd, New York, N. Y.

The Dog Directory

BORZOI

Russian Wolfhound

Courageous as a lion.
Docile as a child.

A Czar's companion—
a child's pet

PUPPIES OVER DISTEMPER

VALLEY FARM KENNELS
STAMFORD, CONN.

ANNANDALE KENNELS announces the Sale of a great collection of Wire Fox Terriers, Sealyhams, Scottish Terriers, Welsh and Irish Terriers.

This is one of the greatest collections of Puppies this Kennel has Produced.

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Scottish Terriers
Wire-Haired Fox Terriers
Sealyham Terriers

A real sporting companion for your country estate, a small pal for your town house, a stylish chap for your motor car.

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VANITY FAIR does not sell dogs but will suggest reliable kennels where purchases may be made.

Free Dog Book

by noted specialist. Tells how to

FEED AND TRAIN
your dog
KEEP HIM HEALTHY

How to put dog in condition, kill fleas, cure scratching, mange, distemper. Gives twenty-five famous

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and hundreds of valuable hints to dog owners. Illustrated. Mailed free.

Q-W LABORATORIES
Dept. VF, Bound Brook, New Jersey

And here's the Bobtail

That's what his intimates call him—odd, agile, bear-like and wholly likable bundle of shagginess that he is. Officially he is the Old English Sheepdog. . . . And a whole lot of good things came out of England even in the bygone days!

There's a lot of the Old Country about him—steadfast loyalty, feet solidly on the ground, truth inside and out. Sometimes he makes you feel like a deity, even though you don't deserve it. You may think he can't see well through the thatch of hair over his eyes, but just try to move out of his sight once he's really yours! Not that you'll want to, ever—he's that kind of a dog.

A Bobtail a day will chase worries away—after-Christmas bills, the stock market, the low estate of alcoholic content. He's the world's best antidote for the blues, late hours, mediocre plays and the fear of becoming Just Another Cog.

And everybody doesn't own one! Like some of the other good things in life, Bobtails aren't to be found on every Long Island estate. They still have the merit of distinctiveness—and that amounts to something if you're in revolt against Fordism.

But supposing—just supposing—that you'd rather have some other kind of canine. Perhaps your tastes run to perky little Pekes, or hard-bitten Terriers, or silky Setters, or statuesque Great Danes. Maybe you haven't any set ideas at all, but just want sound advice to help you to a decision. . . . Well, in that case—

Turn to Vanity Fair. Consult the kennel announcements on this page—you may find the Perfect Pup that way. If this plan doesn't work, then write to us and we'll get busy!

The VANITY FAIR
DOG DIRECTORY
Graybar Building . . . Lexington at 43rd . . . New York

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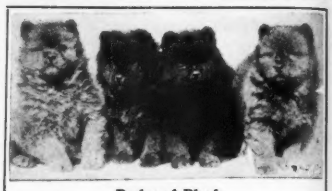

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BROOD BITCHES STUD DOGS
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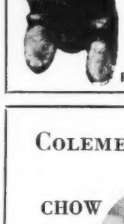

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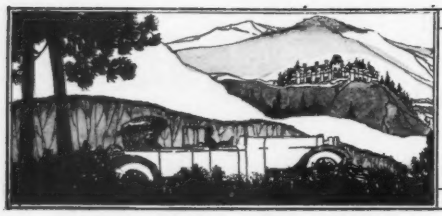

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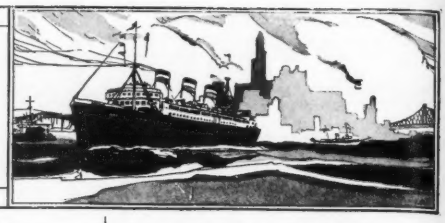

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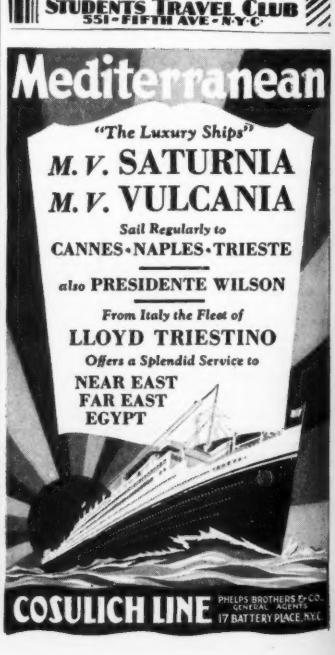

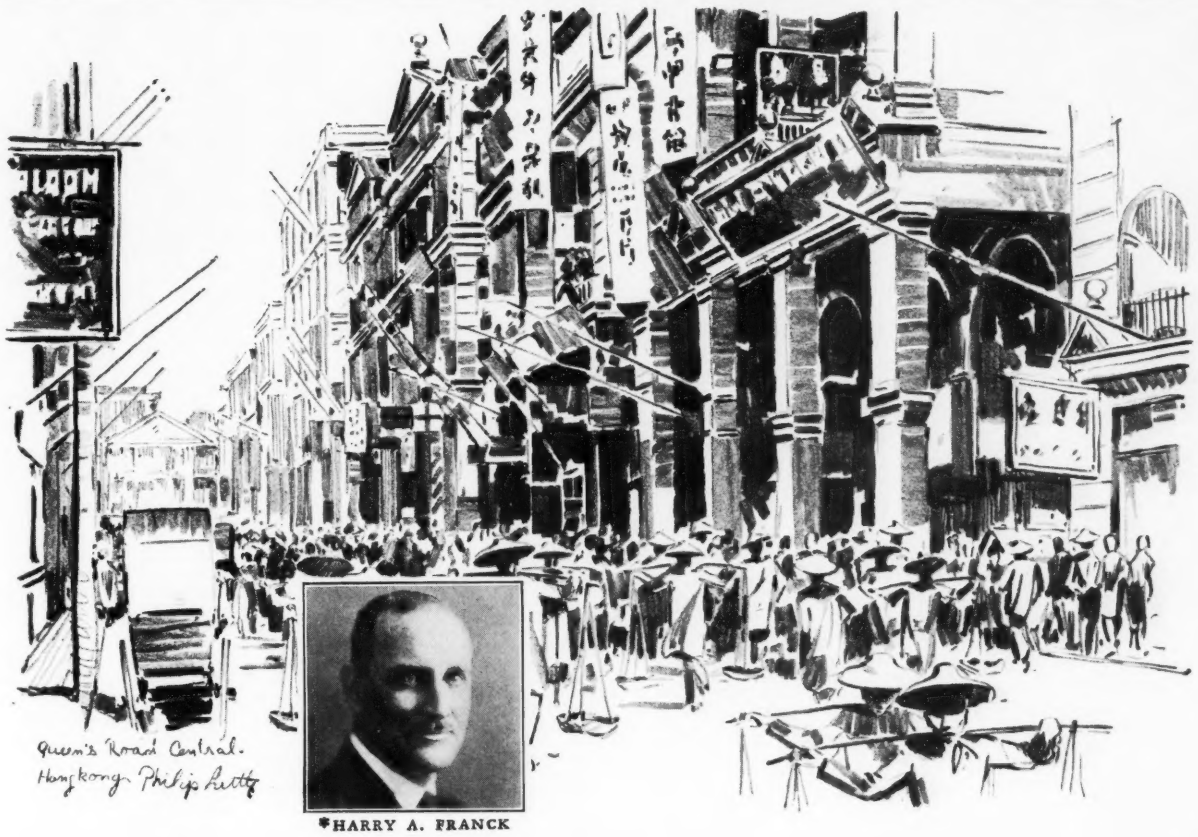

*HARRY A. FRANCK

Noted traveler* explains new way 請乘總統輪船 to see the World

Harry A. Franck, author-traveler, in the accompanying article, has described with great clarity the advantages of this unique steamship service. You go as you please, stopping where you please for as long as you like. Then when you are ready, continue on a similar ship in identical accommodations.

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Harry A. Franck

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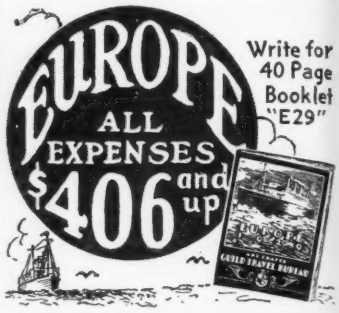

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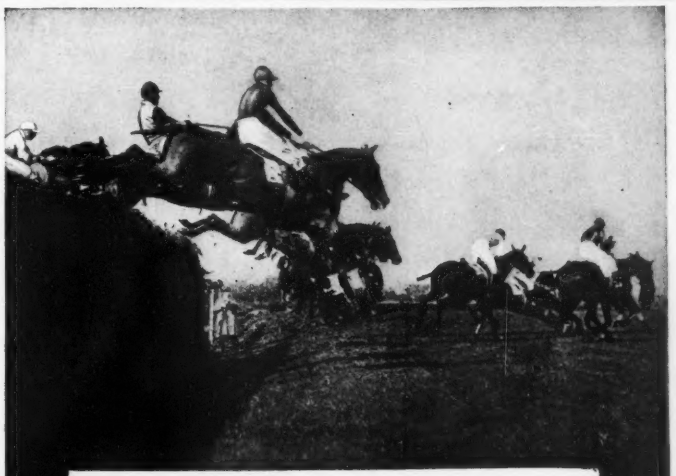

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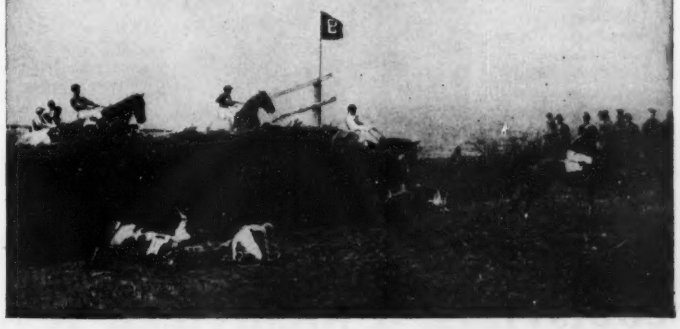

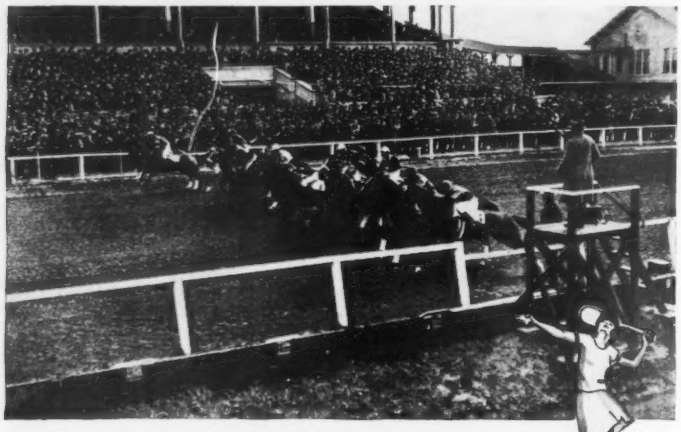

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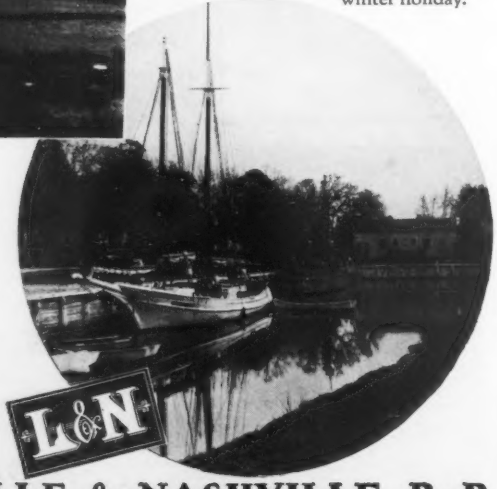

¶ For complete information and train schedules, address R. D. Pusey, General Passenger Agent, Louisville & Nashville R. R., Room 325-D, Ninth and Broadway, Louisville, Kentucky.

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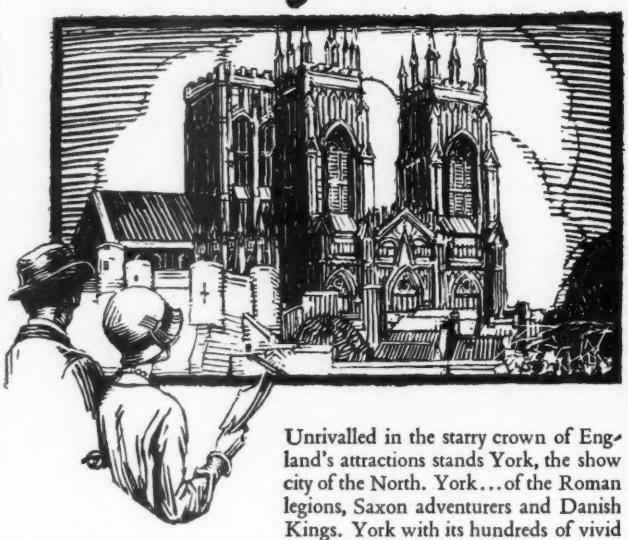

Unrivalled in the starry crown of England's attractions stands York, the show city of the North. York... of the Roman legions, Saxon adventurers and Danish Kings. York with its hundreds of vivid episodes of history... rollicking Tudors, bold Elizabethans and gallant Cavaliers.

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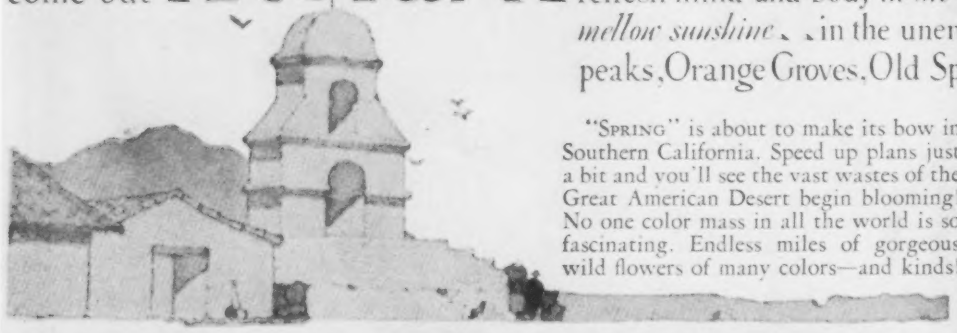

"Spring" is about to make its bow in Southern California. Speed up plans just a bit and you'll see the vast wastes of the Great American Desert begin blooming! No one color mass in all the world is so fascinating. Endless miles of gorgeous wild flowers of many colors—and kinds!

Just beyond the friendly Eucalyptus trees the blue Pacific's placid surf rolls gently upon Laguna's luring beach.—Painted by Joseph Kleitsch

All "winter" long birds have sung in golden-fruited orange trees that fill sunny valleys. Roses, hollyhocks, snapdragon, stocks, iris, calendula, pentstemon have continuously blossomed their gratefulness for the mellowy, health-making sunshine. Close-by mountain peaks—Wilson, Lowe, San Antonio, San Jacinto, San Gorgonio and many others, towering and impressive, from 6,000 to 13,000 feet (and still heavily snow-capped)—make an unforgettable contrast picture.

Even more balmy is this joyous Spring season with its extra abundance of flowers. Now is your time to come and relax and return home remade in health and spirit. Bask on the broad, sunny beaches with the placid Pacific at your feet. Or, take a plunge! Two hours—and you may enjoy snow stunts on mountain tops!

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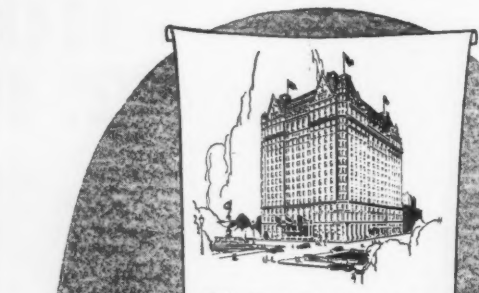

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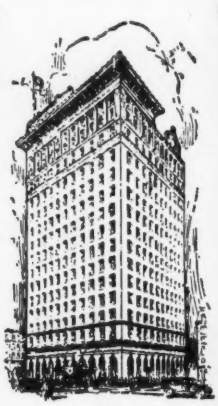

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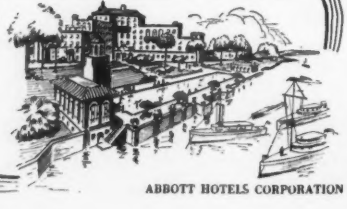

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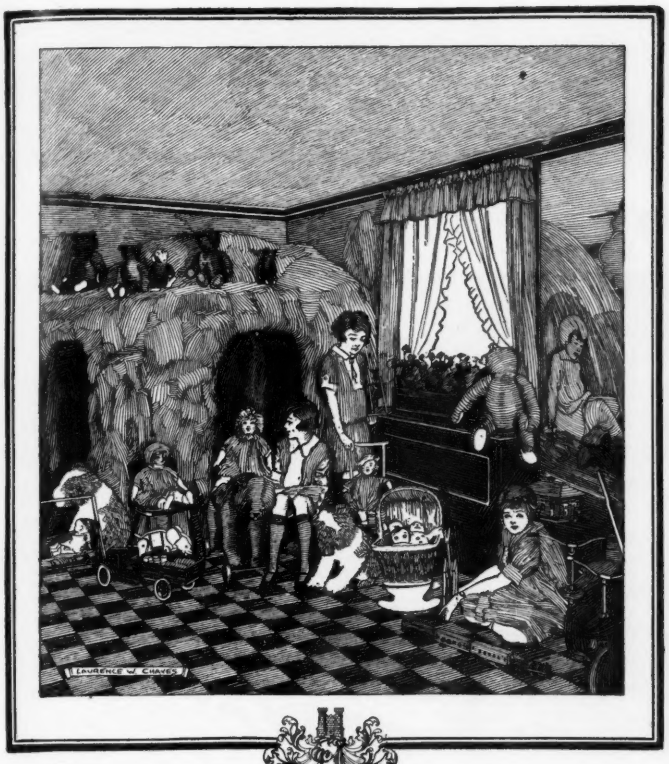

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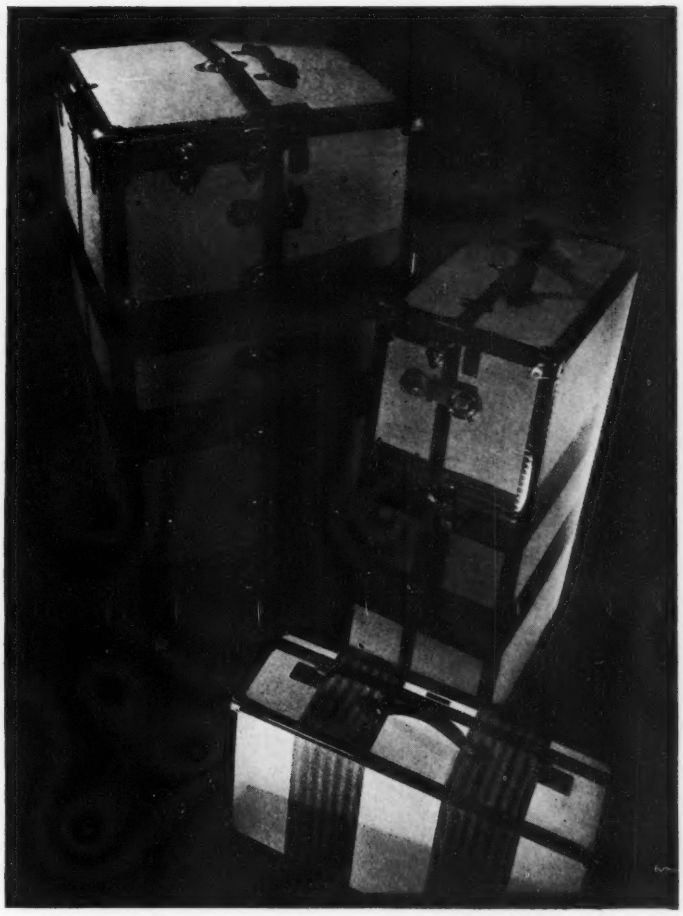

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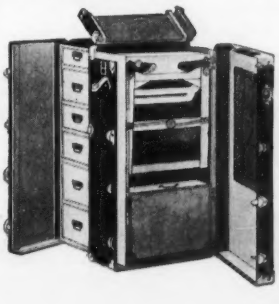
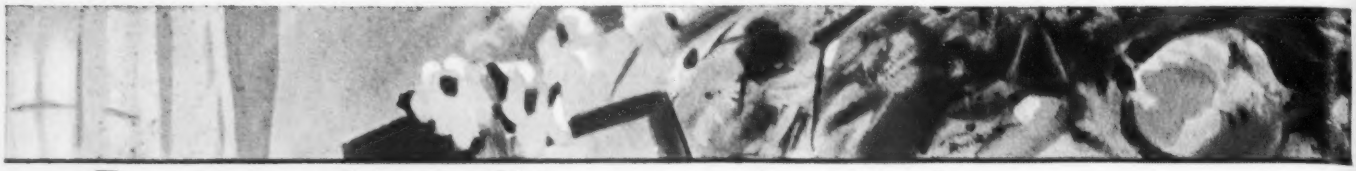


This Oshkosh Door-Opening Wardrobe opens from the sides. One of the doors gives access to the garment hanger section, the other to the chest of drawers. Both doors swing clear of the floor by a liberal allowance and both are bolted shut by turning *one* lock. It comes in a variety of models, some covered with fibre, some with Oshkosh-Cord duck. Priced accordingly from $125 to $250.



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IN VANITY FAIR

Experiment in Diablerie

Of a Gentlemanly Scion Who Should Have Known Better, and His Perilous Imposture

IN and about the residing places of pleasure known to that houri on the Hudson who calls herself by the unmusical name New York City there are, as I have often said, fakirs and fakers.

For the purposes of this tale, however, it is necessary to mention the name of but one such practitioner. Sylvester Augustus Emmanuel Weathervane was a scion. His noteworthy and deceased parents had left him in possession of a considerable fortune, a mansion on Fifth Avenue and an instinct for minor adventure. Being a scion, he felt called upon to live up to every requisite of the term. Thus it was that on a certain Friday (the balminess of which did much to atone for a dusty condition of his cerebellum arrived at through a direct and alcoholic route) he fared forth from his domicile immediately upon arising. Since it was his custom to greet the gleam of day at five-thirty in the afternoon and to spend three hours at his breakfast and bath, his junketing took place very close to nine.

AS he passed the fervent dusk of Central Park a sound of music fell upon his ears. He identified it at once with a somewhat palatial residence facing the park and hence directly opposite his immaculate person. Instantly the ancestral cords vibrated sympathetically (cords attributable to his grandfather, "Pirate" Weathervane, the "hound of Wall Street"). He leaned tentatively on his stick and surveyed the mansion whence issued a riot of melody. A slight anticipatory smile stirred beneath the teasing brush of his moustache. True, he meditated, the owners of the house were strangers to him. Nevertheless, as he crossed the street, there was borne from the open portals of the rooms beyond the wall an effluvium that could be obtained only by the uncorking of bottles. Presently, therefore, Sylvester rang the bell.

A lackey opened the door and admitted him. Sylvester divested himself of his cloak and hat. The flunkey conducted him toward the verge of the ball room and raised questioning eyebrows.

A glimmer of Sylvester's ordinary prudence made him hesitate and thereupon he received a pleasant modicum of inspiration. "You may announce me at once. I am His Majesty the Devil."

The servant drew away from him a pace, bowed and announced "His Majesty, The Devil" in a loud and resounding voice.

If Sylvester had counted for effect upon the pronouncement of that title, his foresight was certainly not mistaken. Instantly the orchestra lent gusto to the proceedings with a symphonic crescendo which terminated the selection. At the same time the ladies deserted their partners and with one accord rushed toward Sylvester. Unaccustomed to the unanimity of such conquest though he was, Sylvester seemed in no way surprised or taken aback. From the burning glances that were turned upon him he selected the eyes of the hostess.

"Your Majesty," she said, "you indeed do me a great honour. When I invited you and burned the invitation with that species of thaumaturgy which is necessary to insure a delivery, I had scarcely believed that it would be my good fortune to meet with an affirmative and personal answer. Of course you may have the first dance. I see at once that you were upon the point of requesting it. And I would be embarrassed in truth if it were necessary for you to ask for anything—anything, however small—in my house. The den, as I was on the point of telling you, is most charming. It is situated on the fourth floor and may be locked from the inside. My perception shows me that your long journey from Hell has fatigued you and it occurs to me that the den—"

M. WILDMAN

FAUST OR MEPHISTO?

Sylvester Augustus Emmanuel Weathervane was one of those gay and innocent young men who rashly toy with *diablerie* in jest; and occasionally, as in this anecdote, attract the Satanic attention of their Superior

The lady's speech had been punctuated by the efforts of other ladies to interrupt. Sylvester bowed. "For the nonce, dear madam, I shall disregard the den with your kind assistance. Hell is not as far away as, perhaps, your fancy leads you to believe. Although, I am forced to add, I have occasionally found the journey fatiguing to a degree. I should be delighted to dance."

Thus, making a mental note of the location of the den, Sylvester danced the first dance with the lady, his hostess, and he was made to realize that his ruse had been perfected with an almost uncanny success. Scarcely had he finished the dance, however, when his charmer fainted dead away and was carried into the conservatory where her requests for cooling applications astonished those who attended her.

As soon as she had been revived Sylvester returned to the ball room and singled out from the dancers a silver slipper upon which was superimposed a bronze-gold luxuriance of hair. Remembering the den, he led her up the staircase, and was further astonished at the quantity of ice cream she consumed during the conversation which proceeded somewhat as follows:

"Are you really the Devil?"

"Each man," Sylvester commented.

"Bother your sophistry. I want an honest answer."

"Honesty from the Devil is—"

"Come now—"

SO Sylvester discussed the mathematics of Hell to the best of his ability, which was considerable. Presently his companion screamed. To his embarrassment he saw that his feet had for some time been imbedded in the red coals of the grate. Upon ascertaining that the fire was no electrical device, but an actual and more than warm conflagration, and that his feet were in no wise discomfited by their exposure, he appreciated the sincerity of the scream and left the den hurriedly.

After descending to the ball room he perceived the air to be of such an intolerable temperature that he was inclined to take his departure. That inclination became insistent when the lights suddenly flickered redly before his eyes and a sulphurous odour tinged the atmosphere.

He was helped into his coat by the flunkey who had opened the door to him. Unobtrusively he stood before the mirror a moment and, glimpsing a ruff in his polished hair, raised a hand to smooth it away. He left the house thoughtfully. For, as his hand had passed over his head, it had encountered two unmistakable horns burgeoning through his scalp.

Now, the unfortunate story of Sylvester Weathervane the fakir, or faker, is a common experience to many who lack a certain knowledge of manners, a sense of sophistication. And, to my sure knowledge, there is but one recipe for such altogether too prevalent dilemmas: a regular perusal of that unfailing panacea—VANITY FAIR.

—P. G. WYLIE

PORTRAIT OF MR. JOSEPH SANTLEY

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Published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications, Inc., Boston Post Road, Greenwich, Conn. Executive and publishing offices at Greenwich, Conn. Editorial offices, Graybar Building, Lexington at 43rd Street, New York. French Office, 65 avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris. Cable address, Vonork. Condé Nast, President; Francis L. Wurzburg, Vice-President; W. E. Beckerle, Treasurer; M. E. Moore, Secretary. German office, Kurfürstendamm 211, Berlin, W. 15. Subscription $4.00 a year in the United States and Colonies, Mexico and Canada. $5.00 in foreign countries. Single copies 35c. Address all correspondence relating to subscriptions to Vanity Fair, Greenwich, Connecticut. Entered as second class matter at Greenwich, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U. S. A. by The Condé Nast Press. Title Vanity Fair Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Manuscripts must be accompanied by postage for their return if unavailable. Vanity Fair assumes no responsibility for unsolicited contributions except to accord them courteous attention and ordinary care. The entire contents of Vanity Fair—text and illustrations—are protected by copyright in the following countries and must not be reproduced in any manner without written permission: United States, Austria, Brazil, Canada, Cuba, France, Germany, Great Britain, Hungary, Italy, Mexico and other countries which are members of the International Copyright Union.

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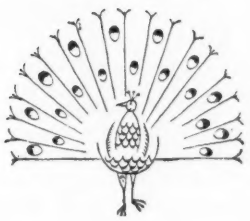
STEICHEN—WASHINGTON

M. Paul Claudel, Ambassador From France

A Man Who Has Brought Simultaneous Distinction to French Diplomacy and Letters

THE most distinguished of that group of modern Europeans who have won to high places in the arts of both diplomacy and letters, Paul Claudel has come to the United States as French Ambassador, climaxing a long and honourable career in the French diplomatic service. But his political eminence and the great respect America has for him are brought into still sharper relief by the contrast of his literary eminence, indicating the contradictions of a man with phenomenal gifts of mind and heart. Ambassador, poet, mystic, philosopher and dramatist, Claudel is also, in this twentieth century of semi-pagan negations, one of the greatest and most devout of present-day Catholics. His writings and his presence combine the piety and the realism of a mediæval priest. In a generation where worldliness is synonymous with bloodlessness, the astonishing vigor and integrity of *M.* Claudel's convictions are oddly anachronistic. The mysticism of Claudel is capable of being confused with the lilacs and tears of a Maeterlinck; but the "escape" offered by Claudel is of a quite different kind; he is at once the more passionate, the more intellectual, the more clear-sighted and the more orthodox. One of his plays, *The Tidings Brought to Mary*, has already been produced by the Theatre Guild in New York, but he has also had published here *Hostage, City*—plays—and these books: *Letters to His Daughter, Tête d'Or, Three Poems of War,* and *The East I Know*

Vanity Fair



The Millionaire Problem

Being an Urgent Plea for the Better Education of the Rich, Who Sow But Do Not Reap

By WILLIAM BOLITHO

THE American system logically manufactures millionaires, and then gives up. The sub-Christian ideal of a drinkless, smokeless, sexless married man is also worked for in a spasmodically enthusiastic way that is not so very successful. But there is no doubt that the specific product of the complex American social and economic machine is the millionaire. Now riches are to civilization what coal tar is to the chemical industry, a dirty, evil-smelling raw material which, when properly exploited, will yield all the colours, all the perfumes. The millionaire needs education.

Every class is trained adequately in America, even mental defectives and pan-handlers, but not the millionaire. The waste products are scraped up. The quintessence is thrown away. In consequence of being left to practice the high art of spending without preparation or manual, the millionaire usually makes poor work of it. The metaphysical result has an occult importance: it is the constant spectacle of the impotence of the men at the top, the prize pupils of the school of success, to enjoy themselves, except vulgarly, inadequately, and always accidentally, that is at the bottom of the pervading air of disillusion and futility that makes American life at times so melancholy. If children were forced to hear night after night variations of the same bed time story of the man who was granted three wishes and only got a plate of potato soup or something out of it, they would soon break out in a disappointment complex.

AS it is, the millionaire takes one of three alternatives. I do not count those who just stay at business; they are no more millionaires than an heir apparent is a King; we can no more reckon with them than on the form of a non-starter.

The worst failures of all are those who try to follow the dictates of instinct. Nature is no guide in the right spending of a million. Mercifully, usually, she has given man a very limited capacity of enjoyment. Her promptings stop short at about a thousand dollars worth; when an untrained man has worked through about that amount of women, wine and food, he is ready for bed. Of course the process of mere buying can be prolonged long after the power of enjoyment is exhausted. It is the pathetic resource of great numbers of millionaires.

Those who are not tempted by reaching the Front Page via freak dinners, fat chorus girls or grubby eccentricities have not much to guide them in the books. The theory the nineteenth century bequeathes, which is still being served up by Shaw, the tabloid editorials and Lenin, is an uninviting hash of superstition, masochism and fright. No one of philosophical standing after the French Revolution has any other advice to give the Millionaire than the prostitute. That is, just to quit. The hundred best minds advise: Give it all back and apologise.

WE do not get far with this. Some poor devils I believe have taken it seriously, and in places of Bohemian entertainment men are pointed out to you who refused father's fortune and made a fool of his efforts. More normal is the man of the Carnegie sort who makes the fanciful and ingenious compromise known as Endowment; half Charity, half "Social Justice". Schemes range all the way from the grotesque gift of harmoniums to all the Sunday sects of the world, free education at out-of-the-way Universities, to the endowment of conservative and influential doctors on a vast scale. Sometimes out of these mountains comes some white mouse of achievement. But as a whole, they result in the encouragement of the dowdy, the unoriginal, the mixer, and this can be done much better by the government.

There remains for the best of them all the progress to an aristocracy by the imitation of what vestigial remnants are to be found in Europe, especially England. No one has a more conventional admiration for the English ideal than I; but I must confess that under the varnish of Greek laid on by the ingenious device of the Public School, the country bumpkin is still too perceptible. It is a farmer-civilization, a contradiction in terms, and a faint odor of the stable, the poulterer's stall, and the jack-tar is as hard to get out of it as that of camphor from celluloid. It may and will suffice amply for the journeyman millionaire. As an ideal of the possibilities of human enjoyment, it is too near, and too short.

Such an ideal, regardless of all prejudice, a millionaire must set up resolutely—if it is too late for himself, for his sons and daughters. Whether he likes it or not, to him has been (metaphorically) given the tremendously difficult task of being happy as well as fortunate. His peculiar position is that he alone is freed from material handicaps, and so bereft of excuses for not exercising the utmost possibilities of the human mind and existence towards pleasure. He is the appointed taster for humanity; he has received an invitation to the incredibly exclusive banquet of life. He has to go.

For this universal privilege, a very high and special education is necessary. Most tastes are acquired. The social and aesthetic duty, all there is, of the millionaire is to become an aristocrat, and a large part of authentic aristocracy, however confused with intrusive bourgeoisisms in these degenerate days, is the supreme man of taste. Pearls are for him, and old masters, the finest years of Burgundy and Bordeaux, and all rareties. Let him be sure that he knows not only how to possess them but to enjoy them; with the penalty of vulgarianism and barbarism for failure.

THE preparation for such a life is not to be found in any existing school. The forgotten distinction between gentleman and noble, essential to the growth of that quasi-fabulous flower of civilization, a real aristocracy, must be rediscovered; that means our millionaire must be segregated from the middle class. The millionaire must not be afraid to abjure the conceptions of pleasure and taste not only of the lower classes but any lower class. He must swear off, in mere decency, all the anodynes limited men allow themselves. Especially ascetism, as strictly forbidden to him as solitude to a beautiful woman. The most difficult of these renunciations will be the business instinct and the business method. He who has no need to save must put the spirit of saving away, and the spirit of economy, and the spirit of thrift. These things belonged to his father when he was starting the first little grocery shop of the chain; the millionaire must learn to purge off the old grocer from his composition. His only motto must be borrowed from the great periods of the millionaire: Be Magnificent. It needs learning, and

(Continued on page 108)

Aphrodite in Aulis

A Modernist Evokes the Spirit of Ancient Greece in a Fable of a Journey From Athens to Aulis

By GEORGE MOORE

KEBREN, a tall, grave man of statuesque appearance, in whose face, somebody said, one might look as vainly for a smile as in a statue's, came up the street seemingly well satisfied with himself. Forgetful of his father's shop, a comrade added, where he once gutted fish with too much dignity for the job. Another muttered that there was no one in Athens with fewer thoughts for himself than Kebren, but the group did not hear the apologist; it wanted to enjoy the absurdity of a man listed to play a messenger walking up the street as if he had been cast for a king. As Kebren approached smiles vanished from the different faces, and way was made for him. Although he was but a messenger his appearance imposed, and when he strode down the stage to declaim tidings of utmost importance to the city, a sculptor said: The finest head and shoulders in Athens! I should like to see him in the part of Agamemnon. The sculptor's wish to see Kebren as a king was not fulfilled, but he did not speak in vain, for Head and Shoulders was adopted as a nickname and used whenever Kebren's back was turned; and becoming a sort of peg on which all manner of anecdotes might be hung with advantage, he was watched as he moved about the stage. For the first time it was noticed that he appeared in hats of different shapes and colours that recalled peasants' hats, and it was marked, too, that he never came on the stage without a great staff of olive wood.

ONE of his comrades, more daring than the rest (his kingly demeanour kept them at bay without his being aware of it), asked him if the hat and staff were imitated from the hats and staves of shepherds, or had been bought in the hills, and Kebren, never suspecting that a joke was being put upon him, answered innocently that his hat and staff came from the heart of Bœotia, that they were part of the equipment of one come with tidings from afar and that he could not rehearse a messenger were he deprived of them.

The discoverer of Kebren's inspirations had his hour of fame; stories collected round the hat and staff, and when these were wearisome from repetition the knapsack which he wore picturesquely hung over his shoulders, and which he never let out of his sight, provoked further curiosity. But even the comrade who had dared to question him regarding the staff of olive wood that he pounded, shrank from asking a blunt question such as: Is the knapsack original Bœotian? Kebren, like the staff and the hat and for a long while the contents of the knapsack, puzzled the wits of the players, and might have continued to puzzle them indefinitely if the prompter had not failed to appear one day at rehearsal and the actors were left strolling up and down the stage muttering their parts, all except Kebren, who retired into a dim corner, almost out of sight, with a low stool in his hand. From his knapsack he produced a manuscript, and so completely did he lose himself in his reading of it that he failed to notice all eyes were upon him, till at last a premonition caused him to look up, and in reply to a question as to what he was reading, he answered: The Iliad. Why not read to us till the prompter arrives? What say ye, comrades? Everybody acquiesced; the stool was caught up, and Kebren followed it to the middle of the stage, sat down and read for half an hour, to the enjoyment and admiration of all. As he closed the manuscript two actors came in, expecting reproofs from the prompter for their tardy arrival. Kebren has been reading to us! and when the matter had been explained to them, one of them asked: Why shouldn't he take the rehearsal? And Kebren, nothing loth, returned the manuscript to his knapsack and taking the prompt book began, showing almost from the first page that the rehearsal would lose nothing by the absence of the official prompter. As the play proceeded he continued to correct certain popular pronunciations; even in Athens in the time of Pericles there were faulty pronunciations. The poet who had written the play arrived, and after listening for a while consulted Kebren regarding one or two points; and giving answers that satisfied him, Kebren justified his purpose in the theatre as he had never done before. The poet would have none other to conduct his rehearsals, and when the original prompter returned, weak and ailing after a spell of fever, he was given the part of the messenger, the work of the prompter seeming beyond his strength.

GEORGE MOORE

This tale is the latest work from the hand of the brilliant Irish stylist, George Moore, esteemed by many critics to be the greatest living master of English prose. It will be incorporated in Mr. Moore's shortly forthcoming novel of ancient Greece, *Aphrodite in Aulis*

Kebren did not like to give up the part, saying that he had bestowed a good deal of work upon it already, but for the common weal he undertook the teaching of the play, and of the next play and the next. But no man's success passes unchallenged, and there were critics among his friends who did not believe that any man could be so unselfish as Kebren. Such unselfishness, they said, was unnatural, and sneering references were made to Kebren's father, the rich fishmonger. When his father dies, said one, he'll inherit a great fortune, and mayhap apply his money to the purchase of a part to which his abilities do not entitle him. The part of Agamemnon! another giggled. Everybody laughed, and so it was that Kebren was looked upon by some as a subtle intriguer, having his own interests always in view. Others declined to admit that a sinister design was apparent in Kebren's willingness to yield his right to play messengers and to prompt instead, and darkling Kebren's honour was debated till the death of the old fishmonger was announced in the theatre; and when it became known that he had spent nearly the whole of his fortune in crude speculations and on courtesans, Kebren's recalcitrant critics repented, and mutterings began of what might be done for him in the theatre.

BUT to these mutterings the young man answered that he had no thought to return to the parts of messengers, and was without ambition to fulfill the parts of kings, he added, smiling a little drearily, reproaching his comrades unwittingly for their suspicions of him. You tell me that I am a good reader of Homer, he continued. I pleased you when I read, and I have been thinking ever since that perhaps I would do better as a rhapsodist than as an actor. The comrades protested; now they would like to keep Kebren with them; but his project was to journey up and down the Ægean sea, reading Homer in all the Greek cities, and onward to distant Sicily, where he would find auditors, he hoped. The comrades did not doubt that he would find auditors in Mitylene and Syracuse and elsewhere, and a little later, when he told them that his passage was taken in a ship that would loose for Cnidus in a few days, it seemed to them that they were about to lose him for ever. After visiting all the Greek islands he would come back to them, no doubt, but not the same Kebren; and all might have happened just as the comrades and himself imagined it if on the eve of his departure Kebren had not been roused from his sleep soon after midnight by a voice crying in his ear: To Aulis! To Aulis! He sat up in bed so that he might hear better, but the voice that had spoken was gone, leaving no echo behind. I am bidden by a God! he cried, springing from his bed, and between sleeping and waking sought his clothes, finding them instinctively, like a somnambulist; and after tying his sandals several times, as if aware of the length of the journey he was about to undertake, and strapping his knapsack

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A QUIVERFUL OF CUPID'S DARTS

Above are shown several outstanding products of the Art of the Comic Valentine, discussed in the accompanying article by Mr. Ford. Aesthetes will doubtless note, in this random selection from the famous Roger Batchelder Collection (unexpurgated) some of the delicate nuances of meaning and well-veiled caricature which lend these annual harbingers of happiness all the subtlety of the Wall Street Explosion

Won't You Be My Valentine?

An Appreciation of An Obscure Art Which Flourishes in America on February Fourteenth

By COREY FORD

"Visions of girls so fill your brain
That nothing else it can contain;
You ought to know that behind your back
They all set you down for a Jack."
—From *Dippy on the Girl Question* in the Batchelder Collection of Comic Valentines

"You think you trifle with men;
You've been engaged to more than ten;
But this we know for a fact,
They wooed to find out how you'd act."
—From *A Juggler of Hearts, Ha, Ha, ibid.*

WHO has not received one of these dainty missives on Valentine's Morn? Whose eyes have not danced with fun, whose day has not been made a little brighter as he ripped open an envelope addressed in a disguised hand, and read therein a verse laughingly addressed to "You Cheap Tin-Horn Sport, You" or "Oh! What a Pickle!"

What home has not been made a little brighter by the arrival in the mails on February fourteenth of a large coloured placard depicting a husband (apparently Frank Sullivan) seated at his desk fondling a stenographer who resembles William Howard Taft without his moustache, while his wife waits in the doorway with a large hook labeled "Divorce" and the verse below bears the solemn "Warning": ". . . ONE girl won't be dressed so toney, When you are paying ALIMONY."

Such gay sentiments are but typical of the light-hearted and insouciant manner of the Comic Valentine. Annually in February these harbingers of laughter wing their carefree way through the mails, touching with a butterfly grace the foibles of friends and relatives, prodding the infirmities of neighbours with such subtle insinuendoes as the climax of those happy lines to "A Dance-Hall Johnny": ". . . but really you make everyone laugh, You're pigeon-toed and cross-eyed, too!"—an impudent but well-meant thrust which no doubt convulsed its recipient with hearty merriment.

Scorned by the Art Lovers of America, ignored by critics and connoisseurs, the Comic Valentine has never received the aesthetic appreciation which is its due. Indeed, many people have gone so far as to think them extinct, like the horse. For years these humble artists and poets have struggled against overwhelming odds, their only galleries the rear counter of a stationery store in the Bronx, their only reward the satisfaction that their work must have helped to break up a few friendships and, perchance, wreck a home or two; and it is in a belated attempt to bring credit to this neglected form of American Art that we have assembled here a few of the more outstanding specimens, culled from the famous Roger Batchelder Collection, unexpurgated. If our little effort can bring to these obscure artists perchance one such poke on the nose as they so richly deserve, then we shall be content.

THE drawings of the Comic Valentines we shall pass over as tactfully as possible, with but a brief word of appreciation for their imaginative colouring and varied subject-matter. The style seems to be based somewhat on the Comic Post-card school; and in the potato-shaped nose, prominent buck-teeth, and other exaggerated portions of the victims' anatomy we see the definite influence of those funny cards of inebriated gentlemen drinking beer from a rubber nipple, or pursuing bathing-girls with parasols down the beach, which are sent home to the bunch in the office from Eddie, off on a tear in Montreal or Asbury Park. The illustrations, it may be added, are usually decorated with a heart, or hearts.

It is rather in the verses beneath these pictures that we discover the true spirit of the Comic Valentine. To be sure, these likewise derive slightly from the Comic Post-card; but to the witty sayings of the latter—"Having a Fine Time at the *SEE*-SHORE!" or "Follow the swallow (?) to MONTREAL, CANADA!!!"—the Valentine poets bring a new piquancy of expression and felicity of phrase not to be found elsewhere in American verse. Such classics as "A Cheap Tin-Horn Sport and Gambler" and "No Amount of Money Would Make You Acceptable," as indeed their titles suggest, have a certain lack of restraint which puts over their tender sentiments to admirable effect, and leaves no doubt in the mind of the reader that he is "such a rank and hopeless goose, That for you I'd have no use!" (From *Can't You Lose Her, Poor Fellow?* in the Batchelder Collection.)

THE Comic Valentine is not cramped in its range of topics for attack. Mothers-in-law, old maids, stenographers, henpecked husbands, bootleggers and gossips all come in for their just dues. Even the stage merits some deft satiric thrusts, notably the Movie Actress—who is advised that she would register with great success "the part of inmate in a home, For feeble-minded folk"—and the matinée idol, pictured before the footlights, for no apparent reason, in sou'wester, with a riding whip, a bulldog, and beneath it all the scathing verse entitled "Ye Would-Be Actor":

"In the movies your picture we see,
As a great actor you think you're immense,
But the girls all say you're stuffed with hay,
You're not worth the price of ten cents."

Nor does the sacred business of paternity come off unscathed. The Comic Valentine, rushing in anonymously where others would fear to tread, raises the delicate question by a portrait of a stork holding a baby in its bill, with a tag "For ?" and the cryptic verse:

"They say that on a certain day
A little stranger came your way.
His squalls the proud father endures
But tell us truly—is it YOURS?"

In like manner a brief verse disposes of

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STEICHEN

"The Lady of Newgate"—Ina Claire

The Scintillating Comedienne Is the Heroine of the Play Based on Fielding's "Jonathan Wild"

Acting Up and Playing Down

Concerning Some Particularly Good Performances in Some Quite Ordinarily Bad Plays

By GILBERT W. GABRIEL

IT is still early, at this time of writing, to begin bemoaning the 1928-9 theatrical season. Something—it needs only one great play—may yet arrive to smash open the treasure chest where wiser critics keep their superlatives under lock and coolness. Meanwhile the year congeals into a series of excellent, all too conspicuously excellent, playings of pretty poor plays. Such circumstances may alter cases, even if they do not improve dramatists.

Somerset Maugham, Arthur Richman, Maxwell Anderson, Molnár, Lonsdale . . . these are random examples of contemporary playwrights who, to date in this year of second-rate grace, have turned out only second-best efforts. Katharine Cornell, Zita Johann, Alice Brady, Claire Eames, Charles Bickford . . . these are equally unpremeditated instances of how good a grade of acting has been thrown into this bargain-season.

I HAD not intended to remember fine performances almost all by women. But, incidentally, the lionesses deserve their share. It is they who do most of the running away with modern plays. Blame it on their superior earnestness, their sex-appeal, their usually fatter rôles provided by playwrights who realize that a woman's drama is one for both men and women, and a man's drama must either be a war-play or a candidate for the ware-house. But, debate it or leave it, the fact remains that it has been mostly a hooray for heroines, this season.

Mr. Maugham, the English author, devised what he stoutly let be known as one of his best works in *The Sacred Flame*. It endured less than three weeks on the New York stage. His good opinion of it may have come from the extraordinary amount of solemnity and slow-motion passion which he poured into it. *The Sacred Flame* is a melodrama harried by malice, driven into a grotesque situation of mother-murder by twinges of cold spite, kept enmeshed in conversational probings and motionless cross-examinations for two entire acts after its main event has already made everything clear. It is a precise and, of course, literate and technically crafty play. And it was about as idle an exercise as the stage has rented time and space to in this apathetic age.

But, here you are: two performances have power almost to electrify *The Sacred Flame*. A gentle, portly old lady from London, Mary Jerrold, played the mother who so benevolently slays her invalid son—and played her in such style that the aisles out front ran rivulets of tears. Whilst Claire Eames, as the poor youth's nurse, wrung the last bead of interest out of that suppressed, desiccated, vindictive spinster's part. If, three seasons ahead, I have occasion to recall *The Sacred Flame*, I know I shall see only Miss Eames's rigid, terribly quiet, tragic wrath in it.

They have brought back Katharine Cornell in a dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel, *The Age of Innocence*. It is doubtless as faithful and charming and redolent a dramatization as possible—and that is all it is. As a play it is quite as flat as any of the pages from which it draws, and as musty as the Eighteen-Seventies in which it is set.

Never mind this warning, though it has the kindest of intentions. Take note, instead, that in *The Age of Innocence* Katharine Cornell appears, acts, conquers, walks in beauty and speaks in tones of such appeal, she creates all of her own accord a valid and complete excuse for a visit to this play. Miss Cornell is possessed of more natural magic than any American actress of the day. She has been buffetted around among many poorish dramas of recent years: stuff and nonsense like *The Green Hat* has been hers to humanize, idealize—at any rate, to turn into successful showfare. *The Age of Innocence* will be as much an up-hill task. But it will exhibit Katharine Cornell at her most glamourous.

And glamour, pristine and unshaken glamour, is a quality which few American actresses can rely upon. I am writing of something indefinable, perhaps, but of something none the less definite and assayable. Miss Cornell has only to stand motionless, silent. She is somehow almost furious in this very quietude, clamourous in this silence. Stage ladies of the Latin countries have this trick, if it is something only trick-deep. I wish more of the frank, pleasant, nice enough stage ladies of the English speaking countries could accomplish it, too. It is the marrow of all pleasure in the theatre.

WITH a little less assurance you may hand a bouquet of the same fond praises to Alice Brady. A little less assurance, because Miss Brady every now and then forgets how forthright a personality she has and falls into plain, harsh loudness on the stage. But, like Miss Cornell, she seems to be consecrated to the fortifying of weak plays. And, also like Miss Cornell, she exults in a certain excitive joyousness of being herself before your eyes—for which your eyes are duly grateful—and of putting herself into a part with a generosity which surpasses all our common guides to the technique of acting. Miss Brady is sometimes brash, sometimes even frightening. But, give her a rôle which does not call for lung-power, a rôle which wants verve, humour, tender flashes, and she is immediately fine, always interesting. I admit there is such a rôle for her in Townsend Martin's play, *A Most Immoral Lady*.

It is a play about a wife whose husband makes a business of catching her on the lacy verge of *flagrante delicto* with other and richer gentlemen. Of course, there is one young gentleman with whom he should not have caught her—and that's a good half of the plot. The other half is spared you here; out of deference to your proper lack of sentimentality. Also, out of the stubborn conviction that, if Miss Brady were not playing in it, it would be a middling botch.

Then again, there is Jane Cowl. Miss Cowl has helped to write the fantasy in which she appears this season. It is called *The Jealous Moon*, and it is all about Pierrot, Harlequin and Columbine. Now, things akin to masterpieces have been written now and then by actors who have appeared in them themselves. And quite as charming things have been written about Pierrot and his fellows. On either of these scores prejudice would be as unfair as prejudice usually is. But the combination is a little too sorry to go unwept. *The Jealous Moon* is an extremely poor play. Miss Cowl is at her most, if not her best, in it. Much waste of imaginative scenery and faint romanticizing, balcony scenes and sumptuous costumes, and incidentally some pretty performings.

Sometimes—and these are rare and pleasant times—a play is tided over the line from mere fairness to the boundaries of brilliance by a playing in which all the cast participates. That's an infinitely happier scheme than leaving the load for one star's shoulders.

WE all gurgled and cooed a great deal about *Holiday*, for example. Now, *Holiday*, which is Philip Barry's latest comedy, is a light delight on its own account. It is cleverly worded, deftly patched, conceived in a blue-moon mood and dedicated to the proposition that man ought to give up talking too much sense, anyhow. But where it would have been without its cast I leave it to Producer Arthur Hopkins to prognosticate. He filled it with persons who know precisely how to hit off every line and chuckle of it. He saw to it that these should treat every twiddle of its conversation to the twitch it deserved.

Again, Owen Davis's newest mystery, *Tonight at 12*. Mr. Davis is not a neophyte. He writes plays with either hand, and no longer with both. This *Tonight at 12* is a smooth, well calculated amusement, combining the best features of sex and fear. But it is no great blast in the *weltdramatik*—and its very good cast has sense enough to know so and to play it accordingly. All its parts are well taken, all its minor surprises and society problems are made to stay successfully off the ground, and you leave the theatre with that satisfaction in its effects which a good enough play and better players can always supply.

Half a dozen other offerings of this season can fall under this same suspicion. The playing is almost always a better buy than the play. It is so with *The High Road*, one of the most immediate successes; were it not acted with such glossy glee, *The High Road* would disclose itself a dry old brook-bed.

Well and good, this may be just the season we have needed: the season to take our minds off gruelling dramatists and high-flown mediocritists and recall us to the comforts of a theatre where acting is a grace and starring is an art. In this year the players might smile a little condescendingly upon the playwrights . . . smile and send them books on how to build a drama and how not to handicap an act . . . or an actor.

Lecturing on Love in America

How a French Authority Feels When Addressing American Audiences on Matters of the Heart

By CLAUDE ANET

DON'T the sexes get on with each other in the United States? I have been speaking before men and women alternately, addressing a women's club in the afternoon and an audience of men in the evening. Do the men and women of this country meet only in the empty hours when they have nothing better to do? At any rate, they seem to avoid each other all the rest of the time—something which is unfortunate for the lecturer, who really needs a mixed public. The latent pleasure that men and women ordinarily feel at being together, as well as the antagonism that sets one sex against the other during the discussion of a topic like mine, produces a sort of electricity that makes my task easier and far more agreeable. Men alone or women alone could hardly be called a public.

Recently I confronted two hundred men at a luncheon that was all noise, smoke, and good humour. How can one speak of love to men during their business hours? I remembered that the gravest of philosophers, Spinoza, had written a *Treatise of the Passions*, and had written it in Latin. Accordingly I did my best to explain a theory about the antagonism between the sexes, and my greatest fault lay in speaking seriously about a subject which my hearers probably regarded as frivolous.

At the end of my talk, a gentleman with white hair and spectacles came forward and looked at me rather severely.

"*M.* Anet," he said, "I don't agree with you about the theory you advanced. . . . "

HE began a dissertation. Just then, a young woman . . . yes, there was a young woman at this luncheon; I hadn't mentioned the fact; I was keeping it as a surprise. This young woman, who was charming, English, and the guest of honour, was alone, all alone, in the midst of the two hundred men. She ran up to me, took me by the arm, and said:

"Of course you are right, *M.* Anet. I am entirely with you."

And in matters like that, if you have the women with you . . .

May I speak frankly in the pages of this family magazine?

The great difficulty of the subject I have chosen lies in the fact that most women who attend lectures have ceased to be interested in love, while the others, the young women whose lives are fresh and rich, are not in the audience because they have something better to do.

The first, those who speak of their youth in the past tense, have a curious and extraordinary thirst for learning. They are willing to learn at random, without choice, without effort, but they insist on absorbing their daily fact like their daily vitamines. After meeting in the afternoon to hear about Sheep Raising in Argentina, and perhaps after discussing Chinese Nationalism until ten o'clock that evening, they will rush off the following day to attend a lecture on The Social Status of Women in Thibet. And they go home with the agreeable sensation of having improved their minds—something which, to the 100% American woman, seems as necessary as a morning bath.

Why should these middle-aged women listen to a discussion of the problems raised by love? Is it anything real? Doesn't it largely depend on imagination? Wouldn't it be better to speak of business problems, of stocks and bonds?

Does love pay?

Well, it seems to me that some of the charming women in this country—and I am not referring to the marvellous bit of all-steel machinery that was the heroine of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*—have realized that their unrivalled beauty would bring them gowns, ropes of pearls, rivers of diamonds. Does love pay?

ONE day I answered this question rather brutally: "I profit from women. There is a certain Russian girl, *Ariane*, who still gives me her earnings. A compatriot of hers named *Lydia Serguevna* pays my rent and the upkeep of my car. There is a poor girl from the provinces, *Mlle. Bourrat*, whose savings are my savings, and there are still others."

One day I spoke of *Love's Fight Between Man and Woman*, far, far from New York, before an audience entirely composed of women whose hair was white and, it must be added, long. They listened with the greatest attention, but for some reason unknown to me—what was there in the feminine atmosphere of the room?—I soon began to feel like a man lately returned from a long voyage, like a traveller describing his impressions to people who, for their part, had never voyaged, had never visited the strange countries of which they were hearing, and who felt that they were neither young enough nor bold enough to undertake an adventurous expedition into these unknown lands. And when I suddenly paused, a sigh troubled the silence, a vague sigh that escaped before they had time to hold it back.

I also spoke in a great city of the Middle West. In Europe we hear many things about the Middle West: we are assured that it represents in its purity the American spirit of Methodism, Congregationalism, Baptism (or is it Baptistism?), Fundamentalism, and I don't know what besides; in a word, that it is the rock on which the nation is founded, New York being a cosmopolitan Babylon whose manners and morals are abhorred in the rest of the country. That New York is a cosmopolitan city, that its life is rich and brilliant, and that it has little fear of hellfire and brimstone, were facts I had no trouble in learning for myself.

My first surprise in the Middle West—an agreeable surprise—was to find that instead of lecturing to a club that was limited to fifty or a hundred exclusive members, I was speaking in a vast hall where the public would be present, the public that merely pays for its tickets at the door. Well, there is nothing I like better. I enjoy the feeling of being in touch with the real public: shop girls whose daily work is over, bank clerks, college boys, business men, manufacturers, their wives—in a word, the public. The hall where I spoke was so large that the thousand people who composed the audience were far from filling the seats; so large and so bad acoustically that a microphone had been installed.

It was the first time I had spoken to a disc that seemed to tremble with my words. I could not keep from smiling as I thought of the political speeches to which it had listened: of the platitudes, the false promises, the high moral indignations it had often transmitted to the four corners of this immense hall. Now it was being called upon to amplify a delicate analysis of the movements of the heart; it would vibrate for an hour with words of love.

What a worthy instrument! It transmitted my words with admirable fidelity, and with perfect indifference, too, as if it were giving a list of prices on the stock exchange. I did not raise my voice, but spoke as if in a drawing room. What ease! What a sense of security! After lecturing for an hour, you feel perfectly fresh. But you must be careful not to leave the stand on which the microphone is installed; don't let yourself be carried away by your subject, and above all, don't move; for if, in the midst of an eloquent appeal that is intended to go straight to the hearts of your hearers, you happen to take three steps in their direction, the microphone ceases to function and your admirable words are lost in space.

SINCE I was speaking effortlessly, I had time to watch my audience. I could see the eyes of many women either gleaming with pleasure or filled with a look of defiance, depending on the statements I was making at the time. When I came to advance the very simple idea that it was the man, and not the woman, who should be the victor in Love's Fight, I stopped for a moment. The majority of the women in the audience were not of my opinion.

The husbands, curiously enough, were noncommittal. Although I was speaking in their favour at the moment, they hardly dared to look at me, and I considered this very significant. I was watching one of them, a middle-aged man with a good-natured, peaceable face; he was sitting beside his wife, a woman with energetic features. Merely by seeing the two of them together one could tell who had won the inevitable duel.

When I mentioned the lamentable fate of the men who were defeated in this ferocious struggle of the sexes; when I described the feelings of a wife toward a weak husband; when I showed that she did not forgive him for his own defeat, that she became merciless, and that as long as he lived, she made him pay for the disappointment he had inflicted

(*Continued on page 94*)

(Above)
AT THE STAKE
Falconetti, head shaven, clasping a great cross, is taken weeping and broken to the stake, despairing of her faith and her Prince as well as her life. She mounts the funeral pyre, trembling, but gradually as the flames mount to the cross, and the people weep, she is transfigured and dies as the traditional Joan

(Left)
THE SHEARING
Perhaps even more tragic in the action of the film, than the actual burning at the stake is the preparation of Joan for her execution. Falconetti, revealing the tragedy of Joan in her every gesture, bends her head in futility when the shears descend and her hair is clipped as the final symbol of her despair and failure

The Martyr of Rouen—Falconetti

The Italian Tragedienne Appears in a French Film of the Trial and Death of Joan of Arc

STARK realism and simplicity are the outstanding features of the latest dramatization of the career of Joan of Arc, a film made in France by Carl Dreyer, on the very scene of the trial and martyrdom of the peasant girl of Domrémy. It is a very different Joan that M. Dreyer pictures, not the sainted figure of the traditional story, nor the straightforward pert lass of Mr. Shaw's invention, but a simple figure of a Norman *paysanne*, tortured by her faith, sorely tempted to renounce it, suffering from rather than glorified by her tragedy. The technique of the film is as iconoclastic as its interpretation of the heroine. It is plastic in design, almost static, consisting for the most part of a series of telling close-ups. It concerns itself only with the trial and death of Joan—the bare outline of her final days—and it is played and directed with a minimum of accent and emphasis. The actors were carefully chosen for type—with the exception of la Falconetti, they are of the Comédie-Française—and they use no make-up or other artifice of the screen trade. In this is the strength of the film: its unadorned realism, its achievement of effect and climax through the power of the story and not through the expensive and distracting embellishments of castles, armies and seething mob scenes

STEICHEN

The New Manon—Lucrezia Bori

The Spanish Soprano Sings the Title Rôle in the Metropolitan's Revival of Massenet's Opera

In Praise of Intolerance

How the Grotesque Activities of Modern Reformers Have Come to Have a Beneficial Effect

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

THE world's most ancient and most universally popular sport is heresy-hunting —or to be more precise (for the heresy, being an abstraction, cannot be hunted) heretic-baiting. To the pleasures, already intense, of being one of a great unanimous herd and of maltreating a fellow human being, the heretic-baiter can add the consummate pleasure of being consciously virtuous, of knowing himself on the right side. He can persecute with a good conscience; he knows that his intolerances and cruelties are pleasing to the Almighty. Humanitarian sentiment, translated in many cases into humanitarian law, has condemned most of the organized cruelties with which men have been accustomed to amuse themselves. Of all the sanguinary sports of the arena only bull fighting lingers on, and lingers only in Spain and Mexico. Bears are no longer baited, cocks are no more trained to fight, the coursing greyhound now pursues an electric hare and, except at Monte Carlo, competitive pigeon-shooting is practised on clay birds. Against fox hunting, stag hunting, otter hunting the feeling in most Western countries is already strong; sooner or later, and probably sooner, it will provide itself with legal sanctions and these now fashionable amusements of the rich will go the way of gladiatorial shows and public executions.

LAST of the unprotected animals, only the heretic remains to be baited. And even the heretic now enjoys a certain measure of immunity from persecution. So profound, so all-pervasive have been the ravages of humanitarianism that even Good Citizens, even True Believers, even All Right Thinking Men now think twice before taking violent action against wrong thinkers, false believers and bad citizens. There has been a general mitigation of savagery. Heretics are now less frequently tortured and killed than in the past. The only heretics who now run the risk of being burnt alive are those who happen to have black skins and whose misfortune it is to have been born in the lynching belt of North America. To have the wrong economic opinions and the wrong educational antecedents is almost as dangerous under the Soviets as to have the wrong skin and the wrong amorous tastes in the southern states of the American Union. Death by shooting, hanging or, less mercifully, by imprisonment on the shores of some polar sea awaits the economic heretic in Russia. His position is not much better in other countries. He is not killed, it is true—except in Spain and Italy and occasionally, more or less by mistake, elsewhere; but he is sent to jail, he is vituperated, he is often socially ostracized. Strangely enough, that class of heretics which suffered most severely in the past—the class of religious heretics—enjoys at the present time a relative immunity from persecution. This is due in part to the general decline in savagery, but chiefly to the fact that organized religion has lost most of its significance in the eyes of modern Western men, who are much more interested in money than in the soul. Indeed, the question of property is the major religious question of modern times. (Incidentally, it was always important, as the opposition to the communistic Early Christians and later to the property-less Franciscans, so eloquently testifies. But it was always subsidiary to other considerations. In the past men attacked property because property was bad for the soul. The modern socialist is uninterested in the soul; indeed, if he is an orthodox disciple of Lenin, he does not believe in its existence.) Economic heretics are thus seen to be the modern equivalents of religious heretics. It is against Communists and Socialists, not against Arians, Donatists, Albigenses that All Right Thinking Men now rage. But these wrong-thinking economists are not the only subjects of his righteous indignation. (Oh, the pleasure of being righteously indignant!) There are also the sexual heretics. The baiting of these miscreants is one of the most popular amusements of modern times.

THE British Isles have recently been the scene of some very amusing cases (amusing, at any rate, for the onlookers) of sexual heretic baiting.

The most notorious of these was the case of *The Well of Loneliness*. *The Well of Loneliness* is a very earnest and rather dull novel of propaganda, a novel with a purpose. The purpose was to prove to all those who did not know it already—it seems remarkable that there should be such people, but the world is apparently full of men and women who desire to remain ignorant—that homosexuals, at any rate some homosexuals, are like poets, and musicians—born, not made. (Though even if they were all made, not born, it is very difficult to see what there would be to worry about.) Miss Hall, the authoress of the book, constructs a most elaborate *mythos* to demonstrate that her heroine simply could not help her "peculiar" emotional reactions and that what the virtuous stigmatize as unnatural emotions were in her case eminently natural. The book was duly published and circulated, and nobody paid very much attention to it, until a certain Mr. James Douglas, the editor of the *Sunday Express*, came out with one of those high-moral denunciations which, along with divorce case reports, photographs of bathing beauties and murder stories, are the staple attraction of Sabbath-day journalism. Mr. Douglas is that rare and, to the newspaper proprietor, extremely valuable person—a writer of Sunday articles who really believes in his own sermons. He has the great and precious gift of hysteria. He can work himself up almost instantaneously into a state of rhapsodical fury or raving admiration. I myself, for example, have been the subject both of his indignation and his praise. He has denounced me as a limb of Satan and extolled me as the Ibsen, the Homer, the goodness knows who else of my age. On Miss Hall he descended with all the force of his righteous indignation. "I would rather," he said, "give a healthy boy or a healthy girl a phial of prussic acid than this novel." (And here let me pause to make Mr. Douglas a sporting offer. I will provide a healthy boy, a phial of prussic acid and a copy of *The Well of Loneliness*, and if he keeps his word and gives the boy the prussic acid I undertake to pay all the expenses of his defence at the ensuing murder trial and to erect a monument to his memory after he has been hanged.) Having denounced, Mr. Douglas went on to demand repressive measures. Let the inquisition come into action, let the book be suppressed, let the publisher be punished and the author hounded out of society! And, incredible as it may seem, the machinery of government was actually set in motion at Mr. Douglas's hysterical command. The Home Secretary made a touching speech about offending the "least of these little ones" and the book was withdrawn.

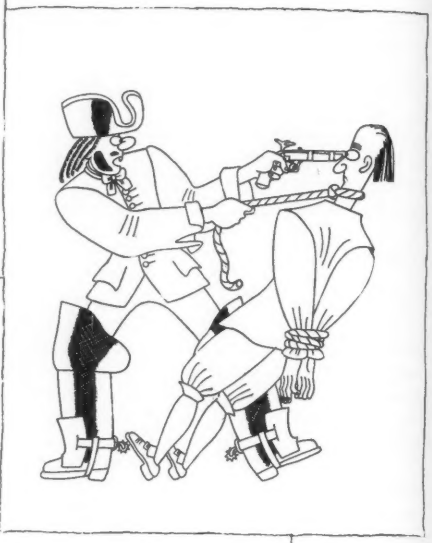
There was a time when I should have found such an incident infuriating and humiliating. It would have hurt not only my national but even my human pride—would have made me feel ashamed of belonging to a species whose members were capable of behaving in so hopelessly silly a manner.

NOW I am rather pleased than distressed when such things happen. I have given up taking the shortcomings of the human race to heart. (Taking them to heart did no good to the human race and quite a lot of harm to me.) I only laugh. James Douglas and the Home Secretary are deplorable phenomena, no doubt; but oh, how comic, how richly ludicrous, how enormously grotesque! I feel almost grateful to them for giving me so much amusement. I am grateful too (for even with the best will in the world one cannot entirely forget the human race), because their absurd and laughter-provoking intolerance does nothing but good to the cause against which it is directed. For though it is untrue to say that the blood of the martyrs is invariably the seed of the church (since a really efficient and ruthless persecution can martyrize the whole church and so wipe it off the face of the earth, as the Inquisition wiped Protestantism from the face of Spain), it is certainly true that a little persecution, particularly if it be ill-considered and preposterous, is stimulating and tonifying. James Douglas and Joynson Hicks have done much more for liberty by suppressing *The Well of Loneliness*, and covering themselves with ridicule in the process, than fifty earnest lovers of freedom could have done by writing fifty *Areopagiticas*. The Irish Free State has done even more; for the censorship which it has set up is so manifestly and enormously idiotic that even the most stolid, the most Podsnapian believers in respectability cannot fail to be driven by reaction against it into an ardent passion for intellec-

(Continued on page 100)

ROBERT E. LEE
Marse Robert the Good, though he is now a very old man, has been spared to the people of the South and still reigns in spirit over our more or less friendly sister republic still known as the Confederate States of America

← OLD SPAIN
Isabella, through piety, suppressed herself for thirty-five years and Columbus possessed a fine pair of calves. The two facts most certainly had a bearing on her willingness to pawn her jewels



THE COLONIST→
Our ancestors lacked Vision. This is a portrait of one of them being induced to leave a comfortable London jail and come out to help settle Jamestown, in Virginia

DOING HER BIT→
During the Great War, thousands of hopeless wall-flowers who had been neglected all their lives by men were enabled to impress their personalities most forcefully upon the slackers and lukewarms of that hectic period

DEWEY'S RETURN
The Americans detest the very idea of war, which is a barbarous thing, and they confer almost fortnightly on its abolition—but, like most peace-loving peoples, they have always passionately adored warriors

THE LEADER→
When the women of America rose up after the Great War and took the government away from the men, it was Mrs. X who organized and managed the *coup d'état*. The only extant biography is a sketch of her by Dr. Havelock Ellis

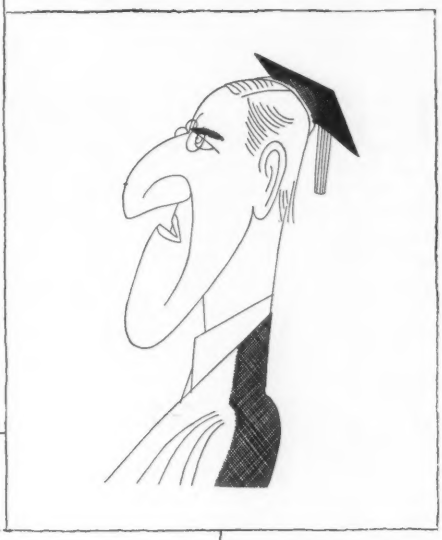
THIS peek-a-boo kaleidoscope of American history is the first intimation on any stage (excepting only the similar installment in last month's *Vanity Fair*) of a forthcoming book, *God's Country, A Short History of America*, by Ralph Barton, once and always a caricaturist, but now also a prose satirist. History has heretofore been the diary of man's striving toward Something Ever Nobler and Finer: toward squaring the *Res Publica* with the Vision Within. Hence the Cro-Magnon Man; hence "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity"; hence "Pike's Peak or Bust"; hence the five-cent fare. History has also been a considerable bore. But lo! out of the primeval slime,

Being Episodes From an Unauthorized History of America

Some Heroic Moments in the Infant and Adolescent Life of the Land Columbus Tripped on,

CHICAGO IN 1830→
Likewise, Washington's headquarters at Valley Forge, Hollywood in 1849, Uncle Tom's Cabin, and the birthplace of all the Presidents from Washington to Mrs. X. A log cabin bore our history

←THE DEFI
When the Declaration of Independence was signed, American citizens were privileged to call at Windsor and boast to George III they were no better than anybody else



THE IDEALIST
"We draw our swords," said T. Woodrow Wilson before the Congress assembled, "for those things we hold nearest our hearts: Democracy, Justice, Humanity, Civilization,—and several billion dollars in United States currency"

← 1810-1825
When the Latin-American countries finally succeeded in throwing off the hateful Spanish yoke, our Marine Corps, though it was then in its infancy, lost little time in replacing it with a yoke of good American manufacture

GOOD QUEEN BESS
Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen, always kept a favorite or two around the court to protect the most precious of the Crown Jewels. Our engraving shows Sir Walter Raleigh making the rounds in search of possible lovers

← FRANKLIN
The American Party, whose motto was "Americans must rule America," was formed in protest against Franklin Pierce's letting out of the privilege of caring for his pompadour to a firm of French hairdressers

the Ape-Man and the Know-Nothing Party, Evolution has produced Mr. Ralph Barton and a new conception of history. In *God's Country* he has given full representation to the eternal one per cent (1%) of sanity; and for the rest he has described the American citizen's civic antics as Government by Cant, by Slogan, by Jingo, by Gosh. In his attempt to make some sense of apparently pointless idiocies, this Thucydides-on-the-spot has spared no effort, even making bold now and then to peek behind the throne. It is safe to say that in bringing Imagination to American History, Mr. Barton's account is unique. God's Country has at last been presented with its Apocrypha

as Cosmographed by Ralph Barton, Historian Extraordinary

Dramatically Visualized by a Satirist Without the Collaboration of Parson Weems or the D. A. R.

New Trends in Old Arts

Why the So-Called "Modern" Styles in Architecture and Furnishings Have Come to Stay

By DEEMS TAYLOR

IT is hard to believe that the style of furniture, household objects, and wall decorations now loosely—and vilely—referred to as "modernistic", "cubistic", and "futuristic" was virtually unheard-of in America as recently as six years ago. In New York the *Wiener Werkstätte*, founded by Joseph Urban as a possible market for war-impoverished Austrian decorators and craftsmen, had fought a gallant skirmish against inattention and incomprehension, and had finally gone down in defeat. Saks-Fifth Avenue was doing strange things in the way of window dressing, and the Frankl Galleries were showing a few lamps and fabrics hitherto undreamed-of in our philosophy. But so far as the great buying public was concerned, the contemporary school of decorative art did not exist. The *Drang nach* early American furnishings was gaining momentum, and the average household's only contact with the modern spirit was an occasional eruption of Art Parchment lamp shades.

THEN the storm. Tourists and buyers, returning from Paris in the summer of 1925 brought back tidings of an *Exposition des Arts Décoratifs* held in the *Place des Invalides*, at which were to be seen furniture, glassware, fabrics, silverware—whole rooms, and houses even—wrought of hitherto unexploited materials and assuming strange and unclassifiable shapes and patterns. Soon the objects themselves came over, to be greeted with hosannahs or execrations as the case might be. In either case their reception was not lukewarm. Paris had turned the trick. The new forms were good form at last. In America today a movement that started in Munich in the early nineteen-hundreds has, in three years, obtained a firmer hold upon the popular imagination than it had attained in Europe during the twenty-odd years that preceded its arrival here. We are being offered expressionistic cocktail shakers, cubist goldfish bowls, ultra-modern grandfathers' clocks, stylized hooked rugs and modernistic alarm clocks; and no furniture shop in all this broad land dares call itself abreast of the times unless it can dazzle the prospect with samples of Grand Rapids futurism.

Naturally, our preliminary gropings in this new field of art have been fumbling and a little bewildered. Much of the stuff now being commercially exploited is merely proof of the fact that bad taste is no respecter of styles. The observer might easily assume that the new movement is just another craze, about as significant as ping-pong, and destined to leave no deeper permanent impress upon our national life. I venture to believe, however, that the new movement is not destined to vanish; that, on the contrary, it will grow until it envelops us and is in turn assimilated by us; that it has made such astonishing headway here because it offers America a chance at last to develop a decorative style of its own, to surround itself with ornaments and utensils that are the direct expression of its own environment and needs.

The task of expressing a nation's tastes and ideals is far from the simple one that it was during the previous four centuries. The great schools of arts and decoration in the past have been, in the last analysis, merely expressions of the personalities and tastes of various wealthy and powerful individuals. The decorative artist—and by "decorative artist" I mean anyone worthy of the name who works in some medium other than pure sculpture, drawing, or easel painting—such an artist, during the Renaissance, let us say, worked to please the de' Medicis, or the popes, or Francis I. At a later period he worked for Elizabeth, or the Louis of France. In any case, he followed the style that best pleased the customer. If that customer was a genial, sympathetic soul, with an eye for colour and a ready response to beauty—Francis I, for instance—he and his fellows turned out something like Blois or Fontainebleau. When, on the other hand, the customer was Louis XIV, the result would be the palace at Versailles—the perfect and inevitable apotheosis of the greatest swelled head in history.

Whatever the period, and whoever the patron, the artists expressed only the patron. For the king set the style, and the court—and to a moderate extent, the bourgeois—abjectly followed suit. The great mass of the people, commoners and peasants, did not count at all. In every European country the changing "periods" of conscious art run their course parallelled by a stream of peasant art whose chief characteristic is its propensity for remaining motionless and unchanging for centuries.

THOSE days are gone, and probably forever. What few monarchs are left are no longer supreme arbiters of taste. The aesthetic influence of the modern parliamentary State is exactly nil. Elizabethan, Jacobean, Tudor, Restoration, Louis XIV, Louis XV, Empire—these terms designate furniture, hangings, and ornaments as well as political eras. But the last of the dynastic adjectives was "Victorian"—and that is no longer a compliment. There was no Lloyd-Georgian period of architecture. You will seek in vain for a Coolidge chaise longue, a Poncairé poudreuse, a Baldwin highboy, or a Mussolini sparking bench. It is doubtful if Mr. Hoover will have so much as a pair of whiskers named after him. The whole population is now the patron, the *arbiter elegantiorum*; a far wealthier and more powerful patron than any lord of the Renaissance, but also one whose tastes and likings are far less easily determined.

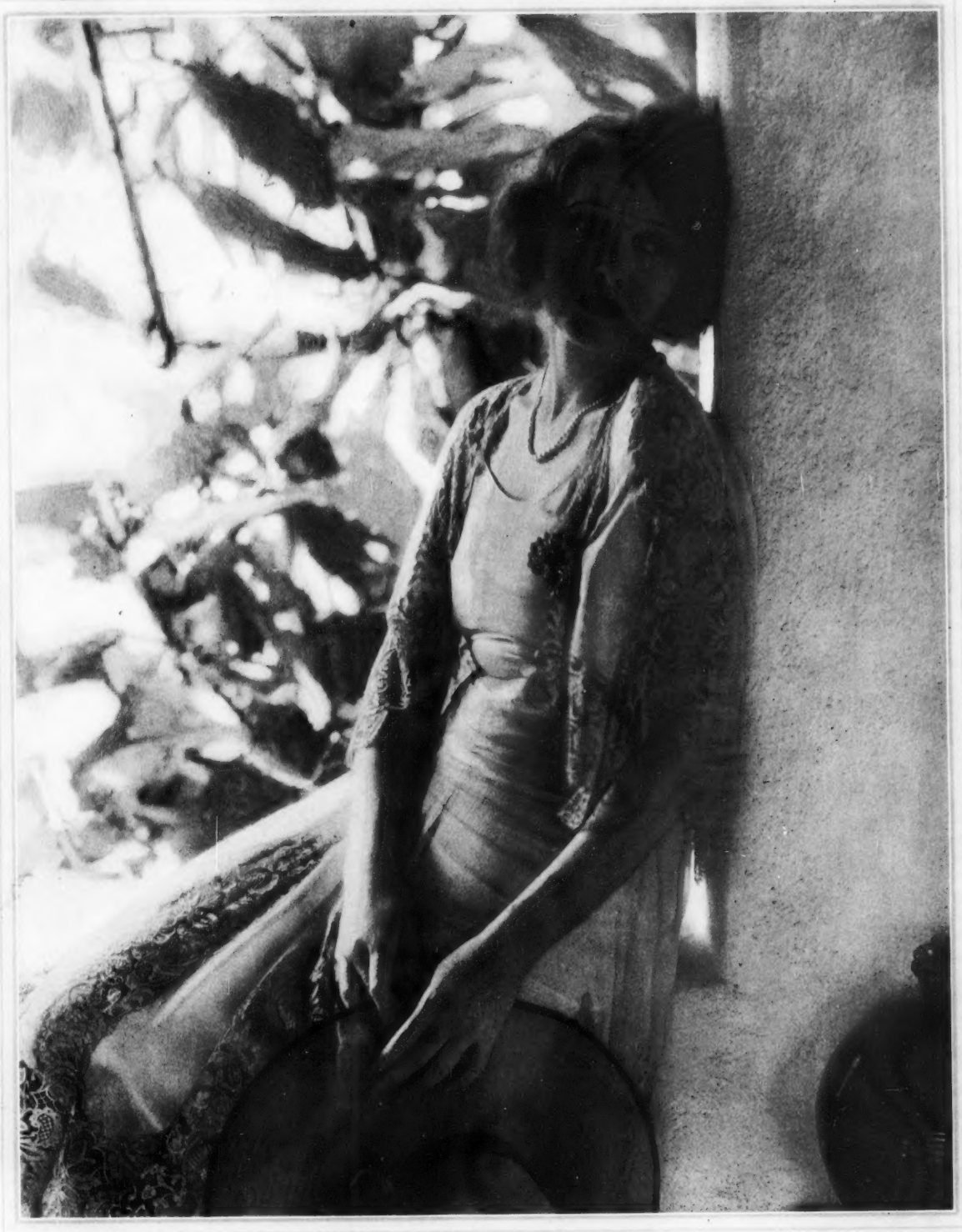
But if the patron be difficult to express, what shall we say of the age in which he lives? The decorative artist of the past had the comparatively easy task of ornamenting and assembling objects that had been in existence for centuries. Not only their functions, but their essential forms had long ago been agreed upon. A chair, a table, a bed, a bench, a box, a book, a candlestick, a window, a fireplace; a broom, a poker, a shovel, a bucket, a pan, a pot, a knife, and a spoon—such were the ingredients from which he composed his ensemble. Novelty was a matter of a hundred years more or less. The introduction of the fork was perhaps the most sensational innovation in domestic paraphernalia between the 14th century and the 19th.

In Florence stands the Palazzo Davanzatti, furnished throughout as it was when it was built, in the 15th century. To the foreign devil viewing these rooms, their most striking characteristic is the fact that they contain nothing that the inhabitants seemed to regard as anachronistic or purely utilitarian, nothing that they felt constrained to keep out of sight, or disguise, in order to preserve the integrity of the ensemble. Even the stone cannonballs, piled beneath the windows for convenience in hurling upon the heads of hostile neighbors, seem in the picture. Some mysterious alchemy of age-long association has harmonized everything in the room, made it all of a piece. If a craftsman of 1390 could have been placed in a drawing-room of 1790 he would probably have found therein no object whose form was unrecognizable or whose function was unknown to him.

BUT since the middle of the nineteenth century the face of the material world has been altered out of recognition. The candle and the oil lamp, dividing between them a lineage of fifty centuries, went down before the discovery of illuminating gas, which, in turn, was superseded by electricity—all in a space of a hundred years. Large-scale manufacture by machinery began to supersede small-scale manufacture by human hands. Business took science into partnership, and as a result began producing an ever-increasing multiplicity of new devices, made by hitherto-undiscovered processes, of hitherto unheard-of materials.

Not only is our world full of new devices—radio sets, alarm clocks, phonographs, telephones, vacuum cleaners, Kodaks, movie cameras, electric lights, radiators, lamp cords, and a thousand others—it is full of objects whose ultimate shape and structure are still undecided. Ask a contemporary decorative artist to design you a chair for 1975 and he can do so. It may look old-fashioned by 1975, but at least it will be recognizable as a chair, and at least one will be able to sit upon it. Ask him to design you the case of a radio set for 1975, and he will have to throw up his hands. What will be the structure of the radio set of 1975? Will it have twenty tubes, or none? An aerial, a loop, or what? It will be a television, of course, but how will that television be accomplished? Will there be a screen, or a mirror? Or will radio perhaps operate on some as yet unknown principle, differing from the present device as the incandescent bulb differs from the gas jet? Compare an automobile of 1900 with an automobile of 1928 and predict, if you can, what the automobile of 1956 is going to look like.

(*Continued on page 104*)



STEICHEN—BEVERLY HILLS

"The Divine Lady"—Corinne Griffith

One of the Fairest of the Film Stars Plays Lady Hamilton in E. Barrington's Romantic Story

A Salon Recital of Modern Music

One of Those Awesomely Elegant Evenings Which Society Has to Suffer—Seen by Covarrubias

IN the forefront of mondaine musical circles is *M.* Pierre Paravent, the most recently imported Parisian pianist. Not to have heard Paravent is to be completely out of the present season. He has therefore been rented for the evening by Mrs. Bartow Blodgett, the monumental matron at left-center, for the entertainment of a number of tremendously important people. This he is endeavouring to do by rendering a program of his own compositions, in which he specializes. This is no stuff for weaklings and the auditors are taking it according to their several capabilities. The hostess is flanked by her daughter who is entranced by both the piece and the performer, and by her mother, Mrs. Holzderber, who is resting easily on her pearl dog-collar. In the center row, from left to right, are Horace Bankhead, critic, Lady Cragsmoor and lorgnette, Mrs. Dapper, wearing her famous *Mona Lisa* smile, and the young Camberwells who are plotting an escape. In the background two low-browed husbands are talking about the stock market while the host, at right, ponders grimly on the cost of all this noise Paravent produces

Vienna, Then and Now

Being a Comparison of the Glorious Days of Empire With the Dear Days of Democracy

By PERCY EASTMAN

ARISTOCRATIC Vienna, the pious capital of the Holy Catholic and Roman Empire; haughty Vienna, the centre of variegated Austria-Hungary, that patchwork composed of all the European races and held together by a common fear of the Turkish invader; medieval Vienna, where only ten years ago one might still see, gliding under a gloomy Romanesque archway, the violet-curtained carriage of some high prelate:—this Vienna of the past has lost, it must be confessed, all individuality. What is there to distinguish it to-day from the other world capitals? It has dressmakers like Paris, night-clubs like Berlin, verdant suburbs like London, innumerable Jews like New York. A middle-class, anonymous throng goes surging through its streets. The imperial box of its Opera, where uniforms once blossomed, now overflows with dull functionaries in frock coats, and instead of Viennese operettas like *The Merry Widow*, its *Carltheater* now produces "musical plays" of a sort like *Hit the Deck*. Even the national dishes have disappeared from the menus of the better restaurants, and one must exercise no little diplomacy to procure, from the shocked incomprehension of a head-waiter who insists on speaking French, a *Fogos*, or a *Schinkenfleckel*, or a *Kaiserschmarren*. We no longer see the *Piccolos*, the red-cheeked waiters, busily running with napkins under their arms, while their bodies bend forward under the weight of enormous *seidels* of foaming beer; and we seldom hear the gay cries of "*Zahlen!*" of "*Bitt' schön*," of "*Es kommt schon*," which once added to the familiar cordiality of these public places.

INDEED, on revisiting the city and finding the eternal European monotony of pleasures and appearances, one can hardly recall a past that is so near and yet so totally abolished. I should like, however, to make this endeavour, and to describe Vienna as I knew it before 1914:—

As capital of the Habsburgs, the oldest of the families that reigned over Europe, Vienna lived chiefly by grace of the Habsburgs. Everything, from the windows of the shops, which glorified in the honourary formula of "*K. K. Hoflieferant*—By Appointment to the Imperial and Royal Court" inscribed in golden letters, to the palatial façades where the two-headed eagle was carved in relief, bore the mark of the imperial dynasty.

The Court, the only court in Europe where the fourteen quarters of nobility were still indispensable, a court composed of an aristocracy free from any misalliance, shone with a dazzling splendour. . . . At the *Hofball*—the ball *of* the Court, as distinguished by its exclusiveness from the *Ball am Hof*, or ball *at* the Court (to which, in addition to the guests of the *Hofball*, the state officials, the higher officers, and even wealthy commoners were invited)—the Emperor would make a solemn entry, followed by thirty or more archdukes and archduchesses, and by the princes of such reigning houses as the Bourbons, the Braganzas, the Liechtensteins, and the Salvators. These last were the branch of the Habsburgs that had reigned in Italy. They were regarded as the *enfants terribles* of the House of Austria: almost all of them were handsome, restless, brilliantly gifted, imaginative, adventurous, and their romantic or tragic destinies horrified a court that still remembered the dramas of Querétaro, of Mayerling, and of Lausanne. Johann Orth, the Queen of Saxony, and Wölfing the democrat had been among these Tuscan Habsburgs. At the *Hofball*, however, they followed the Emperor decorously enough. The court circle would be formed, with the noble families grouped about Francis Joseph—the princes according to the seniority of their titles, the counts in alphabetical order. The débutantes of the year were then presented to the archduchess most nearly related to the widowed Emperor, and the ball began. It was opened by the officers of the Guard, all of whom were bearers of illustrious names.

THE Emperor, meanwhile, would be conversing with the nuncio or the ambassadors. The princesses would glitter with all their jewels. These virtuous ladies, all of them excellent mothers—in fact, rivals in fecundity—wore costumes which were not, perhaps, in the best of taste, but they atoned for this fault by the magnificence of their gems. Those of the Archduchess Isabella, *née* Croüy, the wife of that Archduke Frederick who was commander-in-chief during the war, surpassed the show-windows of the *Rue de la Paix* and totally eclipsed the not inconsiderable splendours of the Schwarzenbergs, the Rohans, the Pallavicinis. Archduchess Zita, the future Empress, wore a necklace that fell to her knees—a double rope of pearls bigger than hazelnuts, perfect as moons, which since then. . . . But who does not know the story of this dethroned, impoverished Empress who was deprived of her last treasure by the very persons to whom she had entrusted it?

In those days it was her right, as first princess of the blood, to pass by the side of the old Emperor through the halls covered with glorious tapestries. There were eight hundred of these in the *Hofburg* (the imperial palace), and with those of the King of Spain's collection, they were the finest in the world. They served as background for all the royal entertainments. Even when the *Spanische Hofreitschule*, the famous riding-school which was presented—during the sixteenth century, I believe—by a Habsburg of Spain to his cousin of Vienna, gave an exhibition for the Emperor, the walls of the immense riding hall were hidden by gorgeous tapestries woven with gold and silver threads. At the foot of these, Arabian thoroughbreds, some white, some black, and all with flowing tails, skilfully executed the figures which their ancestors had learned hundreds of years before in Madrid.

A monarchy which incarnated the Catholic principle would necessarily reserve its most brilliant ceremonies for religious festivals. On *Frohnleichnam*, or Corpus Christi Thursday, the Emperor went on foot from the Hofburg to the *Stefanskirche*. He was followed by the Court and all the aristocracy, including the Hungarian magnates with their dolmans of precious fur, their sabres studded with jewels at the hilt, and their caps of sable adorned with an aigrette, which was held in place by enormous emeralds. Temporary altars were erected along the course, and before these the whole procession would kneel in prayer. After high mass in the *Stefanskirche* the Emperor would climb into his coach of crystal drawn by eight white horses with golden reins. After him came the ancient gilded, magnificent coaches of the nobility, then the Imperial Guard, then the Hungarian Guard in its curious uniform, with a panther-skin hanging from one shoulder. . . . On Maundy Thursday, in the guardroom of the *Hofburg*, before the diplomatic corps, the Court, and the aristocracy massed on a platform, the Emperor would, in sign of humility, as does the King of Spain to-day, wash the feet of twelve old beggars borrowed for the occasion from the home for the aged. Finally, on the day before Easter, the Resurrection of Christ was celebrated in the chapel of the Palace.

THE Emperor would be seen no more that year, for his only public appearances were at these great ceremonies. Since the death of all his nearest relatives, he had chosen to live like any burgher in a modest apartment, the least ornate of any in the Burg. There were no tapestries in his private suite; there was no gilded wainscoting; indeed, there was nothing but a few charmingly rococo stoves of white china tile to relieve the monotony of these rooms furnished with heavy, none too graceful chairs and with a little iron bed that was affected by the Emperor as it had been by his consort, the splendid, mysterious, and glacial Elizabeth. What a contrast with the bedroom of his ancestor Maria Theresa! There the bed was of wine-coloured velvet, more richly worked than a reliquary, and the walls were hung with the same velvet divided by pilasters of gold brocade, which were embroidered and re-embroidered until they attained the relief of chiselled metal.

The Emperor's meals were served in the simplest fashion on a corner of his desk. There was no embarrassment of gold plate, nor of old Sèvres or Dresden china—incomparable riches which he disdained. At Schönbrunn, at Laxenburg, in his many palaces and *châteaux*, and doubtless also when he visited his old love Frau Katerina Schratt, he found the same simple routine and a little iron bed. But his example was not followed, happily for the great traditions of Viennese elegance, and the archdukes, the nobles, the great financiers were renowned for the splendour of their furniture, their mirrors, their plate,

(Continued on page 112)

Steichen

Out of the Comedy Club Into the Here

Hope Williams, a Newcomer to the Theatre, Whose Performance Encourages the "Holiday" Trade

THE gruff, gauche, but distinctive, and immensely engaging young actress who plays the central rôle in *Holiday* had been on the stage for only one season when this urbane and graceful comedy was written for her by Philip Barry, and produced with great success by Arthur Hopkins. The part in which Miss Williams has scored one of the major triumphs of the season was, of course, right up her alley, bench-made, protective and enhancing. But she simply justifies the faith implied in the writing of it. With the nimbleness of a mountain goat she has leaped across the yawning chasm which separates the Theatre from the Social Register and the Amateur Comedy Club, recalling (in mid-air) the Clara Bloodgood who described the same trajectory a quarter of a century ago. It was Miss Williams's good fortune that, in Mr. Barry, a latter-day Clyde Fitch stood waiting to write the right play for her, just as Fitch wrote *The Girl With the Green Eyes* and *The Truth* for poor Mrs. Bloodgood. The New York Comedy Club (founded early in the Mauve Decade and restricted to amateurs in order to thwart the exhibitionism of Mrs. James Brown Potter, who had tasted blood by appearing in public) has prepared several players for the legitimate stage

Winter in the West Indies

A Series of Not Altogether Rhapsodic Impressions of the Caribbean's Necklace of Islands

By PAUL MORAND

YOU come home, your pockets bulging with illustrated catalogues, attractive pamphlets, and photographs that set you to dreaming. "Howling pirates on the magic seas . . . three centuries of English and Spanish tradition . . . roads of white . . . corals . . . riotous colouring . . . sapphire harbours." . . . You light your pipe. . . . In New York, night is falling. . . . What! would you be mad enough to leave these blessed regions of the North, where heat is regulated in keeping with a man's desires, where the White Rock is so fresh, where the negroes are trim and obliging, where all the lovely women of your acquaintanceship are at the other end of the telephone? You continue your reading: "oranges, pineapples, sapadillas, guavas, mangoes, cocoanuts, custard-apples . . ." How, pineapples on draught, mangoes from the wood? You go to the window; all the lights of Brooklyn are twinkling. . . . Beyond Chinatown lie the steamship companies, the beautiful fruit boats, all white. . . . A modern Columbus, you can be in the tropics within five days. You resist no longer; you engage your cabin. . . .

Pineapples, guavas, mangoes. . . . I do not want to scorn the gifts of nature and be the one pessimist of America, but I must say that I know of nothing more monotonous than the tropical fruits. "We have no bananas" is the North's cry of delight at being happily emancipated from this tasteless and farinaceous food. In the tropics there are nothing but banana plants and coco palms, then more banana plants and coco palms. The pineapples are as hard as wood, the oranges lack juice, and the mangoes are never in season.

THERE is constant talk of Mother Nature's luxuriant imagination. But what should we say of the imagination of man who has enriched his winters with such inventions as *foie gras*, glazed chestnuts, and *Pommery*? What are the tropical flowers? There is talk of orchids, but you never see them. The hibiscus, those *légions d'honneur* of the forest, the shrub buginvillaea: and then? The rose and the pink come from Asia? Sorry pinks, roses like brambles. On the other hand think what magnificent artificial creations the English gardeners and the Dutch horticulturists have given us. Look what has been done with the rose—and what enormous carnations, unrecognizable in their beauty, have been produced. Similarly with the animals. Look at them in the tropics: scraggly donkeys, mistreated by the natives; a cloud of famished vultures; never another bird in sight except in the malaria-ridden country of the Amazon; hairless dogs; a rachitic live-stock. As to the partridges, the sapajous, and the opossums, it is useless to kill them, since they are inedible. Compare all these to the marvellous products of the North; the blooded dogs with their coating of fur, the sleek spirited horses, the ingeniously cross-bred live-stock, this endless variety and high physical development due to the intelligence of the white race; and tell me where the richness and the luxuriance are to be found? The seas are warm down there, you say? What does that matter: they are dangerous, because of the sharks. The nights are beautiful? But no one can enjoy them, because of the mosquitoes. And you expect me to be optimistic?

All the islands resemble one another. Banana plants, coco palms. Short story writers must be wary: there are no lions in the Antilles, nor tiger cats, nor even serpents. These are inoffensive tropics, sterilised, with no element of danger except the volcanic eruptions. The Antilles are the peaks of volcanoes, or coral reefs. Moreover, why shouldn't the earth tremble somewhat? Are not boats, horses, and the stock exchange unsteady —as are many places which people generally frequent? The tropical cocktails are good, but they too lack variety. Nothing differs but the proportions: it is always rum, gin, and lime.

THE two most beautiful natural prospects in the West Indies are the *patio* of the Hotel Sevilla in Havana at the cocktail hour, and the bath in the sea-water pool at Kingston, Jamaica. Yet on reflection, these sites are found to owe their beauty to the magnificent American girls which one sees there in the full splendour of their animal spirits,—American girls, those gifts bestowed upon the world by the gods of the twentieth century. They form a kind of mystic union between sun and snow, South and North. I have no exceptional admiration for Havana, the American Monte Carlo, where all the bottles of alcohol are shaped like flasks. This island, which produces more sugar than all the diabetics in the world, makes its cocktails too sweet; and the skyscrapers there are too often sun-scrapers. The Latins are wrong in carrying over so many social conventions into their sports. I even saw a Yacht Club without boats; and its enormous automobiles, with open cut-outs and coloured lights like vessels, could hardly serve in this roadless country but to encircle the music pavilion in the evening. But Santiago is an exotic city, and the girls there are beautiful and glowing. The January bathing at Jamaica, two days farther down, offers a divine spectacle, although there too the North meets the expenses. At Myrtlebank or Bournemouth, the world's happiest splash in pools lined with drooping coco palms. There, the gulf stream is "bottled," and after ten o'clock in the morning the glare is terrific. On a sea of fire, where the white yachts riding at anchor seem as though caught in a jelly of light, the millionaires take their dip in frames of cement. All these people swimming suggest a kind of comical and methodic shipwreck, an organized catastrophe. Children bob about on inflated tires; goddesses from Park Avenue let themselves down, in clusters, from the slides. The gentlemen from Wall Street straddle those rubber ponies filled with air which have doubtless been adopted from the Indians of Peru, who have similar contrivances of straw. As soon as you attempt to paddle with the feet, they unhorse you. This is the same public, with the same amusements, as at the Lido. High overhead the vultures are soaring. The gramophone plays *Hallelujah*. On the crowded balconies, black Cubans, English officers, and American tourists are drinking exquisite *chiroos*, an anti-alcoholic beverage composed of fresh pineapple juice with one-third Italian vermouth and one-half gin.

January. . . . One's thoughts wander far; one thinks of skating, of skis, and of the ice which is found here only in the bottoms of glasses, with a cherry. . . .

If these sights seem artificial to you, and you desire to see a wilder sort of beauty, you must go to the French Antilles and to Haiti. I had neglected to say that there are still negroes in the West Indies. The ravages of European jazz have not yet caused a complete depopulation. Moreover, these authentic negroes do not know the music that we call negro, or they care little for it. Like everything else in the tropics, the phonographs go continuously, except for a short respite between three and five o'clock in the morning. "What shall we play for you?" some friends asked me at Haiti. "Why," I answered, "a negro melody!" . . . "Ah, no! anything but that." In Haiti I met a young coloured lawyer who told me that he had learned the Charleston last summer at Dinard. "On returning, I taught it to the French negroes of the old plantations," he said; "naturally they still dance the minuet and the old dances of the French court, to the sound of a flute muted with tissue paper. The Charleston was a great surprise to them, but they have come to like it. Finally the old aunts and the elderly generals of the Haitian army who have had to give up their favourite sport of civil war since the American occupation of the island, devoted themselves wholly to competing at the Charleston."

ONCE one has reached these islands, the main inconvenience is in leaving them. They would be within an hour of one another by aeroplane, but sometimes one must wait fifteen days for a boat. Furthermore, each steamship line serves only the Antilles under its own flag, which complicates matters still more. There are but few points of junction. Trinidad is one of them. There, boats bound from Europe for Colon cross with those going from North America to Brazil. Trinidad is inhabited by negroes, Hindoos, and retired old English colonels of the army of the Indies who angle for king fish, drag alligators from the Caroni River, and play bridge. But Kingsley's *At Last*, with its descriptions of the High Woods, will give sufficient idea of the island for all the sedentary who prefer to do their travelling indoors.

One of the most picturesque spots in the Antilles is Curaçoa. You are set down abruptly in the midst of Holland. Lying low on a sea of fire, this is Amsterdam, Leyden, or Volendam that you discover of a sudden, at the end of a large canal which admits the boats to the

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Soliloquy

There Is Fine Sleighing on Main Street, but Where Are the Sleighs and the Horses?

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

A FINE thick coat of snow over all of the roads—just the right sort—soft and clinging—not too soft.

The weather not too cold either. I have been keeping my eye on the road. Hasn't someone got somewhere a fine team of bays or blacks and a good cutter?

They used to make them with swans' heads sticking out in front. The runners stuck out behind so the boys could catch on.

It was a nice trick flipping a sled when it was hitched to a good fast team. Some young fellow in there with his girl—a buffalo robe tucked around her feet. A fine scheme was to heat a brick on the kitchen stove then put it in there, under her feet.

A grand racing time when sleighing came—up in Ohio. Now was the time to own a fast horse. They used to clear all the traffic off Main Street in our town. There wasn't much.

A man named Fred Harvey, with a big rangy sorrel, Frank Crosby, John Tichenor, Ben Heffner. Then there was Tom Whitehead. He owned a horse named *Solarian*, a big, fast black stallion. And Beverly Wall Stevenson with his horse, *Bucephalus*.

Doc Robinson had an insane mare. She was as fast as a streak—only she was crazy. You had to blindfold her or she would go right through the front of a store building. I wonder what makes females get like that sometimes?

ANYWAY, there they come. In my town they used to go up to the head of Main Street, a long, flat street. There weren't any hills to slide down. They went to the head of the street and turned. I can hear Frank Crosby whooping now. Frank had a cock eye. He had some nice profanity too. As a small boy I was always in love with fast horses. I can remember standing in front of the hardware store on a winter day and seeing those horses come. *Solarian* was in front with Doc Robinson's crazy mare just behind. Maybe Tom wasn't letting *Solarian* out for all he was worth. You got to be polite to a lady, even though she is crazy. Frank Crosby was laying in just behind with his fast little bay—a pretty little trick she was.

Will you look at *Solarian* come!

My own boy's heart beating fast. Tears used to come into my eyes sometimes—from just the joy of seeing them.

My God, why didn't I become a race horse driver? What's all this monkey business about being an author?

Nights, after seeing a horse like *Solarian* step, I would go home and to bed. Then I began to dream.

In my dreams I would be sitting up there with my hands on the reins. We were racing down Main Street over the snow or on the race track at the county fair in the fall.

There I was, sitting up there behind that horse, watching and watching. There was a big, free-gaited horse in front. A dozen other horses coming and coming, just at my back. All of us drivers were a little pale and tense.

Some of the drivers would be shouting and swearing too. Such a contest was not only between horses. It was between drivers too. It was something to be able to swear now. A good vocabulary was of some account. "Lay over there, you ———. I am coming right over you if you don't lay over there and give me room."

"I'll give you room. I'll slash you across the face with this whip. You lay back there where you belong, —— you."

There I was in bed dreaming. We were getting near the end of the course. A little prayer going up now from between my clenched teeth.

IT was all a question of which horse had the most stuff, which driver had the most stuff. A weak-kneed driver always transmitted his own weakness to his horse. That was the reason the drivers had been swearing and cursing each other. It was a question of how much nerve a man had.

Bluff 'em out, if you can. That's the ticket.

You make the hands of the driver tremble a little and bang—his horse goes off his stride.

Oh, I curse the day when all the fine trotters and pacers got swept out of everyday life. I tell you what, the pace of such a horse, when he is in full stride, is a delicate lovely thing to see—if you know anything about horses. It is as delicately adjusted as the flight of a bird.

But I was telling you about the dream of my boyhood. We were a poor family not able to own fine horses ourselves, not even enough beds to go around, so I was very likely sleeping with one of my brothers.

And now I was sitting up in bed, my whole body tense. My words rang through the silent house. "Easy boy. Easy boy. Now. Now. Now." I used to call like that in a high, falsetto voice. My brother slugged me in the ribs. "Ah, go to sleep, you nut."

Nothing there but the bare walls of the room, maybe the moonlight on the walls. I sank back and tried to sleep. What was the use of trying to sleep? Why didn't my brother leave me alone? When a fellow is in Paradise, why kick him out?

Well, there is something in a good automobile. I've had nights of driving. A clear, moonlit night and the road clear. No squealers on the back seat. If the road is a little risky, some bad sharp turns, it's all the better. You want a car that has a world of speed, a good pick-up. You want a car that has graceful lines. If I could have the car I want I would have a red racing car. They make them now—graceful and lovely enough. I've never been able to own such a car as I'd like. The millionaires own all the really fine ones.

Maybe I made a mistake not being a chauffeur. But I don't want any one giving me orders.

I could fit into the modern age if they would give me a chance. If I had a car like that and plenty of money in my pocket.

Wouldn't I go whisking about, seeking out strange corners in life?

You see in the days of the horse you could get a job taking care of a good one. Anyone can drive an automobile, even kids do it well enough, young high school girls. They go right into the stall where the car is and run it out. Well, there you are.

I'd have liked to see one of them go into *Solarian's* stall—or a horse I worked with once. His name was *You-Be-Still*. Let a stranger come into one of those fellows' stalls. I can see *You-Be-Still* rearing back, his teeth bared.

Or he'd whirl and kick you right through the barn door. I saw such a horse kill a man once.

Such a boy as I was could get a job with such a horse. Of course he didn't get paid much. Sometimes, when they were at the races, he and the horse had to sleep in the same stall. Well, it was all right. I'd rather sleep with a fine horse than with most people I know.

There was a chance to live a little poetry then.

What the hell—all this business of being an author. A lot of cheap little penny-a-liners carping at you. If you get your prose a little bare, like a horse's legs, a lot of old maids calling you "nasty", and other names like that. I never minded a race-horse driver swearing at me.

People talking about what motivates you, analyzing you. How the devil are they to know you are after the same thing you were after as a boy when you went to the races?

You want that feeling of life held up a little high, a little proud. What the hell, boys, let her ride.

Easy now. Sock it to her. There's your chance. You missed it, eh? Well, there goes your horse race.

AND there is something else about this mechanical age. I like to see a fine machine run as well as any man but there is too much loss of animal life tucked up close to human life. I suppose that is why tired out New Yorkers have the hunch about the negroes. They feel something in the smokes, animal life a little more alive, the rhythm and swing of animal life.

I remember nights when I was a boy and later as a young man when I had the blues. I have them yet of course; all decent people have them a lot nowadays. Safety first, eh? I had the blues and there was a horse somewhere about. I never got very far away. Many a night I've crept down into the horses' stalls, put my arms about their necks. *Solarian*, who would kill a stranger trying to come into his stall at night, would come and lay his head on my shoulder. He would let me hold his big head tight against my own until the blues passed.

And nights later, working on some farm. The big farm horses the same way. I remember one place where the man and woman of the house were always quarreling and jangling. I used to stand it as long as I could,

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WEYHE GALLERY

The Pinnacle—By Rockwell Kent

An Example of Modern Lithography by a Versatile and Distinguished American Artist

IN common with the old masters and, indeed, with every artist worthy of the name, Rockwell Kent produces work that is indelibly trade-marked; it is always and unequivocally Rockwell Kent. In this lithograph his conspicuous qualities are shown to great advantage: the strong, massive silhouette, the dogmatic line, the note of mysticism, the tactile hardness—almost of woodenness, employed in the presentation of the lonely, dramatic and mysterious figure of Man thrust up against a desolate and inimical sky. This print (one of his most successful ventures into the medium of lithography) was one of only one hundred copies made, has already tripled in price since its publication three months ago. Kent, of course, does everything: paints, edits, explores, lectures, writes, etches and illustrates

Frankness

Concerning a Revision, by Request, of the Adage: Ask Me No Questions, I'll Tell You No Lies

By FRÉDÉRIC BOUTET

THEY had been married three years, and this was their first quarrel.

In the charming little room where they had spent so many pleasant evenings together, Adrian Réville was smoking and Marcelle, while she poured the tea, was telling him what she had done that afternoon.

" . . . Afterwards I dropped in to ask after Mme. Livolle, and then I had a cup of chocolate at Germaine's."

"And is that all?"

She turned her lovely blue eyes toward him with a look of candour.

"Why, of course!"

He looked at her fixedly.

"My dear child, why don't you tell me the whole truth? You took a taxi to a department store. You admit it, don't you? Well, why not tell me? I was passing by in another taxi; I saw you pay your driver and disappear into the crowd at the entrance. Everything happened so quickly that I had no time to get out and run after you. . . . " He paused. "And now I'm beginning to wonder if you wouldn't have been embarrassed at seeing me? Why didn't you tell me you'd been shopping? Were you up to something?"

He had risen and stood there as stern as a judge. The young woman blushed; her lips trembled like those of a child about to burst into tears.

"Adrian! Please don't scold me! I lost the umbrella you bought me day before yesterday. I was hoping to find another just like it. That's the reason. . . . I always tell you everything, and you know it. . . ."

"MY dear Marcelle," he said, choosing his words with great care, "I believe you. But can't you see the danger of these childish fibs? An absolute confidence between husband and wife is, to my way of thinking, the strongest bond of all. . . . My dear child, our happiness depends on our mutual trust, and I hope you will never lose your spontaneous honesty, your charming sincerity. . . . You are naïve, trusting, inexperienced, and there are pitfalls in life that you cannot avoid by yourself. I am here to guide and support you, but what can I do if you keep part of your life secret? This little incident was really fortunate for both of us; it has allowed us to come to an understanding. Tell me everything after this, my child, without a moment's hesitation. Be frank, absolutely frank. . . . If you lie to me, I shall learn the truth sooner or later anyway. . . ."

"Adrian, I give you my word that I'll be frank. You must love me always, and for my part I'll tell you everything . . . everything!"

She threw her arms round his neck. Proud of inspiring so great a love, flattered by her unquestioning obedience, Adrian gave a satisfied smile.

The young wife retained a vivid impression of this scene. She adored her husband, and could not bear the thought of offending him. On reflection, however, she began to feel rather doubtful; she wondered if the whole truth wouldn't sometimes be rather embarrassing to both of them. . . . No, no, Adrian knew best. She would keep her promise. . . .

So she began the next evening to tell the whole truth.

Nothing in particular had happened during the afternoon, except that a man had followed her in the streets and spoken to her. In the past she had never mentioned such incidents. Adrian listened to her story with much irritation.

The following day was that of her weekly visit to a rich old uncle. When she came home, she made her report to her husband:

"I went to see Uncle Jules, and Mother was there. He had rheumatism and was very grumpy."

"He always is," observed M. Réville.

"HE asked me why he never saw you. I said you were so busy. He said, 'Yes, busy at the club playing bridge. That's his only interest in life. But perhaps it's all for the best. As long as he does nothing at all, he can't do anything very foolish!' "

"You don't say!" Réville had risen. "So that's the way he talks about me!"

"Are you angry?"

"Angry? Not at all. It's really rather amusing. And what did your mother say?"

"Oh, she said you were quite right not to give yourself brain fever, seeing that your business got along perfectly well without you."

"What a way to talk! . . . Not to give myself brain fever! . . . I should say that your family treated me pretty badly."

"And what do your friends say about me?" asked Marcelle. "You know that our confidences ought to be mutual."

"I saw absolutely no one who mentioned your name. Your dear uncle was partly right: I did go to the club, but Chaumy, Parfeu, and Delapray were the only people I saw. We played two rubbers together. . . . And that was all."

He succeeded in hiding his ill humour, and persuaded his wife that he was delighted with her frankness.

Thus encouraged, she persevered. During the following days he learned that Marcelle, on several occasions, had paid more than she had previously told him for divers articles of feminine apparel. He also learned that she did not like him to kiss her when his breath smelt of cognac, and that she objected to his singing, "Tum, tum, tum, tum," in the morning while putting on his clothes. He learned the judgment of Marcelle's friends on husbands in general, and the judgment of one friend, Germaine—in his opinion, a very seductive young woman—about himself in particular:

"Really, Marcelle," she had said, "your Adrian isn't very bright, and if you were to deceive him, he'd never know the difference."

Marcelle repeated this remark faithfully and indignantly. She was overwhelming her husband with hundreds of little every-day truths which have no importance except when the person in question becomes conscious of them. Adrian became distrustful of everybody.

Several weeks passed by.

One evening Marcelle, after pouring the tea, paused before handing the cup to her husband.

"I met M. Delapray," she remarked.

Réville's face grew brighter.

"He's an old friend of mine. Where did you meet him?"

"At an art exhibit. He spoke to me as I was going in the door." She hesitated for a moment and then made up her mind. "I have something to tell you: M. Delapray. . . ."

Her revelations were brief and convincing. When she had finished, Adrian Réville was pale with fury. He sprang towards the door.

"Where are you going?" cried Marcelle.

"To shame him to his face! I'm sure to find him at the club."

A few moments later, he entered the club in a state of great excitement. Delapray, his old friend, came rushing towards him, holding out his hand. With a killing glance Réville stopped him short.

"Marcelle has told me all!"

"All what?"

"SHE has told me all, do you understand? Have you no shame? To think of your trying to seduce the wife of an old friend—making advances, saying you loved her, asking for a rendezvous!"

He choked with anger. Apparently Delapray was sincerely bewildered.

"See here, old man, it's all a surprise to me. The whole story is false, or at least it's greatly exaggerated. I mean to say, it's all a misunderstanding. Old friends like you and me ought to have no trouble in making a frank explanation. . . . Yes, I did meet your wife, I admit that I was gallant. What do you expect? She's awfully good looking, really, and you know how I am about women. . . . But it's nothing for you to worry about. Perhaps I did make some silly remark about her hair or her eyes. Perhaps I told her I'd like to meet her once in a while, just in a friendly way. It was only an innocent flirtation. And see here, old man . . . she listened to me . . . if she didn't like it, one word would have stopped me. You can rest assured that I should have gone no further. . . . A woman has a thousand ways of making herself understood. If I had only thought that Marcelle would be offended . . . and above all that she would carry the story to you. . . ." Delapray stopped for a moment, carried away by his feelings, and finally exclaimed, "Did you ever hear of such a little goose!"

"Cad!" shouted Réville.

They had to be separated. Réville insulted several of the peacemakers. After a deplorable row he was asked to resign from the club.

He walked home through the empty streets. The night air calmed his feverish excitement. His mind became clear; he reviewed the

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STEICHEN

Ruth Draper, Monologist Extraordinary

After a Triumphant Tour Abroad, the Most Facile of Pantomimists Has Returned to America

Eugene O'Neill's New Play

In "Dynamo", Soon to Be Produced, the American Playwright Continues to Think Aloud

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

ONE of the inevitable results of the uncommon success of that uncommon play *Strange Interlude*, is that, while Judith Anderson succeeds Lynn Fontanne as *Nina Leeds* and Pauline Lord takes a touring company on a trek to the Pacific Coast, the Theatre Guild's public grows more and more curious as to what nature of play Eugene O'Neill will give the Guild to follow his four-hour drama of spoken thought. Late in November some dozen privileged readers had penetrated the mystery and by the time this article appears about as many actors ought to be deep in rehearsals of the successor to *Strange Interlude*. It goes by the name of *Dynamo*. Audiences will be permitted to assemble at the conventional hour of eight-fifteen. But the play indulges in an arresting theme, a striking locale, and an extraordinary dénouement, and it borrows from its own author two of the most daring technical devices that this daring playwright has invented.

In his letter consigning the manuscript to the Guild, O'Neill explains that *Dynamo* is "the first of a trilogy written on the general subject—more or less symbolically treated—of the death of the old God and the spiritual uneasiness and degeneration into which we have been thrown by the sterile failure of Science and Materialism to give birth to a new God that can satisfy our primitive religious cravings."

THE play begins with a simple enough dramatic conflict. On one side of the stage is the home of the *Reverend Hutchins Light*, bedevilled by obsessions on sin and sex. On the other side is the home of the superintendent in a hydro-electric plant, *Ramsay Fife*, crammed with the "religious bigotry of his atheistic faith." *Fife* has a flapper daughter. *Light* has a son filled with his own failings and more than his own cowardice. Between the soul-destroying egos of the two fathers, the love affair of the young people results in a scene of bitterness and terror in which the boy, *Reuben*, comes through to disillusionment in all things and to an amazing inner strength which drives him out of his father's house to seek the truth at the heart of the universe.

The rest of the play pictures the boy's obsession with the new god that he finds—the god of electricity. He comes back hardened and sinister, takes the girl's love and then—as he serves his god in the power house—offers up his love, just as his father tried to deny the flesh, to appease *Dynamo* and win that understanding which will save the world. He repeats in terms of the modern machine the old superstitions and bedevilments of his reverend father—all to a tragic outcome.

For this new age O'Neill makes a very extraordinary god out of the machine. There stands the dynamo, "huge and black, with something of a great, massive, ebony idol about it, the 'exciter' set on the main structure like a round head with oblong eyes above a squat torso." As the boy describes his faith in electricity behind all life he cries: "Did you ever watch a dynamo? What I mean is in them! They stand for it the same way the old stone statues stood for gods." Here is the way the boy explains how he won to a faith in *Dynamo*, a faith, which if he can only purify himself, will make him the "first true Son of the real, living God":

"The books had got my mind in an awful mess. Everything seemed to end up in nothing! There didn't seem to be any hope in living. Then I used to listen to Her singing and somehow she sang answers to me: she gave me back hope, I began to see how all things went back to her and became one thing, the beginning and the end, Electricity—in *Dynamo*, that Her song is the hymn of eternal generation, the song of Eternal Life!"

AND so he can pray ecstatically as he stands on the platform, which runs like a pulpit round the shoulders of the dynamo:

"O *Dynamo*, God of Electricity, which gives life to all things, hear my prayer! Receive me into the great current of Your Eternal Life! Bless me with Your secret so I can save men from sin and sorrow and death! Grant me the miracle of Your love!"

Here is the evangelist of the modern life. And like other evangelists he brings down upon himself the sin and the sorrow and death he prays to save men from. To appease his God—or is it his Goddess?—he shoots the girl he has loved. As for the miracle of *Dynamo's* love, he has that, too. When he realizes the cruel, crazy thing he has done he rushes to the dynamo and pleads "like a little boy"—

"I don't want any miracle! I don't want to know the truth! I only want you to hide me! Don't let me ever come back here! Never let me go from you again!—Please, Mother!"

Then—"he throws his arms out over the head of the dynamo, his hands grasp the carbon brushes of the exciter. In a flash all the lights in the plant dim down until they are almost out and the noise of the dynamo dies until it is the faintest hum. Simultaneously Reuben's voice rises in a sobbing cry of pain and joy, and this cry dies into a sound that is like the singing to itself of a happy baby and finally fades into a hum that is like the dynamo's."

He—like so much of life today—has been granted the miracle of the love of *Dynamo*.

The last word comes from the wife of the superintendent, a remarkable symbol of our machine-loving, sentimental world. Through most of the play she has sat about, a great, simple, childlike woman "with the moony, placid eyes of a cow," purring to herself like the dynamo. "I love dynamos, too," she has said, "I could watch them forever. I love to hear them sing. I'd like to be a dynamo. They're singing all the time about everything in the world." But when she sees *Dynamo* kill *Reuben—Dynamo*, who, she thought, loved *Reuben*—she revolts heavily and sentimentally, as we all do when we find that the machine which we love truly has betrayed us.

"What are you starting to sing again for?" she says. "I should think you'd be ashamed! And I thought you was nice and kind and good and loved us!" She goes over and pounds the steel body of the dynamo in a fit of wounded, childish anger. "You mean old thing, you!" she cries. "I don't care! I'm not afraid of you! You can't hurt me!" Then she leaves off, having hurt her hands, and begins to cry softly, "You hateful—old thing! !"

Striking as the dénouement of amorous electrocution may be, a reader of *Dynamo* who has followed O'Neill's adventures in playwrighting through ten years finds himself speculating quite as much on whys and wherefores of his latest technical experiment as on the effectiveness of the devastating final scene when it shall at last come to the stage.

I remember that among the odder diversions connected with the first-night of *Strange Interlude* was a good deal of speculation on who would first borrow O'Neill's new method, and how soon the device of using asides to give us the thoughts of the characters would get itself incorporated into the common technique of our drama. It is now a little over a year since the public began to fill every seat of the John Golden Theatre at five-thirty in the afternoon, and the treasure of spoken thought is still lying about on that stage waiting for some dramaturgic snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.

LAST spring certain critics thought they had caught the thief in Zoë Akins, basing the charge on the fact that when the district attorney in *The Furies* started questioning the characters suspected of having committed a murder, each of them made some interesting *sotto voce* comments on the lies or the half-truths they had told the prosecutor. Miss Akins was quick, however, to disclaim credit for spreading the newest aesthetic doctrine of O'Neill. She had written *The Furies* before the production of *Strange Interlude*.

From the first page of *Dynamo* it becomes evident that O'Neill has cast himself in the interesting rôle of the first plagiarist of *Strange Interlude*. Not content with borrowing from himself the device of spoken thought, he makes *Dynamo* a thoroughly good job in literary craftsmanship by stealing the doll's house scenery of his own *Desire Under the Elms*. He opens up the fronts of dwelling houses and electric power stations as well as the foreheads of the people who live and work in them.

Our most adventurous as well as most able playwright has contributed three fresh techniques to the stage—or, if you like it better, three modern adaptations of old and disprized devices. The first of his experiments lay in taking off various sections of the wall of the New England farmhouse in *Desire Under the Elms*, and letting us look into one or more rooms while we also watched events

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JUDITH ANDERSON

The Australian actress Judith Anderson, come hither to make her American name in *Cobra*, *The Dove*, *Behold the Bridegroom* and other works requiring the voluptuous vampings of a lady steeped in love, is one of the Guild's sturdy trinity of heroines in the psychiatric mazes of this now celebrated drama

(Left)
LYNN FONTANNE

It was Lynn Fontanne who originated the rôle of *Nina*, whose clamorous anguish and *sotto voce* asides have now circled the whole drama world. It was Miss Fontanne who set the pace for all who, in this and other lands, would follow her in the most long-distance and super-dimensional of all the modern dramas

(Right)
PAULINE LORD

Inevitably when there's a lady in desperate and distressful spirits to depict, they will send out for Pauline Lord. Inevitable that, when a third exponent of the woes of *Nina* was needed, the Guild should remember the deep emotional technique of inarticulate grief which Miss Lord has made peculiarly hers

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICKOLAS MURAY

Three Strange Interluders

A Trio of Ninas Who Have Spent Mad, Mad Days and Nights in Eugene O'Neill's Drama

AN almost historical success has been that of Eugene O'Neill's *Strange Interlude*, a success unprecedented and—according to the modest Theatre Guild—somewhat unexpected. It was beyond the dearest dreams of author, actors or producers that a drama of five hours' duration, dealing in the mysteries of libido and inhibition by means of frank soliloquies and subconscious comments, should prove such a popular, triumphant entertainment. The Guild companies are playing *Strange Interlude* across the country now. Foreign theatres, including the Scandinavian, are already importing it to be the year's chief novelty of their repertory. As a printed book it has outsold any other play ever published. A copy of it, falling into the hands of Bernard Shaw, is said to have caused that envious one to sigh and declare that *Back to Methusaleh* is too short a play. In the American companies the Misses Anderson, Fontanne and Lord have each added mightily to their reputations by interpreting the rapturously human and forever aching part of the central woman—girl, lover, wife, mother—of this epic of extraordinary lifetime

LIGHTHOUSE
In this oil painting of the Two Lights Lighthouse near Portland, Maine, Mr. Hopper has rendered a striking solution in the chiaroscuro of hard sunlight and deep shadow. There is lush green in the foreground and a colour gamut that runs from cool white to sky blue

FRANK REHN GALLERIES

A Note on Edward Hopper

An Appreciation of an American Artist Whose Work Has Been Acclaimed by Critics and Public

By FORBES WATSON

THROUGH that hysterical period of American art when the first rush to be modern took place (it had not then become a gold rush) Edward Hopper stalked, a quiet, slightly sneering, silently honest figure of obstinacy. I refer to that period when the brightest and most open minds in painting and criticism went a little mad. Royal Cortissoz, the fluent apostle of "standards", had already, in the words of an admiring architect, "annihilated modern art". The others were still busy trying to prove that all good contemporary painting stemmed from Cézanne. If the stemming was not obviously apparent, they condemned the painting to an academic perdition.

The academicians were still convinced that the modern uprising could be put down by a copious use of the words, "fake" and "insane". They put their faith in the episode of Van Gogh's right ear. When that artist cut off his right ear they screamed that this was proof of the madness of the entire modern movement. More in sorrow than in anger they watched first one painter then another "go modern." Periodically they promulgated the news that painters were returning to nature and cubism was dead. They did not give up the hope that some of the turncoats to modernism would come back, repentant, to the maternal bosom of the academy until they discovered that the younger generation, which had begun painting since the Armory exhibition, accepted modernity in art without any more argument than a modern flapper is wont to give to the acceptance of jazz.

HODGEKIN'S HOUSE
Hopper has here attempted a study of white, in shadow and sunlight, as the theme of this oil completed by him last year at Riverdale, Cape Ann

These younger adherents of the contemporary spirit in painting found the feverish arguments of a past decade about as exciting as grandmama's objecting to night clubs. Though modern, they were not, like their immediate predecessors, professorial. In consequence the officials were forced to decide that it was time to make peace and retire gracefully from open conflict. The era of debate closed when the officials began to give prizes to Matisse and Derain and to such wicked Americans as Max Weber, Bernard Karfiol and others who for so many years back had been consistently looked upon askance.

The reform era of modernity, with its upsetting excitements, has now settled into the calm of universal acceptance. The estimates of the pioneers were affected by the bias natural to martyrs. The estimates of to-day are affected by sensational success. The Francophiles have come into their own, and Paris rules the world of art. But side by side with this development, which has extended to the inner sanctums of the palatial dealers in old masters, another smaller but no less interesting development has taken place. Those Americans who were not capable of changing their direction with every tide have also come into their own. Edward Hopper, the New York painter, is one of these.

Hopper belonged to that group to which the inspirational teachings of Robert Henri gave the courage to be native. The group included Bellows, Kent, Coleman and other talented recorders of native phenomena. Bellows and Kent had enough impetus toward fame to ride the storm of Francomania that has characterized the development of American taste in the passing decade. Hopper, with none of the controversial gifts of a Bellows, was incapable of making a sounding issue of Americanism. But he has enough rock or iron in his constitution to resist being modernistic for the sake of *réclame*, and his few words in those days implied that, from the

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The Captain's Memoirs

For Which an Artichoke, Some Indian Pudding and a Little Coffee Are Offered as Appetizers

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

IT is related of DeWolf Hopper, that that incorrigible bridegroom likes few things in this unsatisfactory world so much as a dish of Indian pudding. For years it has been his custom, when engagements (to act, that is) or rehearsals have brought him to New York, to hurry to the Hotel Algonquin, escorting each new wife in turn and introducing her to the sacred mysteries of his favorite dish. On the subject of this homely confection Hopper would always grow lyrical. George, the head waiter, became so familiar with this not particularly secret passion that he could read the look of inquiry on the famous Hopper face the moment the gigantic comedian appeared between the curtains of the dining room. The rising eyebrows meant "Is there Indian pudding or is there not?" If George nodded affirmatively, Hopper would make the rounds of the tables in his neighborly fashion, singing the song of his beloved pudding, urging one and all to forego mere lemon pie or floating island and join him in the dish of dishes. On one occasion, only Raymond Hitchcock rebelled, protesting moodily that he preferred rice pudding. Hopper stood aghast. He poured forth his aesthetic contempt for one who would eat an uneventful dish that could be had any day of the year when there was such an alternative as Indian pudding.

"All right, have it your own way," said Hitchcock weakly, "I'll take Indian pudding."

WITH a glow of the successful missionary warming his heart, Hopper then sat him down and whetted his appetite with soup and meat, saw the table cleared for the great event, and then announced in a voice that boomed across the hotel, "Now George, bring me the Indian pudding."

It was after an interval that George came back, pale with fear.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hopper," he said, "But we just served the last dish to Mr. Hitchcock."

Which parable is one of a thousand traditions of this hotel on a New York side street which has become legendary in its time as the gastric gathering place of writers and players; the inn which, by the working of those forces that give any tavern its character, has long stood at the windy corner where New Grubb Street crosses the Rialto. So many are the kindred traditions that one is tempted to suggest (and in fact this one hereby does suggest) that some midwife of beautiful letters might do worse than look around the Algonquin for a book of memoirs.

Frank Case, the proprietor for this past quarter of a century, might write such a book. Or Sarah, the coal black mammy who, in snowy cap and apron, deals out the pies and pastries she has concocted in the invisible kitchens below. But the occasional glimpse of her extending a dark and affable hand to some such passing old-timer as Lew Fields or David Warfield is eloquent rather of the more eventful days when, for twenty years, Sarah was the maid in the dressing room of that most ample of American comediennes, May Irwin.

Or one might get a book of memoirs out of Victor, the Castilian coatroom boy, who will be leaving this Spring to study painting in Paris. It was not Victor but his immediate predecessor who entranced the Algonquin clientele by studying with disfavour the "No Hat Tip, Please" legend painted on the lintel over his domain. After some days, however, he felt that he had hit upon the aspect of that legend which displeased him, and, getting a brush and paint pot, he mounted a ladder and edited it slightly by painting out the first word.

DURAND-RUEL GALLERIES

"THE ACCORDION PLAYER"

The Accordion Player is the work of Zak, who, though a Slav, was generally known as a French painter until his death. An exhibition of eight recent drawings and thirty-nine paintings was lately held in New York—thanks to the initiative of Mr. Conger Goodyear, long a believer in this painter's genius

All these observers of the scene might have their tales to tell, but I would be inclined to favor the memoirs of George Jacques, captain for many years past of the dining-room recently caricatured by the frivolous weekly *Judge*. In that weekly a page was given over to a cartoon by Ellison Hoover, an ironical fellow who has a good deal of quiet fun making sketches of places like Hollywood, Moscow and Paris as they must be visualized by one who has never been there. This latest flight of his fancy was a hotel dining-room, with a little group of serious eaters—Henry Ford, for instance, and Barbara Frietchie and Hannibal—all lunching at one Round Table. Nearby, the Smith Brothers were gravely sharing an omelette and anecdotes about cough-drops with Mary, Queen of Scots. At the next table, Jack Dempsey, Abd-el-Krim and Joan of Arc made an interesting, though faintly implausible, group of battling types. And, in a far corner of the lobby, Von Hindenburg was morosely waiting to go in to lunch with Lady Godiva who, providentially, was sitting in the shadow of a pillar. The picture was entitled, "The Algonquin, by One Who Has Heard All About It."

Though marked by a faint exaggeration, this picture of George's realm has enough truth in it to suggest that his autobiography might be entertaining. If ever he returns to his native Aegean isle to sit in the sun and remember, I trust he will tell us whether, if he were ever to become captain of a dining-room again, he would not rather serve, let us say, in the Bankers' Club, where, it may be guessed, the captain profits by an occasional suggestion about Radio or General Electric. For his years of service, George's old age must be chiefly comforted, I fear, by an unrivalled set of contemporary first editions, autographed to him by such oddly assorted clients as Gertrude Atherton, Carl Van Vechten, Ernest Boyd, Heywood Broun, John V. A. Weaver, Rex Beach, Joseph Hergesheimer, Rabindranath Tagore, Robert Benchley and Dorothy Parker, to say nothing (unless you insist) of Jim Tully and Konrad Bercovici.

HIS memoirs might also advise us whether, in case he were ever to open an inn of his own, he might not prefer a less leisurely clientele. It is the other dining-room, where there is sometimes a chance of a second sitting, that makes the Algonquin's profits, if any. Most of George's clients can spend so much time over a few stalks of endive that, by comparison, the members of Christopher Morley's Three-Hours-for-Lunch Club seem to be bolting their food.

When *My Life in Art* by George Jacques eventually appears upon the book stalls, I hope to find in it not only the parable of the Indian pudding but the story of Jack Barrymore and the cup of coffee, and also the story of the artichoke which, for a brief period, made a reluctant impresario out of a hotel proprietor. The episode of the disastrous artichoke goes back to the days when Mr. Case's tavern was more conspicuously a haven for those writers and actors whose ships, perhaps already visible on the horizon, had not yet come in to port. As he himself had no money at the time and the hotel was not yet out of debt, I suppose he had a fellow-feeling for young hopefuls. Of course the really daring poker player is the one who has nothing to lose. And somewhat on that principle, the Algonquin, in its youth, used to allow certain fledgling writers and artists to run up the most staggering bills.

One young dramatist—he has since become celebrated both here and in London, but he must be nameless in this chronicle—stayed on for weeks and weeks, the bill being allowed to mount past the two thousand mark just because there was an air about him of one who could write a brilliant play if ever he put his mind to it. There were times when the worried proprietor was moved to drop gentle hints

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A SNAKY SALOME

A veritable sensation has been created by another young soprano from the cornbelt, Miss Harriet Widgeon of Omaha. Harriet's long suit is that red-hot mama of opera, *Salome*, a rôle in which she compares herself more than favourably with Mary Garden. Pictured above, she is throwing a mean look at *Mrs. Herod* who has just wise-cracked something about "All *Jokanaan* aside . . ." For grand opera that's a rough one

THE DEATH GRAPPLE

Herr Gottwillig and Fräulein Dannenpfeffer are just bringing to its anguished close the tragic tale of *Tristan und Isolde*. *Tristan* has been pierced in the paunch by one of *King Mark's* henchmen, way back in the second act, and his hefty sweetheart implanted firmly and probably permanently on his chest, sings on and on and on . . .

DER SUPERMANN

Albert Grätzmüller's rôles are commonly those of large overstuffed Gods and Giants who haunt the mysterious doings of *The Ring*. He is shown above as *Wotan* chanting the values of *Das Rheingold*. When he thumps his spear on the ground the mountains tremble. Once, when he slipped and fell, a large tree toppled right over!

THE OEDIPUS COMPLEX

The tragic plot of Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia* hinges, with rare originality, on futile love. *Maffo*, poor wretch, woos *Lucrezia* with the ardour common to a young man who has fallen for a lady old enough to be his mother. Now here comes the cute part! She actually *is* his mother! Poison, pain and quick curtain. *Quod erat faciendum*

Illustrations
By ALAN ODLE

An Up-to-Date Guide to the Opera

Our Expert Reports on Some of the Artists Presently on Exhibit at the Metropolitan Opera

(Top Left)
A FRIEND OF ALFREDO

Wallace Higby sings small, obscure parts such as *Gaston*, a friend of *Alfredo*. He gets away with eight bars of solo work in the Third Act of *Traviata* when he has the honour to lose at cards to the companionate first tenor. Wallace's voice sounds bigger and better in the bath-tub

(Top Right)
THE SUGARY SOLO

In Flotow's *Martha*, an engaging trifle, there are many sentimental songs for the title rôle. As performed by Frieda Ossermann the part fairly oozes honey and molasses. When, as the pseudo-servant, she sings the well-known *Last Rose of Summer* song, every honest Teuton in the house bursts into tears

THE TRAGIC JESTER

The baritone's grandest rôle is that of *Rigoletto*, Verdi's distinguished "bossu", whose only rivals in respect to this physical infirmity are Hugo's famous *Hunchback of Notre Dame*, and Lon Chaney at his best. Leon Bezique of Paris is taking his eighteenth encore after the third act curtain

TWO IN ONE

Annually Puccini saves the lives of many Class B singers by having written such parts as *Spoletta*, a police agent. Henry Hickson knows twenty such rôles and frequently sings several the same evening, changing from a landlord in Act I to a handsome coachman in Act II

LES AMANTS

On the slopes of Montparnasse lives *Louise*, a sewing girl who is beloved by *Julien*, a young artist. Her stern father . . . but why go on? They are shown, headed for the bright lights as they answer the voluptuous call of the City with their great duet, "Par . . ee, Pa . . reee'

Of a Wild Time in Paris

How a Visiting English Novelist Became an Addict of Playgoing in the French Metropolis

By LOUIS GOLDING

NOTHING succeeds like excess; which is, I know, a rather sententious beginning. But I have to find some philosophic justification for the theatrical debauch I intend to speak of here. To resume: I find myself more and more inclined to immoderation in all things. The ancients lend me the warrant of their precedent both on the physical and spiritual planes. A Roman banquet which had less than thirty or forty courses would have been deemed a poor-spirited sandwich-bar affair. They struggled superbly beyond the farther margin of repletion and there attained mystic territories of gastronomic ecstasy wnich we, who boggle at the ninth course, have no inkling of. Not less the philosophers, who for months and months and months contemplated their navels. A cynical voice may have whispered to them after the second month that they had made themselves complete authorities on the subject. But they stuck to it; by dint of which the molecules in their atoms, the stars in their systems, propounded their secrets to them.

It seems to me that in my experience of cities I have stumbled upon a similar truth. If you would wrench the heart out of a city, the guide-book and the amiable resident must be strictly eschewed. I need not insist on that. The most you will attain will be a sapless generalism, faintly tinctured by the uninteresting preferences and prejudices of your mentor. You must assault the city at one point in its rondure, and blindly, wildly, inordinately, burrow down to its heart upon that single line of penetration. Beyond the stage of satiety and fatigue, a mystic clairvoyance will sit upon you, granite will flow like water between your fingers, you will be able to hammer water into perdurable shape.

YOU see what I mean? Language could hardly be simpler. It happened so with me, in Tangier, not many months ago. (I will not go on long about Tangier. This is a Parisian tale). I might have studied its gardens, its post-offices, its markets. I studied its casinos; from the glittering ones financed by the syndicates from Monte Carlo, where the international Countesses flaunted their diamonds, to the tiny badly-lit ones, where the little Moorish boys staked their stolen pennies. From early morning to early next morning I haunted the casinos and learned more of the glamour and mystery, the politics and squalor, the wit and tragedy, of Tangier than a boat-load of Blue Books might have taught me.

So, too, apocalypse in Tunbridge Wells, which is in the county of Kent, was vouchsafed me. Here the elderly spinsters dwell who have "companions"; here dwell the retired colonels who once stuck pigs in the Punjab. And in Tunbridge Wells, day in, day out, I haunted the places where retired colonels not less than spinsters, lorry-drivers not less than retired colonels, drink tea. I too in the process was battered by the foam of monstrous waves of tea, carried to remote islands on enormous tides of tea. Until at length the secret heart of Tunbridge Wells was bared before my theine-distended eyes.

As for New York . . . a pure-souled but passionate devotion to all the speakeasies between the Bowery, Hell's Kitchen and the Harlem River . . . no, at this rate I will never get on to the performance of *M.* Victor Boucher in *Vient de Paraître* at *La Fichodière*, in Paris, (if I ever get there at all) or the antics of Cairoli, Porto and Carletto, those three incomparable clowns, at the *Cirque Médrano*, or Jane Stick at the Bobino on the *Rue de la Gaité*, singing *Les Fraises et les Framboises.*

I DIDN'T anticipate it. I didn't plan for it. It merely befell me, like love, or influenza. I mean the preposterous way in which, in Paris a month ago, the lust of the theatre suddenly possessed itself of me. It is true I had just finished a piece of work after some weeks of fiery and entranced labour. I was therefore in that delicate parturitive condition in which influences you do not suspect seize your motor nerve-centres and bid you follow where they imperiously lead. But so far as I had any idea of my intentions after the thing was out of me, I thought vaguely of talking Proust up and down the green Galérie Mazarine at the Bibliothèque Nationale, or talking Cocteau and his astonishing preface to *J'Adore* at *Le Bœuf sur le Toit* or making my mind up about Cirico's painting over a bottle of *Vouvray* in Montparnasse. Something nice and restful like that. And for animal excitement I would go over to the Apache *bals musettes* in Belleville or the Faubourg du Temple, and whistle shrilly through my teeth to the maiden who caught my fancy and, tightly-clasped in the mauve and rose lights, to the strain of the concertina and the banjo, we would fox-trot viciously to the strains of:

Est-c' que les artichauds
Froids sont meilleurs que chauds?
On l'sait pour l'gigot
Ou les escargots
Ou les cuisseaux d'veau—
Mais dit's moi, dit's moi!
Est-c' que les artichauds
Froids sont meilleurs que chauds?

(which you will admit, I hope, is a fine point in the theory of gastronomics?)

But no, the Theatre willed otherwise. I did not decide with any Apache maiden whether the artichokes cold are better than the artichokes hot; nor whether Marcel Proust was really a sort of Salvation Army revivalist (as the very latest young men tend to believe). I went to the Theatre instead. It happened that I passed the door of a playhouse one afternoon and went in casually; and in one of the *entr'actes* a bacillus bit me. For the rest of this sojourn in Paris I was either going into a theatre or coming out of one. There was no system in it. I just staggered from legitimate drama to musical comedy, from circus to cinema; from opera to vaudeville. I neither slept nor ate with any enthusiasm. I was too tired to do either, and besides, they interfered with the theatre. I attained a degree of exhaustion before which my war-time memory of Macedonia pales its ineffectual fatigue. And with my chin dropping on my chest, my eyelids drooping to the pouches under my eyes, I could do no more than flap a vague fin towards a taxi-driver and moan: *Théâtre Albert Premier*, or *Cirque d'Hiver* or *Théâtre des Bouffes-Parisiens . . .*

Until at length the state of clairvoyance supervened and I existed in a state of lucidity in which for the first time Paris, subtlest of cities, was an open book for me. I was given the freedom of the Faubourg Saint Germain, where the aristocrats are, and the Zône, where the sewer-rats are, and Passy, where the small officials are, and the Porte-Maillot and the Champs-Elysées. Arm in arm with Maurice Chevalier I bestrode the boulevards; alongside of Francis Carco I leaned my elbow on the zinc of the small bars in Montmartre; I occupied beside Georges de Courteline a high office-stool among the *ronds-decuir.* I was elected a member of the Académie and made an eloquent speech on the virtues of my deceased predecessor. I wore a bonnet with cherries dangling from it and sold gardenias in pots on the *quai aux Fleurs.*

IT was a metaphysical condition, as I said, not easy to render into words, this sense of suffusion with Paris, in which the Seine was my major artery and the Métro my nervous system. I cannot say that it depended upon one actor more than another, or one play more than another, or one audience more than another. I am only certain that it would not have happened if I had not been carried off my feet and whirled round and round in this Thespian maelstrom. I saw execrable acting as well as brilliant acting, foolish and vicious plays as well as plays elegant and plays exemplary. I sat among audiences as diverse as the human passions themselves, audiences of ecstatic school-children and refined dowagers and bescarfed Apaches booing and spitting.

Whom do I recall then, who emerges out of this spate of sound and light? Shall I give a factitious priority to the little broad-browed maiden named Jane Stick (pronounced Zhahnhé Steek) whom nobody has ever heard of, or to the exquisite Yvonne Printemps, whom all the world has heard of? And what of the amiable, the well-groomed Alibert, that consummate music-halliste? And *M.* Carré, of the *Cirque d'Hiver*, galloping about the sandy arena, controlling like a more fortunate Hippolytus his team of legendary horses?

The *Cirque d'Hiver* . . . the Circus . . . Ah here, at least, is a rock I may seize on before the current tears me away to the legs of Mistinguette or the high brow of M. Pitoëff. How is it that Paris has so enormous an appetite for circuses? How is it that it can support not only the *Cirque de Paris*, the

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STEICHEN

Mrs. Irene Castle McLaughlin

A New Portrait of One of America's Celebrated Women and Most Important Fashion Influence

THE militant legions of Lucy Stoners, women's-right-ers, and the like have not had, *in toto*, the social force of that charming woman: Irene Castle McLaughlin. She has exercised the greatest single influence on American women's fashions through a lavish employment of her intelligence, talent and taste. In addition to her charms and her activities as dancer and actress, both on the stage and in motion pictures, she has accrued an enormous social significance as the sartorial ideal of a hundred million women the world over. Her gestures have become fads, her mannerisms international vogues, and the history of her affectations is a history of fashion in the last decade and a half: bobbed hair, the Castle Hop, the débutante slouch, the boyish figure for women, and many others. It is a question whether it is by the good fortune or the good taste of American women that their model, Irene Castle, has been most conspicuously on the right side in matters of chic and taste. For the wearing of clothes is with her a matter of genius. The secret is probably in the confident audacity, the *bravura* of her carriage, a dynamic, thoroughbred quality of bearing. Irene Castle also established ballroom dancing as we now know it, in collaboration with her gallant husband, Vernon Castle, who was killed in 1918 while an officer in the Royal Flying Corps. They founded the Castle School of Dancing, the final authority in ballroom dancing. Irene Castle has been retired from public life since 1923, when she last danced at the Embassy Club in London. She is now Mrs. Frederick McLaughlin of Chicago

The Tirrells of Weymouth

How One Massachusetts Family Came to Participate in Two Notorious Murder Trials

By EDMUND PEARSON

THE Tirrells of Weymouth, Massachusetts, were pursued by the Furies. They were farmers and shoemakers, dwelling in a singularly attractive town, but their lives in the years before the Civil War, were clouded by bloodshed and its vengeance.

They first appeared in public in 1846, when Albert J. Tirrell was tried for the murder of Maria Bickford. The careers of these lovers, both separately and together, had registered a rather high percentage of moral turpitude, gauged by the standards of any period, and the chances for Tirrell's escape seemed dark. Luckily for him, he was able to benefit by the services of the great advocate, Rufus Choate, who contrived an ingenious defence.

Mr. Choate suggested to the jury that Mrs. Bickford had committed suicide,—by cutting her head off—or almost off—and then setting the house afire. And we have it on the authority of one of the courtiers in *The Mikado* that if a person only succeeded in cutting his head half off,—that would be *something.*

THE famous lawyer did not leave it at that, for he relied chiefly on the theory that if his unfortunate client really did perform the fearful deed of killing Maria Bickford, he did it while *asleep,* and was, therefore, more to be pitied than censured. Many tears were shed in the court-room, during Mr. Choate's speech.

This defence of *somnambulism* caused much amusement among the more cynical lawyers for many years afterward, and was as celebrated as was the theory of the "brainstorm" twenty years ago, or as the "king and slave phantasy", used in our own time to explain the pranks of pairs of homicidal young men in Chicago or Atlanta.

Tirrell went free, but the Furies were on the track of his clan. When they struck, it was in their usual blind fashion. Thomas Hardy remarks that the wrong done to Tess in Cranborne Chase may have been retribution for similar deeds of her ancestors, but that it was hard for mortals to see justice in it.

When next the name of a Tirrell of Weymouth was heard in a Massachusetts court, it was that of a person far different from her distant cousin, Albert Tirrell, or from Maria Bickford, whose career was scarlet, and whose death was encompassed by blood and fire.

It is perhaps rash to assume cousinship between Albert and Betsy Frances Tirrell. The same family name does not prove it. *Penrod Schofield,* in Mr. Tarkington's story, made the mistake of thinking that the local aristocrat, *Mrs. Magsworth Bitts,* would be flattered to have her son exhibited as the only living nephew of *Rena Magsworth,* who was then on trial for poisoning eight people.

All I can say is that when Albert Tirrell was set free, a little girl named Betsy Frances Tirrell was then living in Weymouth. She was about eleven years old, and was to grow up into a quiet, well-conducted, rather pretty young woman. Not a great deal is discoverable about her. She went to "meeting" very often; so did they all in the small American town in the 1850's, when the church, the Sunday School, the church "sociable", and the picnic were the only forms of amusement. There was also the "Lyceum", or other lecture courses; while the promise of a circus—in Fall River—was a novelty and a treat to the Tirrells.

In 1860 Betsy Frances was about twenty-five,—an age which then brought a girl perilously close to the reproach of being an old maid. Probably her youthful good looks and her artless, rather simple manners saved her from this disgrace. Her mother was dead, but her father, Wilson Tirrell, had married again, and with her father and step-mother and her little half-sister, Louisa, she was enduring the melancholy months of spring.

They were melancholy to Betsy Frances, for one reason which everybody knew, and for another which was still secret. Her sister, Mary, had died suddenly, and I think, rather mysteriously, on the day after New Year's.

Mary had been betrothed to a young shoemaker named George C. Hersey. Mr. Hersey, as the Newgate Calendar would say, was the son of aged and respectable parents, of the town of Hingham. Singular misfortunes followed his love-making. He had black whiskers, and the young ladies, on whom he cast a favouring eye, found him all but irresistible. Yet, where he loved, grim sorrows lurked. He had once been married, but his wife, a beautiful young woman, died after about a year. Then he won the heart of Mary Tirrell, and their marriage was arranged. When she was taken violently ill, in the very last days of December, Mr. Hersey, as her affianced husband, was invited to stay at her home. He came, and was assiduous in his attentions at her bedside. After a week's illness, Mary Tirrell died, and George Hersey and Betsy Frances wept together at her grave.

AS Mr. Hersey was out of employment, Mr. Tirrell invited him to stay indefinitely. So here was this visitor in the home of Betsy Frances Tirrell, but the joy which she took in the company of the sorrowing man appeared to be grave and restrained. As one of the learned counsel expressed it:

"They were in sympathy as brother and sister, and their conduct well comported with that relation. They were seldom in society. They attended, both by day and evening, the ordinances of religion; walked and rode together, though not often unattended. She was, during a portion of this period, somewhat sad and dejected, and her friends thought they noticed a decline in health."

It was generally agreed that the two young people were seldom alone together, and that so far as Betsy Frances was concerned, the attentions which she paid Mr. Hersey seemed to be confined to mending some of his clothes.

He, however, was not averse to an occasional diversion elsewhere, and in the month of April occurred the brief but strange interlude with Miss Loretta Adeline Loud. This lady was but sixteen years old, but could not have been more clear-minded as to the etiquette which governs engaged couples, if she had been three times her age, and had read Dorothy Dix every night of her life.

Briefly, as she put it, she secretly plighted her troth to Mr. Hersey about April 10th. On Sunday, April 29th, she diverged sharply from his theories about the privileges of a fiancé, and terminated the engagement on that very Sabbath evening. Her meetings with Mr. Hersey were adjourned, *sine die,* and Miss Loretta never regretted it.

On the third day of May, early in the evening, the Tirrell family and Mr. Hersey drove home together after a call at the house of a relative. In the village Mr. Hersey had been with Louisa to the barber's, while the little girl had her hair cut. They reached home a little before eight,—early candle-light. The two men put up the horse, while the women went inside and took off their bonnets and shawls.

MR. Hersey came in from the stable, announced that he had a head-ache, and went up-stairs to bed. The evening paper had been brought, and Betsy Frances sat reading it and talking with her father and step-mother. Mr. Tirrell spoke of the circus next day in Fall River and offered to take his wife and daughters to see it. Mrs. Tirrell accepted gladly, saying that she had never been to a circus.

As the family sat there, an old custom, connected with May Day, was observed; some of the boys of the neighborhood hung May-baskets on the outside door. These were intended for Louisa, and as she had gone to bed, Betsy Frances took two of the baskets upstairs for her to see. One of them contained a small doll.

They evidently took their May festival seriously in Weymouth in 1860, since they were still celebrating it on May 3rd. I wonder if this custom was general at that period, and if it has altogether died out?

Betsy Frances came downstairs again; discussed plans for breakfast with her step-mother; and finally everybody went to bed at nine o'clock, according to the habits of those who rise early. Besides, there was to be an early start for the circus next day.

Mrs. Tirrell was already in bed when she heard Louisa, who slept with Betsy Frances, calling for help. Her calls were followed by a shriek, and almost instantly afterwards, Mr. Hersey, who seemed to have been roused promptly, came to the door of the older people, and announced that,—

"Frances is in a fit or something."

They all ran to the girls' room, and did what was possible—which was nothing at all—to help Betsy Frances. The person who dies by strychnine dies a cruel death, and I believe that I will not relate what they saw, nor what the family doctor, who was soon called, described in his testimony.

In about half an hour Betsy Frances Tirrell

(Continued on page 104)

Portraits in Plaster—By Charles Despiau

The Distinguished French Sculptor Has Sent Two of His Original Works to America

THE arrival here of two sculptures by Charles Despiau is something of an event in art, as the difficulty of securing so much as one work from the hand of this French master seems every year to become greater. The ardent Despiau collectors—scattered as they are throughout the capitals of Europe—are making it increasingly difficult to acquire his bronzes and marbles. The heads shown on this page—both in profile and full face—are the sculptor's original plasters, and were recently received by the Brummer Galleries in New York. Two days after their arrival they were purchased by an American amateur. The one with the scant hair brushed away from the forehead is a portrait of Mme. Warroquier, the wife of the French painter. The other (with coifed hair) is a little more classic in feeling and is provocatively entitled, ***The Lady With the Pointed Nose.*** Both of the heads are life-size and have been specially patined by the sculptor

FLORA

Fairest Flora, garden goddess, Garland-girt with Nature's bodice,
Heed this pious prayer of ours; Be yourself . . . please omit flowers

COLOMBA

Dear Nymph, with your attendant dove,
White symbol of enduring love,
When will your snowy arms find room
For someone else . . . need I say whom?

ECHO

Nymph of the woodland, Echo sweet,
Why thus my lover's prayer repeat?
Why double thus my heart's distress?
Why not say . . much more simply . . "Yes" . . ?

VENUS

On you young Paris did bestow
The Golden Apple, long ago.
And why? . . Because he liked you best;
Your rivals were so overdressed!

THE DRAWINGS BY HELENE PERDRIAT EN PARIS

Valentines for Some Divinities

Moderately Passionate Avowals to a Quartette of Mythological Ladies of the Primavera

The Star-Spangled Nichols

Being a Parody Interview by Beverley Himself, in His Most Autobiographical Manner

By JOHN RIDDELL

EDITOR'S NOTE: Although Mr. Beverley ("Buffalo") Nichols has earned a considerable reputation among the Women's Clubs of America by writing a series of interviews with our prominent citizens, in which the subject of each interview was invariably a little less prominent than Beverley himself, *Vanity Fair* has felt that his list would not be complete unless it included an interview with our own Staff Interviewer, Mr. John Riddell. As a result of this meeting, Mr. Nichols has brought his autobiographical style to its summit of perfection by writing the accompanying interview *in which the subject of the interview does not appear at all.* The only possible improvement remaining for Mr. Nichols, hereafter, would be to omit the interview as well—a method which we recommend without hesitation

THE telephone rang in the hall of a tiny apartment whose only claim to fame is the fact that I live in it. Down the wire drifted the voice of John Riddell.

"This is John Riddell speaking."

"Yes?"

"You know who I am, of course?"

"Well . . . "

"I am the subject of this article by Beverley Nichols."

"There is only one subject of an article by Beverley Nichols," I said, "and that is Beverley Nichols."

"But this is supposed to be an interview with John Riddell," he complained, pointing to the title.

"My dear fellow," I smiled, "when you have been interviewing people as long as I have, you will realize that an interview is only an excuse to talk about yourself. I have been talking about myself now for seven volumes, and I may say I have never tired of my subject. In fact, as I pause and read again the scintillating words I have written—"

"I am coming over to your apartment, directly after crumpets," interrupted John Riddell hotly. "I demand that Mr. Nichols let me into my own interview."

"I am very sorry," I said, "but Mr. Nichols is very busy and cannot be disturbed."

"What is he doing?"

"As a matter of fact," modestly, "he is interviewing me."

"Who are you?"

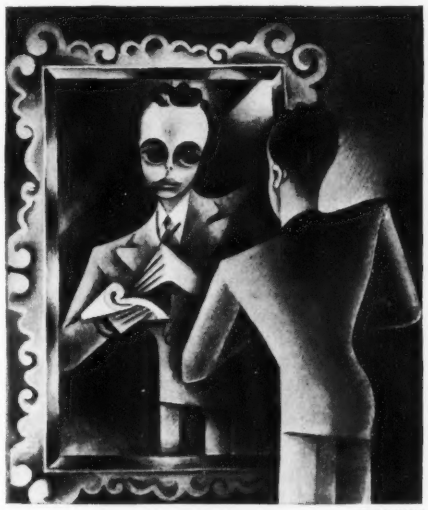
"I am Beverley Nichols," I said simply.

Whereupon he decided not to wait for crumpets.

AND as I pause, and read again that rather scintillating conversation which I have just written, it occurs to me that I catch in my dialogue a mordant brilliance and a flashing rapier-play of wit which, it seems to me, is utterly unexcelled in modern literature. Surely no one has ever written prose which satisfied me so completely. Surely there is only one person who can, in my own estimation, compare with me. I am, after all, unique.

Yet seated opposite me at this moment was the most brilliant young man I have ever met in my life. I gazed at him a trifle enviously. He represented so perfectly all that I wished to be. He was the epitome of intelligence, the acme of wit, the mirror of fashion, the climax of perception, tact and taste. From his pale lavender eyes to the tips of his fawn-tinted spats there was nothing about him which I did not admire with all my heart. At last I was face-to-face with my ideal.

A curious problem is presented to the person who finds himself face-to-face with his ideal. Does he, for example, think *you* are the most brilliant young man he has ever met in *his* life? Are *you* the epitome of intelligence, the acme of wit, the mirror of fashion, the climax of perception, tact and taste? From your pale lavender eyes to the tips of your fawn-tinted spats, is there anything about you which *he* does not admire with all his heart?



COVARRUBIAS

BEVERLEY NICHOLS

With the aid of a handsome mirror and a stenographer's note book, Mr. Nichols is about to perform his famous Disappearing Interview Act, in which the subject of the interview disappears entirely, leaving the charmed Beverley alone with himself

Incidentally, isn't it clever the way I have simply repeated the preceding rather scintillating paragraph word for word? Do you mind if I pause and read it over again to myself?

I joined my finger-tips together and studied the young man before me with increasing admiration. He joined his finger-tips together and studied *me*. I looked him straight in his pale lavender eyes. He looked me straight in *my* pale lavender eyes. I winked. He winked. There seemed to be a perfect sympathy between us. I crossed my left leg. He crossed his right leg. I took out my watch and wound it. He took out his watch and wound it. We were getting along famously together. I pulled out my bow-tie and let it run back with a snap. He pulled out *his* bow-tie and let it run back with a snap. I pulled my lips apart, pressed my nose flat with my thumb like a Chinaman, and wiggled my ears. He pulled *his* lips apart, pressed his nose flat with his thumb like a Chinaman, and wiggled his ears. I hung my knees over the back of the chair (*this* will stunt him), rested on the bottom rung on one elbow with the chin in the palm of the hand and the forefinger along the cheek, balanced a lead-pencil on my nose, and whistled the first four bars of *Turkey in the Straw*. He hung *his* knees over the back of the chair and rested on the bottom rung on one elbow with the chin in the palm of the hand of the forefinger of the cheek of the lead-pencil of the nose of the House that Jack Built . . .

And as I pause, and read again that rather scintillating paragraph which I have just written, it occurs to me that if I pause and reread many more scintillating paragraphs, I won't be getting ahead very fast with this interview.

I gazed at him curiously. (He gazed at *me* curiously.) What was his position in society? Had his unnaturally sensitive nostrils sniffed out day by day the correct Lists in which his name should be included? Had he proposed himself for all the Clubs That Matter? Had the Best People invited him to their receptions, on his own invitation? Had he ever attended the Albert Hall Ball in a box which contained, in addition to himself, such comparatively minor figures as the Prince of Wales, Thelma Morgan Converse, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Philip Sassoon, the Emir of Afghanistan, Countess Folke-Bernadotte, Mr. James Hazen Hyde (twice), Havelock Ellis, Mme. Dubonnet, and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt?

HAD he, for example, ever interviewed Lindbergh? Poor "Lindy"; a rather good aviator, as I recall, but I shall never forget the wistful appeal in his eyes as he gripped my hand and said: "Ah, Nichols, if you would *only* teach me to fly!"

Had he interviewed Henry Ford? Did he remember, as I did, the look of mingled admiration and envy which crossed the face of that rather efficient automobile manufacturer when he was introduced to me? "So this is Beverley Nichols," he said. "I've always wanted to meet Beverley Nichols. Nay, more—I've always wanted to *be* Beverley Nichols. If I had your brains," he sighed, "I'd be a wealthy man today."

Had he known Charlie Chaplin? Had he, too, seen beneath the tinsel a heart of gold? (Had he, for that matter, ever been able to toss off a neat figure of speech like that, practically with the back of his hand?) And had he heard the break in the voice of that rather amusing motion-picture actor as he said to me: "I try to be the funniest man in America, Beverley—but you *are* the funniest man in America."

Had he heard Jack Dempsey whisper to him, in the shy manner which is characteristic of that rather adequate pugilist: "Say, Nick, sometime show me how to box. Huh?"

Had Calvin Coolidge, the rather retiring President of the United States, sighed to him over the breakfast table: "Beverley, I'd give up my choice to run in 1932 if you would only consent to become an American citizen."

Was he sufficiently impressed by all these names? Was he properly overwhelmed by such a list of rather important people whom I had done the honour of interviewing? I studied his

(Continued on page 110)

Love and Deception

How Romance May Cause Any Sort of Contract to Be Broken for Any Sort of Reason

By FERENC MOLNÁR

OUR motor boat started from the Lido toward Venice at ten o'clock at night, in moonlight. Besides me there were four passengers in the boat, a party composed of three ladies and a gentleman. They were going to Venice for amusement, I to the railroad station to catch the midnight express. Whether I wanted to or not, I was forced to overhear every word they said, they spoke so loudly. The three ladies were typical Lido-ladies, sensationally dressed. The man wore dinner clothes. He was a young man, very dark skinned and impossibly black haired, but very handsome. I had seen him several times on the beach where he had amused the ladies with skillfully and brilliantly executed dives. Someone had told me he was a South American. But I had heard him speak in French, Italian and Spanish. Now he was talking French with the three ladies. His first sentence was this:

"Never in all my life have I bought love for money."

"I don't think it is so shameful to buy love," said one of the ladies. "Not even the most accomplished Don Juans scorn this method when they are attracted to a woman and there is no other way to obtain her favours."

Another of the ladies began a sentence:

"In Paris, one day—"

"Ah!" the young man interrupted her, "in Paris especially not! Thank you very much! A nocturnal acquaintance on the boulevard, a visit in a strange house—one is courting death!"

The lady:

"One hears such terrible stories."

The young man:

"I USED to have a friend in Paris, a German. And he had an unpleasant experience. He made the acquaintance of a pretty girl on the *Boulevard des Italiens* one night shortly after midnight. They went to a bar and drank English whiskey. The German at first had no further intentions, but they drank a good deal. The girl was charming, and the man was quite drunk. So he accepted her invitation. The girl took him to her apartment in an old house in the *Rue Vintimille*."

One of the ladies laughed:

"Why are you laughing?" the young man asked nervously.

"Weren't you the German?" said the lady.

All three of the ladies began to laugh, now that they noticed their escort's embarrassment, and all three of them said that he was the German—but he refused to admit that he had had an affair with such a girl. He protested angrily.

"Continue!" one of the ladies said, to end the argument.

He went on:

"They climbed four flights of stairs in the old house, and there the girl led the German into a small apartment. The German could hardly stand on his feet, from drunkenness. He tried to go to sleep. He lay down but could not fall asleep. Suddenly, opening his eyes, he saw a moving image reflected in a mirror. He had thrown his dinner jacket on the floor, near the bed. He saw the jacket in the mirror and suddenly noticed that it was moving. He didn't utter a word; he thought he was only seeing things because of drunkenness. But he was anxious to see what would happen next. The jacket moved again, and then he noticed a human hand which, protruding from under the bed, was pulling the jacket slowly toward the bed. The German's wallet, containing all his money, was in the inside pocket of the jacket. He must have been very frightened for he dared not utter a word even now. The man under the bed who was tugging at the jacket accidentally looked into the mirror himself and he saw the German on the bed staring at him. The two pairs of eyes met in the mirror and gazed wildly at each other. My heart stopped beating—"

One of the ladies screamed:

"Ah! You've betrayed yourself!"

ALL three of them shrieked triumphantly: "You've betrayed yourself! You said: 'My heart stopped beating!' You said it in the first person! So you were the German after all!"

The young man went pale with anger. The trio—exceedingly pretty young women—laughed, screamed, shrieked. The young man remained silent, but his lips trembled with suppressed anger and shame. The white of his eyes glistened ominously contrasting with his dark face.

"I was not the German," he said calmly, after the noise subsided. "I give you my word of honor, he was not I."

"But you said it in first person: 'My heart stopped beating.' "

"Yes. Because it did."

The three ladies suddenly became very still. A deep silence ensued made because the motor had ceased to throb. We reached the *San Marco*, and were about to dock.

"Well, I've betrayed myself! What of it?" said the young man, with a certain irritating sharpness in his voice. "My heart did stop beating, yes, because I was frightened. But I wasn't the German lying on the bed. I was the man under the bed who was tugging at the jacket. Make no mistake, I had good reason to be frightened."

He helped the three ladies out of the boat and, in a minute, all four of them were lost to sight in the noisy crowd. I continued my way on the motor boat to the railroad station alone.

§2

This must have happened some thirty years ago. I was twenty years old.

We were sitting in a summer restaurant, after supper, in a great company, and were listening to a gypsy band. I sat next to a beautiful but somewhat stout woman; if I remember well, I was a little bit in love with her. (I am afraid I do remember well.) And I also knew what "everybody" knew—that Madame was not very faithful to her husband. The gypsy-band was playing an old waltz. The lady was smiling at me. I asked her blandly:

"Tell me, why do you deceive your husband?"

At twenty, one really does ask such questions.

She laughed in a meaningful way.

Suddenly the others at the table began to argue who composed the waltz the gypsies were playing: Strauss or Lanner. Madame maintained it was by Strauss. Her husband corrected her: "I know it," he said, "it's a Lanner waltz." Great argument. The company was divided. Madame was the leader of the Strauss-party; she argued loudly and with all her heart. Now one of the gentlemen rose, went to the gypsy leader and asked him who composed the waltz. He came back and announced: Lanner. The husband remained victorious. Madame was so angry she went pale. But she was still smiling, although rather bitterly. Then she turned to me and whispered in my ear:

"A few minutes ago you asked me why do I deceive my husband?"

"Yes, I did."

"Because of this. Because he is always right."

Then I realized I had learned something about life.

§3

It is not the worst sign of a wife's unfaithfulness that when she comes home late in the evening and her husband asks her:

"Where have you been?"

she answers thus:

"At my lover's."

§4

WHEN a man is about to discontinue an amorous affair with a woman, he attributes more importance to the sensuous memories of their common past than even the most exemplary of women would ever dream to ascribe to them. He remembers, at such times, all those things which, since the creation of the world, have been important, weighty, of consequence and unforgettable only to men. Things than which more weighty and important no woman ever remembers—if only she honestly wants to break off.

When a man throws himself at the feet of a woman and cries—or yells—the eternal words: ". . . Can you forget our life together. . .?" she listens to all this as if it were a meaningless "How are you?" or "Good morning." All sensuous memories die in woman the instant she ceases to love a man, die an eternal and cold death beyond which there is no more complete death in Nature. Women, when men ask them: "How can you *forget?*" do not even think: "How can one *remember?*" —they merely look at the man with vacant eyes or sad eyes, depending entirely on their disposition, and await nothing but the end of his conversation—nothing, nothing else.

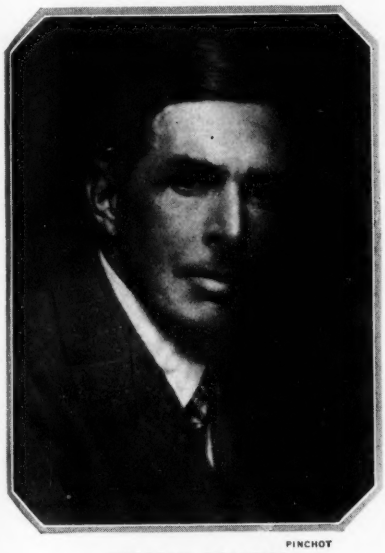
There is no purer, more spiritual, less carnal, more dispassionate living being in all Creation than the woman who has ceased to love.

We Nominate for the Hall of Fame:

STEFFI BRAND

RENÉE SINTENIS

Because she is one of the most interesting of women sculptors and because her work is becoming increasingly important; because her husband is E. R. Weiss, the greatest typographical expert in Germany; because she has developed a technique definitely her own and because her animal sculptures are distinctive and modern without being outré; and finally because she has just had her first American one-man exhibit at the Weyhe Gallery



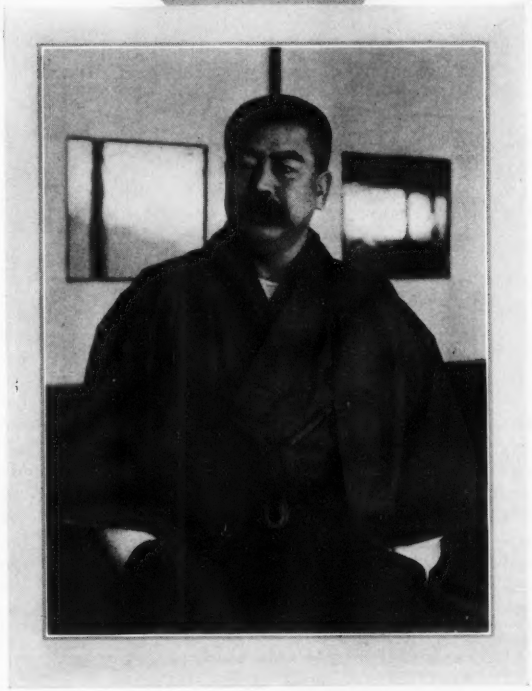
PINCHOT

WILLIAM BOLITHO

Because he is one of the keenest minds and straightforward stylists of our time; because he began his career in the mines of South Africa and was literally buried alive in the battle of the Somme, before he discovered he was a writer; because he is now paying his first visit to America; because he was a correspondent for the Manchester *Guardian;* and finally because his new book *Twelve Against the Gods,* is soon to appear here

JACQUES FEYDER

Because he is a Belgian film director whose work is characterized by intelligence and psychological understanding; because, beginning his career as a lawyer, he graduated into a playwright, before he discovered the motion pictures; because his best known productions include Anatole France's *Crainquebille,* Pierre Benoit's *Atlantide* and Zola's *Thérèse Raquin;* and finally because he has just arrived in America to make films here



(Centre)
E. E. CALKINS

Because he is probably the dean of American advertising men; because, by avocation he is now one of the most expert builders of ship models in the country; because in 1925 he was awarded the Bok medal for "distinguished personal service in advertising"; because he has written a series of important articles for the *Atlantic Monthly* and several books, the latest, *Business the Civilizer,* and finally because this bust is by James Herbert

SEIJI NOMA

Because he is the king of magazine publishers in Japan; because he sponsors nine magazines with a total of ten millions of readers; because he was, before he acquired Occidental business manners, a teacher of Japanese and Chinese classics; because despite his adoption of Western methods, he is the traditional and patriotic Japanese; and finally because he is now turning his magazines to interpreting the Occident to the Orient

Why No Trumpers Go Wrong

Explaining a New and Very Simple Way of Estimating No Trumps at Contract Bridge

By LELIA HATTERSLEY

WHILE Contract players are waging war over their various conventions and showing a willingness to do or die in defense of their particular school of bidding, the majority of them seem to be overlooking the most important factor in successful Contract bidding—card valuation. Whatever conventions he does or does not use, the player who can recognize the worth of his hand in relation to every bid or pass made at the table, is bound to be a successful bidder.

Among players who lack a thorough understanding of card valuation the bids which most often miss fire occur at no trumps. Fortify themselves as they may with minor suit signals and arbitrary conventions, such players are constantly missing games and slams by underbidding, or incurring penalties by overbidding at no trumps. The player who makes no effort toward constructive valuation of his hands is only a bit worse off than the one who clings to the outworn system of quick trick valuation which stresses only the importance of aces and kings, totally disregarding the significant lower honours upon which the success or failure of a no trump contract usually depends. And yet there is available a method of figuring with precision, the worth of no trump hands.

THE basis of this system lies in gauging the *relative* value of the probable trick-takers at no trumps, aces, kings, queens and jacks, and in counting the necessary preponderance of strength which a partnership must hold for the successful outcome of a given no trump contract.

In any system of valuation, an ace, the only lone honour which is a sure trick at no trump, would naturally be taken as a standard of measurement. Next in importance, of course, comes a guarded king. Here, if we are to get the true worth of the card, we must break away from the half-trick value which bridge tradition has always accorded it. The only time that a declarer's guarded king must surely lose at no trump is when it is played up to an opponent's ace. Against this one possibility of losing the king may be balanced the many circumstances in which it will prove a winner for the declarer. For instance, the opponent holding the ace may lead away from it, or it might be more favourably placed at declarer's right. Again declarer's partner may hold the ace or queen, or some combination with the jack which permits of a successful finesse. Thus the king will prove a winner three-fourths of the time. The same chance of a favourable lead, a complementary card in the partner's hand, or a successful finesse gives declarer approximately a fifty-fifty chance of making a well guarded queen at no trumps, and about one chance in four of making a jack. So we get an average value of honours as follows:

Ace . . . 1 trick
King . . . ¾ of a trick
Queen . . . ½ of a trick
Jack . . . ¼ of a trick

By keeping the ace the unit of measurement for a sure trick and according it the value of 4 points, we can transpose these indispensable but bothersome fractional counts to a somewhat simpler system of point counts, thus:

Ace = 4
King = 3
Queen = 2
Jack = 1

As in every deal there are four aces, four kings, four queens and four jacks, a total of 40 points, it must be quickly realized that unless your side holds a sufficient majority of these outstanding honour points, it is practically useless for you to hope for a game at no trumps. However, the value of declarer's and dummy's cards is materially increased by the combination of their strength and the many advantages which may be derived from playing two hands as one. So that, in a hand of sound no trump strength and distribution which receives normal support from the partner, or in an assisting hand to no trump, each unit of 3 points will average to produce a trick. For example, a hand counting 15 points will average to take five tricks; a hand counting 18, six tricks; a hand counting 9, three tricks; a hand counting 14, four tricks *plus*, etc. Adding the potential trick which declarer can almost invariably develop during the play, it becomes apparent that a holding of 24 points between two partners would promise success in a bid of three no trumps.

SHOULD you at any time find yourself the happy possessor of a thoroughly guarded hand counting 22 points, unless you have a surer bid in a major suit, declare for game at no trumps immediately. Assuming that your partner has his share of the outstanding 18 points, your bid is practically assured. Even if your partner falls below the average, unless his hand proves entirely useless, you should pull through. Holding a count of less than 22 (or 21 if not vulnerable) it is unnecessary to risk an original bid of three. By opening with a declaration of one or two no trumps, you can inform your partner that you have a hand of a certain definite strength and ask his coöperation if he holds the complementary number of points to promise game.

An initial bid of two no trumps is warranted, with every suit guarded and a total count of 18. Holding a favourable distribution and a count of 14 points in at least three guarded suits, an original bid of one no trump is always justified. Because of their forcing value, intermediate or supplementary cards such as nines and tens add to the strength of the hand and permit of a bid on a lighter count even when vulnerable. A fully or partially established minor suit of five or more cards also augments the worth of a no trump hand. Without either of these adjuncts, it is distinctly venturesome to bid for three odd tricks on less than 24 partnership points. But the importance of securing your first game often justifies the gamble. For this reason when making a "dealer's bid" and not vulnerable, the counts may be shaded 1 point. For example:

ORIGINAL NO TRUMP BIDS

Vulnerable

Points necessary - for a bid of
14 - 1 No Trump
18 - 2 No Trumps
22 - 3 No Trumps

Not Vulnerable

Points necessary - for a bid of
13 - 1 No Trump
17 - 2 No Trumps
21 - 3 No Trumps

Distribution is always a highly important factor in successful no trump bidding. When void of a suit or holding a singleton, it is inadvisable to declare any original no trump bid. The requirement of at least three guarded suits is indispensable for a bid of one. Opening bids of more than one no trump should be based on four well guarded and favourably distributed suits.

IN the hand of the original bidder an unguarded honour should not be accorded its full point value. But in the assisting hand where all values are enhanced by the partner's declaration of strength, every honour is counted. Unless you have a more promising Major suit take-out, a single raise of your partner's uncontested one no trump bid is always justified by 9 points. If your distribution is particularly favourable or you find yourself well supplied with supplementary cards, 8 points will suffice. For a double raise 11 to 12 points are needed depending upon your distribution and score position. A raise of your partner's original bid of two should rarely be chanced with less than 6 points.

ASSISTING NO TRUMP BIDS

If Partner bids one no trump

Points necessary - for a raise to
Two - 8-9
Three - 11-12

If Partner bids two no trumps

Points necessary - for a raise to
Three - 6

Occasionally the expectation of scoring three no trumps on a partnership holding of 24 points will prove overly optimistic. Because of a particularly unlucky break or bad distribution, the nicest calculations must sometimes miscarry. However, if the element of luck did not enter in to upset our calculations now and then, Contract would become too scientific to be stimulating. In short, it would cease to be a game.

In the long run the benefits to be gained from the use of the point system for no trump declarations are manifold. The system not only permits you and your partner to estimate

(Continued on page 100)

STEICHEN—HOLLYWOOD

George Bancroft—The New Machiavelli

A Stellar Example of the New Vogue in Motion Picture Heroes—Man's Man and Lady's Delight

IN the motion pictures as elsewhere until the very immediate past, the stereotype in male heroes was a composite of Narcissus and Apollo, the total effect being that of a not very animated collar advertisement. The astonishing success of such unhandsome fellows as Lon Chaney and Louis Wolheim was a natural but violent reaction from these celluloid cameos. Then came Cruze's *The Pony Express* and with it the neither beautiful nor unhandsome George Bancroft, who is, in effect, a motion picture adaptation of the Nietzschean super-man. A major movement in the evolution of screen profiles had been completed. The male members of the movie audiences resign themselves easily to the loss of the old perishable male beauties and the advent of some "good guys" with serviceable lefts. The career of Mr. Bancroft has been a series of picturesque villainies. In each of his films he is an anti-social Gargantua, two parts wicked and two parts noble, but always glamourously amoral. He was once, as they say in the citadel of cinema, merely a stage actor, having appeared in a pair of dramas and a number of musical shows. Now, however, he is only happy when strangling Baclanova, fighting off the police single-handed, staging a jail-break or performing assorted debonair feats of rowdyism

The Terror of the Sands

How Some Famous Hazards Have Brought Despair to a Good Number of Golf Players

By BERNARD DARWIN

I HAVE just come home, a little limp and jaded, from a day's golf on a course where James Braid has just planted, with shrewd and methodical savagery, some seventy new bunkers. It therefore occurred to me, since I had lately been writing of that practically extinct creature, the golfing beginner, to write this time of the thing he fears most, the large bunker straight under his nose.

The bunker that the eminent person fears is of quite a different kind—some small trap of innocuous aspect that will catch his ball at the end of a long drive struck with a suspicion of hook. Such a bunker does not enter into the beginner's philosophy but he is afraid, mortally afraid, of the sandy mountain straight in front of him. Bunkers of this kind, obviously menacing, quite unsubtle, are not now what they were in the days of our youth. We have entered into a gigantic conspiracy with one another to pretend that we never top a tee shot and that the great hills in front of us are wasted. The modern fashion is to keep these hills as flanking bunkers and to give the player a strip of turf between them, more or less wide, down which he must play. On the whole better courses result but golf has lost something in the shape of picturesque terrors. There are still some left. At Sandwich, where Hagen won his first British Championship and will be coming this year, I trust, in quest of his third, there are noble hills and the ball must be hit over the top of them, although the most famous, the Maiden, with its black timbered terraces scarring its sandy face, plays now merely a spectator's part.

I KNOW only one seaside course which clings really whole-heartedly to the old way. This is at Hayling Island which is near Portsmouth. If a modern architect were let loose there he would turn the place upside down and make no doubt a great course of it. But he has not been let loose and so we have a course, as to which we can see exactly what was in its original creator's mind. "Hullo," he shouted, "here's the devil of a big hill, let's hit over the top of it! Hullo, here's one still bigger. All right we'll come back and hit over it next time." And whatever the pedants may say Hayling is a delightful course and the proof of their charm is that those tremendous mountains are known affectionately by pet names. One is called the Widow—I know not whether in imitation of the Maiden—and another is called by the Burmese word for Hell (I cannot attempt to spell it) originally given no doubt by some fiery old Indian Colonel, who was growling his way through it.

Westward Ho! has one really terrific bunker—not a hill but an enormous sandy cavern which drops down sheer under our feet as we stand on the fourth teeing ground. I believe the carry at the longest point is some 160 yards but what is 160 yards in these days! It was a different matter once. In gutty days when the wind blew right against the player there was no getting over that bunker; there was nothing for it, as I have heard the great I. H. Taylor say, but to play to be on the patch of grass at the bottom.

It is in the nature of things that such bunkers should not be as alarming as they once were, but they still have terrors for the humble player. He sees them looming in the distance and by the time he reaches them he is in a pitiably agitated condition. There are occasions too on which the superior person feels a qualm. Those occasions are medal days. As he stands on the tee the thought suddenly comes to him, "Of course it's absurd and I shan't top it but supposing I did!" And the consequence is that if we listen, as we had much better not, to the conversation in the club house on a medal day we shall find at least half a dozen people who have committed some criminal or foolish act which they have "never done before in all their lives" and "didn't believe they could do."

NO, I confess myself old fashioned. I like to tremble in my shoes before a mighty hill. I like to exult in the sight of my ball soaring over its crown, a silvery speck against the blue, and I think that in Britain we have become too sophisticated in this respect, we have dodged round too many hills and filled up too many iron-bunkers. American architects on the other hand have, I think, been more restrained. They still try very properly to punish the common top and still give its proper value and tenor to the frontal attack.

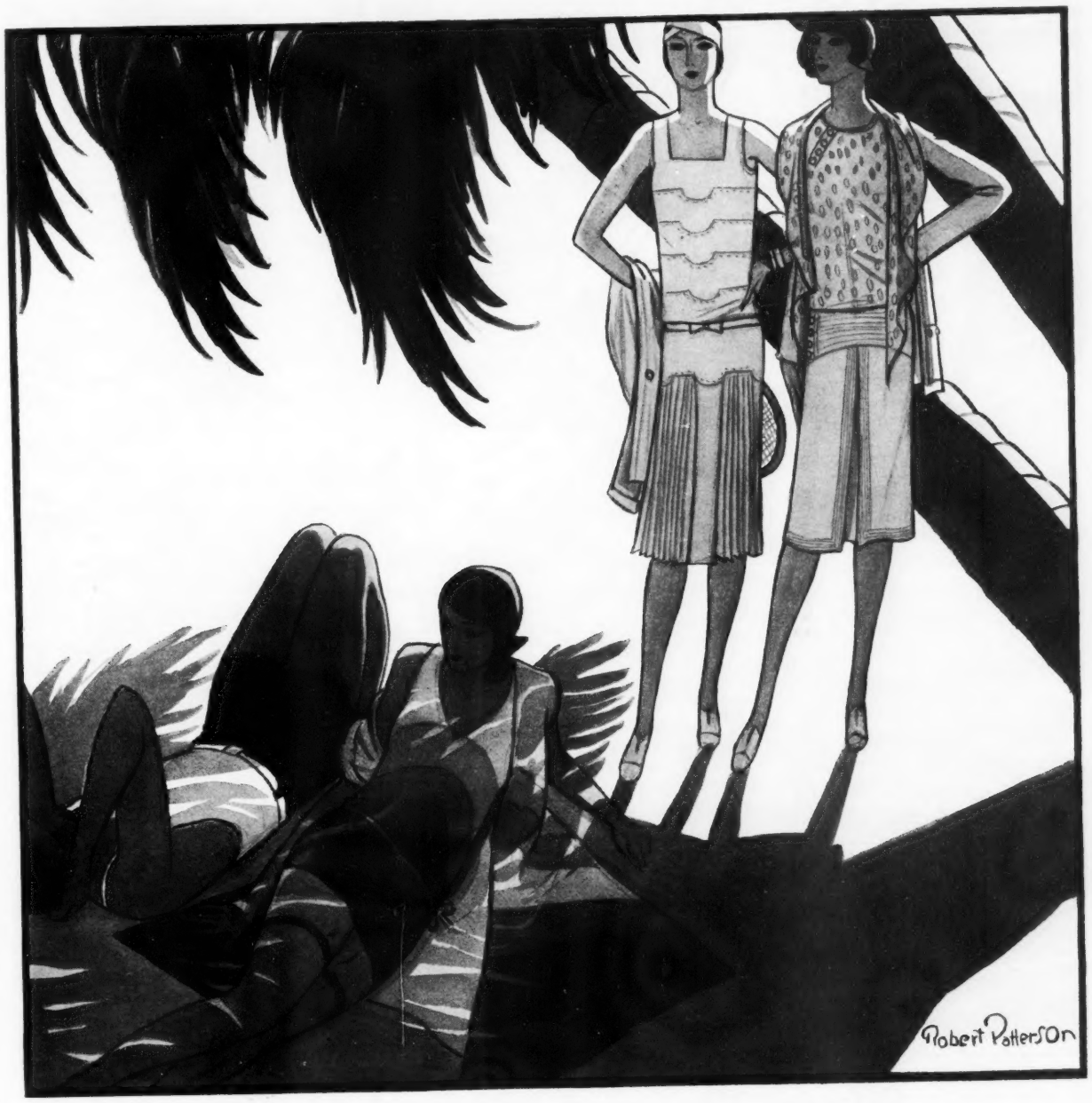
So far I have been using "bunker" in its legitimate and sandy sense but if I use it also in the sense of "hazard", there are some other splendidly dreadful holes for me to talk about. The most alarming I have ever seen is the fifth at Pine Valley. I am not sure that I have the number correctly but nobody who has ever been there can mistake the hole I mean. It is that long one—that hole across a deep chasm, with water at the bottom, and heather and pine trees everywhere else. It is the most magnificently spectacular hole in the world. "Just a cleek or spoon shot to a good big green," you may say, and the answer is simple: "All right, go and play it." I remember standing by that tee watching a number of good players tackle it one after the other, and I am sure that at no other hole in the world could they have hit in the aggregate such superbly crooked shots. The famous rushes at Westward Ho! have also much to be said for them, as inspirers of fear. There is one hole where we must drive over a solid mass of them, some 150 yards across, and longer still if we dare risk it, since we are tempted into cutting off the biggest chunk that we can possibly chew. They look like a great green sea and can give us golfing hydrophobia as surely as real water can. Let no one despise the water hazard! Just a lake in front of the tee! nothing to do but hit the ball in the air! Yes, I know that, but it is wonderful how the balls do splash in. The most dramatic water hazard of my acquaintance is at the course at Hendaye, near St. Jean de Luz, which stands perched on the top of a cliff looking across at Fontarabia and the romantic coast of Spain. There is a gap in the cliffs and a rocky chasm, with the sea foaming and boiling at the bottom, infinitely far below us as it seems. We are on one side of that chasm and the green is on the other. This is our second shot that we are about to essay, there is no kindly teed ball for us to hit and, unless we determine on a pusillanimous way round, it is a tremendous moment. This hole has more than merely formidable qualities; it possesses also an impish sense of humour. We think naturally enough that the only hope of getting over in two is to hit our best—our very best tee shot. But we have not observed the whimsical fact that the chasm grows broader as it comes further inland. So the better our tee shot the longer will be the carry demanded of us. The cunning local player takes a mashie from the tee and then may hope to get over at the narrowest point with an iron. Even so it is a great shot.

I have lately been much "intrigued", in reading about the big tournament at Los Angeles, by a new kind of bunker of which I had never heard before. It is called a "barranca". As one of them caused Watrous to take nine to a short hole and Furness to take thirteen at a longer one, it seems to me that barrancas may claim to hold up their heads in the most hazardous company. Whatever they may be they are clearly things to be given a wide berth.

It is always rather pleasant to hear of bunkers that can do such devastating deeds because bunkers as a rule do not produce the ruin that they did. No doubt that eternal rubber ball has something to do with it; so does the raking and tidying of bunkers. We really have a right to feel aggrieved nowadays if our ball ends at the bottom of a deep footmark but there was a time, unless I am romancing, when we rather expected to find it there than otherwise.

AGAIN the modern bunker is generally made shallower and more innocuous than were its predecessors—mere "geranium beds" as I once heard them called by an indignant ex-champion who loved the vigour of the game. Last year I was watching a match at Hoylake in the company of the greatest amateur golfer England has produced and he was so much occupied in pointing out the too charitable iniquities of the bunkers that he almost forgot to look at the golf. "Look at this one," he would say, "there used to be a little place at one end of it called the ink-pot that made you scratch your head and wonder if you could out cut at all and now—" An indignant silence conveyed all that he left unspoken. He made one remark which was I think entirely true. "Once upon a time," he said, "you were playing a match against another fellow and you were watching each other like cat and mouse; if you saw him go into a bunker you knew that if you kept steady you'd got him." That certainly is not true of the bunker of today. To be sure we are always delighted

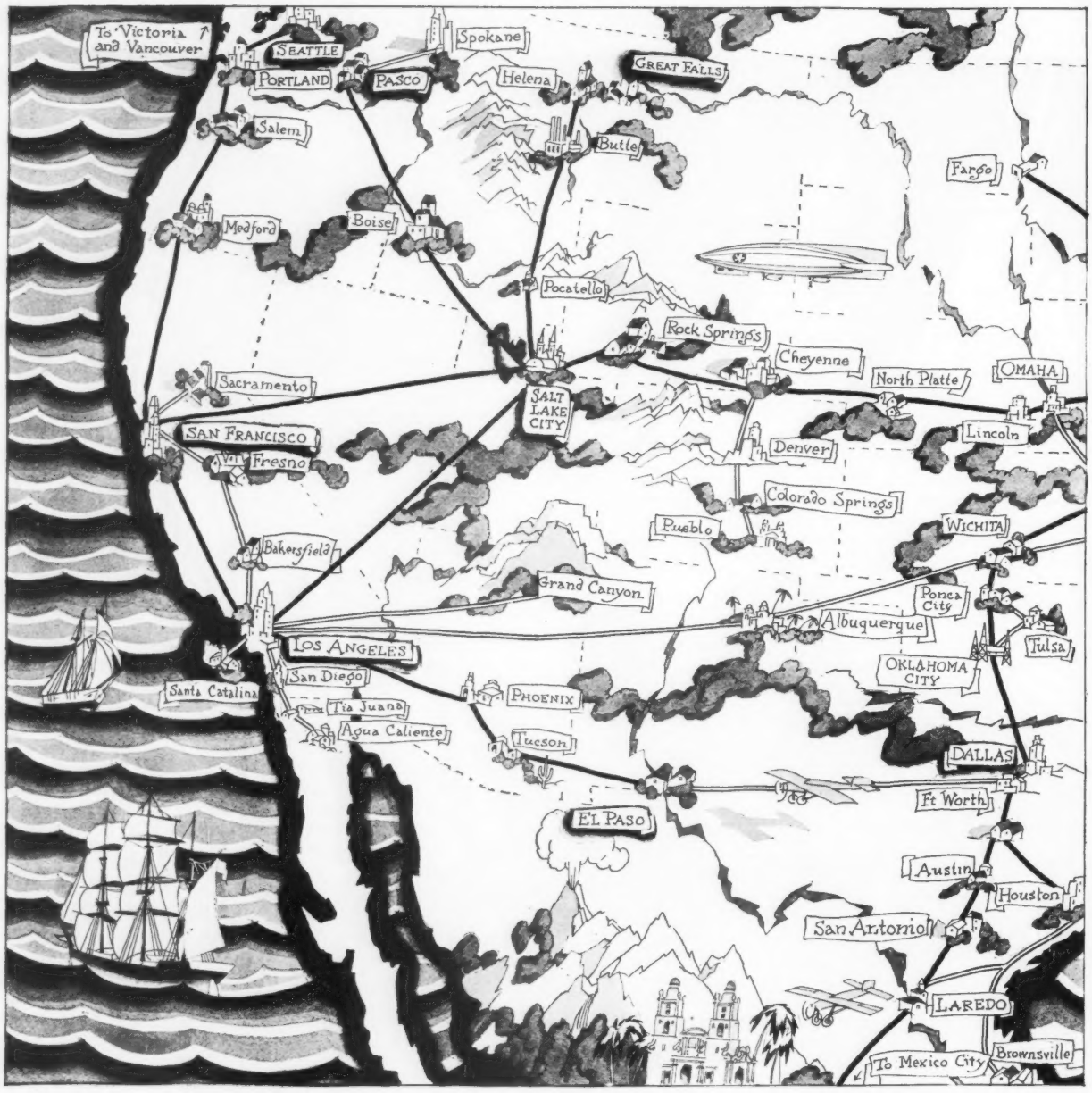
(Continued on page 100)



Smart Clothes for Summer Climates

A Morning at Palm Beach Might Mean a Game of Tennis—a Walk—a Swim

SOME people claim that "clothes make the woman", which is a point that might be disputed—but no woman will contest the fact that clothes either make or mar a woman's good time. If you are not going to have the correct things to wear you might as well stay at home, because the chances are you will not enjoy yourself. The wardrobe for the Southern Resort should contain a smart costume for every occasion. This sounds difficult but it really isn't if you choose your clothes with care and with particular attention to colour. When in doubt—wear white. White with a solid colour (brown, yellow, blue or red) is again smart, but the all white costume more than holds its own. The figure at the right in the above sketch is wearing a Schiaparelli model, imported by Lord & Taylor. The skirt and jacket are made of a light weight white woollen. The blouse—which fits under the snug yoke of the skirt—is of an attractive woollen material with large holes like eyelets—the same material being used for the lining of the coat and the attached scarf. This is the ideal costume for the woman who is not going in for sports. The sleeveless Lelong model of white shantung which promises to be one of the most popular summer fabrics is very smart for tennis but could equally well be worn as a luncheon or afternoon dress; from Lord & Taylor. Many bath coats are now sleeveless. This knee-length one, which matches the suit, is made of jersey in three shades of yellow and lined with yellow towelling. The two-piece suit is of the same jersey; from Best & Co.



Fifteen Thousand Miles of Airways

A Map of the Present Airways and a Modest Prediction on the Future of Air Travel

TO present an entirely accurate map of the comprehensive network of organized airlines that criss-crosses the United States and extends beyond its borders is a virtual impossibility. It changes while you are putting it on paper. The best you can ever say of it is "Well, this is the way it was." There are constant additions to the system but very few subtractions.

Practically all of the major cities of the country are now linked together by air. Numerous short "feeder" lines serve cities of less importance. There were, during the year past, more than 15,000 miles of airways in daily operation. Planes flying over forty routes covered more than 10,000,000 miles during the twelve months. Eight thousand miles of these airways were lighted for night flying and a much greater mileage was adequately marked and provided with emergency landing fields for day flying. An additional four thousand miles is now being lighted.

A very substantial increase in passenger traffic over these established routes is in view for the present year, largely the result of improvements in equipment and airway facilities and more efficient and reliable operation. This increase will be apparent, however, only on those lines which serve a useful purpose. Most of them do, but a few of them do not. The latter will languish—some of them are very lethargic even now—and eventually disappear from the airway map altogether. Even though they connect important centers of population their schedules are impractical and their operations unprofitable. This condition, fortunately, is exceptional.

Last year's airlines were, for the most part, inadequately equipped to provide the service and comfort demanded by the exacting traveler. Many found themselves gradually swamped with such an unexpected volume of mail that they were unable to make room for passengers. A number of lines were more or less experimental. Schedules on others were inclined to be spasmodic.

The next few months will find this situation altered materially. Adequate equipment for

carrying passengers is being installed on all important routes. Single-motored planes are being replaced with multi-motored ships of greater capacity, speed and comfort. The bankers, who for years cast a suspicious eye on aviation, have loosened their purse strings and are extending apparently endless credit for new planes and whatever else may be necessary to build up the volume of traffic.

There can be no argument as to the numerous advantages of flying as a means of rapid transportation. It is an enormous time-saver. The trans-continental journey, for example, requires eighty-three hours by rail as against thirty-one hours by air. Atlanta is twenty-four hours from New York by train and less than ten hours by plane. The fastest limited takes twelve hours to go from San Francisco to Los Angeles; the fastest plane three hours. Through the air Chicago is but three hours from Cincinnati, five hours from Memphis and four hours from St. Paul. Key West is five hours from Havana by boat; the flying boats cover the distance in less than a fourth of the time. The average plane time between two points is seldom more than 35% of the fastest train time.

That is on the basis of present schedules, which show an average speed of about one hundred miles an hour. While the maximum of railroad speed seems to have been nearly attained, the maximum of air speed has scarcely been approached. Before the end of the year the speed of the average passenger plane will be raised materially. Within eighteen months it will be very close to two hundred miles an hour. It may, within the next few years, go far beyond that figure. Two hundred miles an hour would bring Los Angeles within fifteen hours of New York and Chicago to within four hours of the Atlantic. An air journey from Boston to New Orleans would be no more than a pleasant morning's diversion.

When a three hundred mile an hour pace becomes practical, and this is by no means a remote possibility, as recent experiments plainly testify, the trans-continental journey will be reduced to the status of a mere overnight hop.

Speed and reliability having been attained to a high degree, the builders of large passenger planes are giving a great deal of thought to comfort. The newer single-motored ships are as luxurious as a fine limousine. The multi-motored types, as designed by Fokker, Ford, Sikorsky, Boeing and Bach, embody many details that contribute to the ease of air travel. They ride smoothly and without the annoyance of jars, bumps or rattles. They are steadily becoming more silent, the motor roar being more effectively smothered in each successive model. While the most uncomfortable travel is often by boat, planes ride most steadily over water where air bumps are but infrequently encountered.

The aerial Pullman, heretofore regarded as no more than a fantastic dream of the Sunday supplement writers, will be an actuality by the end of the year. Anthony Fokker has the first of these already in production, a thirty-two passenger plane with four motors and a maximum speed of 145

(Continued on page 106)

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT PATTERSON

ONE OF THE GREAT ELCO FLEET

This 42-footer will supplement the famous Elco 34 foot Cruisette and other craft of the time-honored name at the Motor Boat Show. She supplies luxurious living accommodations for six persons and makes 15 miles an hour with an Elco 125 h.p. motor

The Urge for Sport Boats

Detailing Some of the Latest Developments in Cruisers and Runabouts for Ardent Sportsmen

THE acceleration in our habits of thought, action, transportation and communication has made us a great sporting nation. We go in droves to see other people perform prodigious feats of recreational importance. And millions of us, in fact practically our whole nation, are participating in various branches of sport, largely for the sake of amusement, partly for the sake of the health benefits involved.

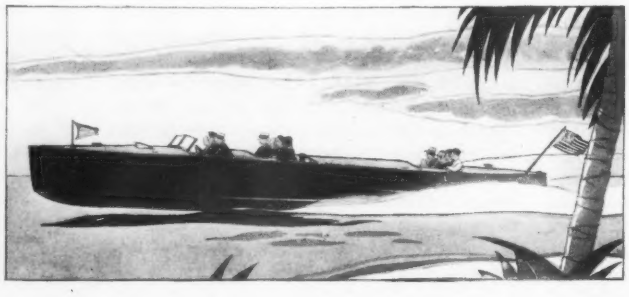
Increasingly popular among our newer sports is that of motor boating. Every year, for the past five, I have made the statement at this time that the following twelve months are destined to be motor boating's greatest and most prosperous season. And each year this has been true in a rising crescendo. Nothing, barring a war, a financial collapse or a national calamity can prevent 1929 from showing a tremendous growth in the popularity of motor boats of all kinds and ushering new thousands of Americans into this worthwhile sport.

Whenever a nation is prosperous and at peace it reflects these happy conditions in the brilliance of its homes, its clothing, its vehicles and everything else it uses—brilliance of line as well as colour. Our motor cars, as convincingly shown by the magnificent vehicles revealed in the recent Automobile Salon in New York, have become long and rakish and speedy looking in their combinations of dashing curves, straight lines and new and harmonious colours.

So it is with the motor boat for 1929. Runabouts, racing boats, family cruisers, express cruisers and commuting day cruisers have been created from the sport thoughts of their designers and owners. They are graceful beyond any previous conception of boats of their types. Runabouts, long and sweeping in their lines have three luxurious cockpits where the passengers loll at 60 miles an hour. Cruisers have cockpits forward as well as aft for the enjoyment of the rushing breezes, and double cabins for the separation of families and guests into logical groups. And, instead of all boats being black or white or in natural wood finish, we have, for next year, a wide choice of vivid colors from which to select.

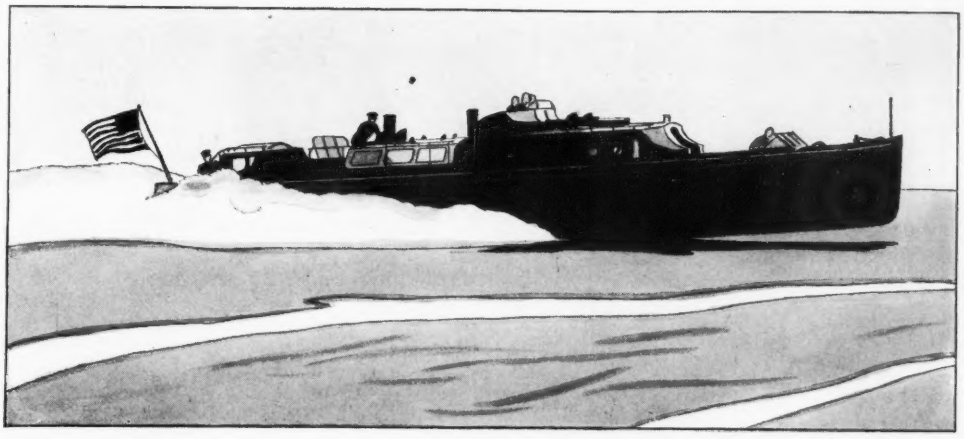
Motor boating is not merely a matter of money. The growing boy or girl, or older person for that matter, with an outboard racing craft is likely to get much more fun out of it than the millionaire with his ocean cruising yacht. In the numberless varieties of new boats that lie between these extremes there are comfortable, reliable craft to please every possible devotee of the sport, limited only by the individual's taste and pocketbook. The Twenty-fourth Annual Motor Boat Show, held in the Grand Central Palace, New York, January 18th to 26th, will reveal in a striking manner the progress of this great new sport which now has, in this country, something over a million followers.

Do you remember the little glass cabin launches, then called cruisers, which were displayed twenty years or more ago in the motor boat shows at the old Madison Square Garden? Those waddling craft, of an extremely temperamental nature, were shown to the number of seven or eight at each exposition. In the forthcoming Motor Boat Show there will be twenty-seven magnificent cruisers ranging from a 23-footer, supplying living accommodations for two men.



THE SEA-LYON "60"

Among the new Howard W. Lyon boats is this sleek, triple cockpit, 60 mile an hour runabout built on extremely graceful lines



A COMMUTER
Whim III is a 56-foot, 50 mile an hour commuting craft built by Consolidated from designs by A. W. Crouch of Tams and King. She has two twelve cylinder engines

up to a 60-foot motor yacht providing the comforts of a floating hotel for twelve or more passengers and an additional crew of six men.

The Boat Show will prove that the slow, wide-beamed old open boat has become a long, sleek but wonderfully seaworthy affair with an unheard-of mechanical reliability and a speed regulated only by the power of its engine. There will be fifty-three motor boat runabouts at the Show as well as several scores of newly designed outboard boats for racing, family use and a thousand other purposes. The growing importance of motor boating can be judged by the fact that, whereas last year's Show established a new record by displaying 200 boats of all types, this year's Show will have over 300—and more than 400 marine engines.

Among the most interesting of the new boats are those Yclept Sea-Lyons, the product of Howard W. Lyon, Inc. One of these is a beautiful 42 by 9½ foot commuting cruiser from the drafting board of the famous racing designer, George F. Crouch, creator of *Teaser*, *Baby Bootlegger*, *Miss Syndicate*, *Sister Syn* and a hundred other champions in marine racing. She is a two-step hydroplane of the day-cruiser commuting type, with two cabins and three cockpits. Her lines are long and graceful, her power comes from two 200 h. p. Sterling Petrel engines driving twin screws and her speed is better than 40 miles an hour. Some craft for getting to business quickly!

Another of the Sea-Lyons is a 36 by 8 foot

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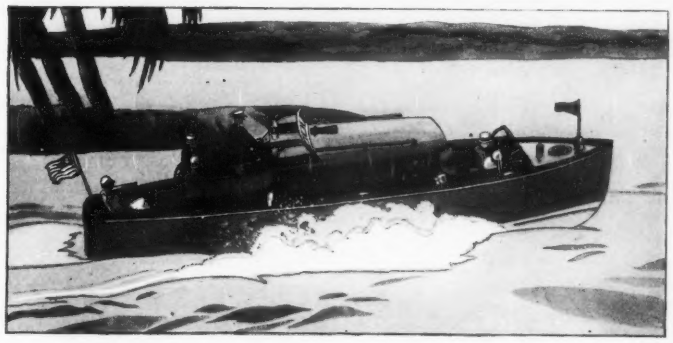
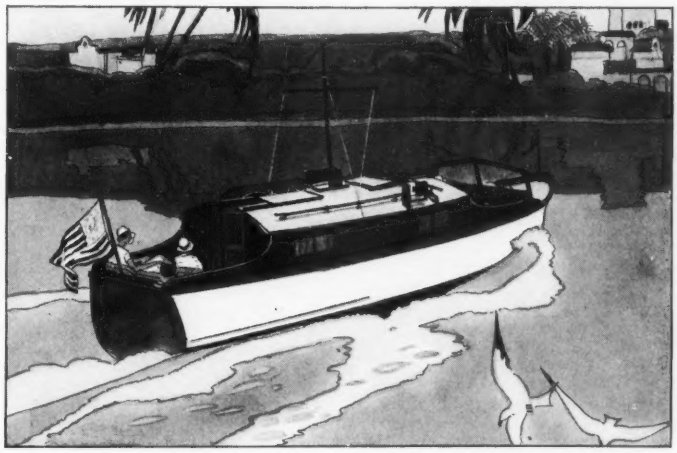
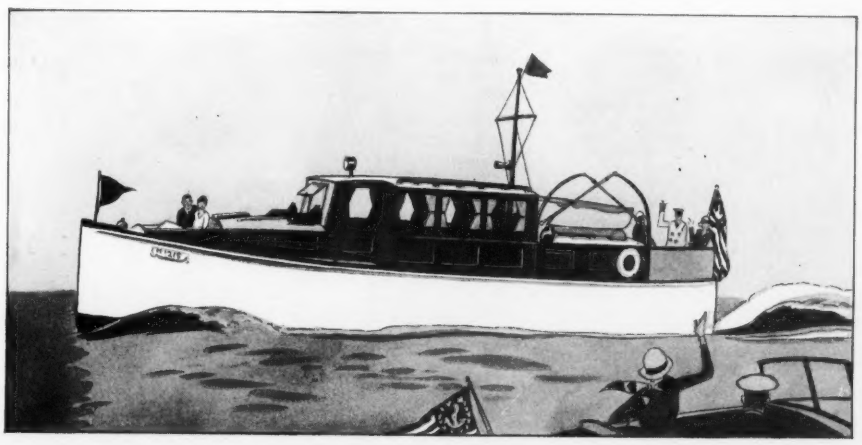


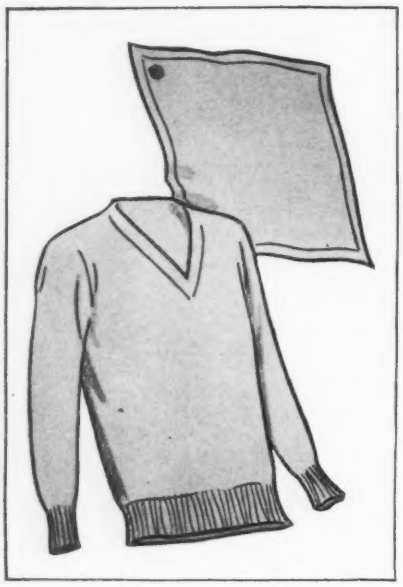
CHRIS-CRAFT
A standard Chris-Craft cruiser is an innovation introduced at the Motor Boat Show. She is 38 feet long and makes 30 miles an hour with a 200 h.p. Chris-Craft engine



A SPEEDSTER
The new Matthews 32-foot speed cruiser, a trim vessel which has two cockpits, a capacious cabin and a speed of 25 miles an hour when equipped with a 150 h.p. Kermath motor



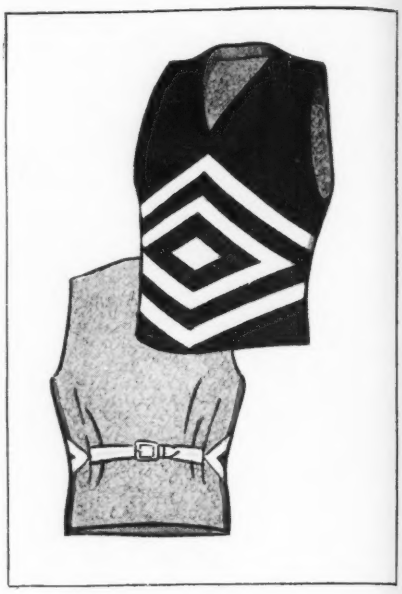
AN A. C. F.
This 40-foot cruiser with enclosed bridge, deckhouse and very unusual cabin space, sleeps six people and makes 15 miles an hour carrying a 100 h.p. Hall-Scott engine



MATCHING COLOURS
The latest version of matching colours is shown here. The plain-coloured woolen sweater has for a companion a crêpe handkerchief

Our London Letter on Men's Fashions

How the Smartly Dressed Man Uses Colour in His Turn-Out



SLEEVELESS SLIP-ON
A sleeveless slip-on sweater to wear under a jacket. Like a waistcoat it has a strap and buckle at the rear to insure a correct fit

IN the usually accepted sense, the idea of a colour scheme at once suggests some such combination as a brown suit with a green or a blue shirt, a tie combining one of these colours with brown, and socks of a mixture. Of course, the well-dressed man has a colour scheme in his dress, but it is not obvious, and the colours of his clothes go practically unnoticed. Nevertheless, this quietly-dressed type, whose clothes one scarcely remembers, presents a picture of taste and distinction that is very effective.

The better-dressed man has his clothes made year after year of inconspicuous materials, usually in shades of brown, grey or blue, for the ideal suit is of a material one does not readily remember, and it is the same with shirts, ties and socks. If a man will stick to his favourite colours when buying various types of accessories, he will find his bureau drawers offer him at all times a great choice of things that will go together. For example, if a man likes all the colours of beige and brown and tan, and buys attractive accessories in these shades whenever he runs across them in shops, he always has a stock that gives him perfect harmony in dress. And he will find that his wardrobe contains endless possibilities of change, though they pass unnoticed by the casual observer. He will have enough variety in his daily dress to satisfy his own desires. Men, like women, need change and variety in their clothes; but men, unlike women, do not look well-dressed when the change and variety is obvious.

It is the same with the materials of which suits are made as it is with the accessories—if they are obvious and impress themselves on the other person's mind, everyone, including the wearer, soon tires of them, and they are in the discard. Such possessions are mistakes, in addition to being poor investments. No, the well-dressed man is the man who knows how to resist tempting colour schemes and bright colours, except, of course, in their right

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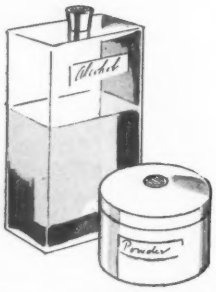


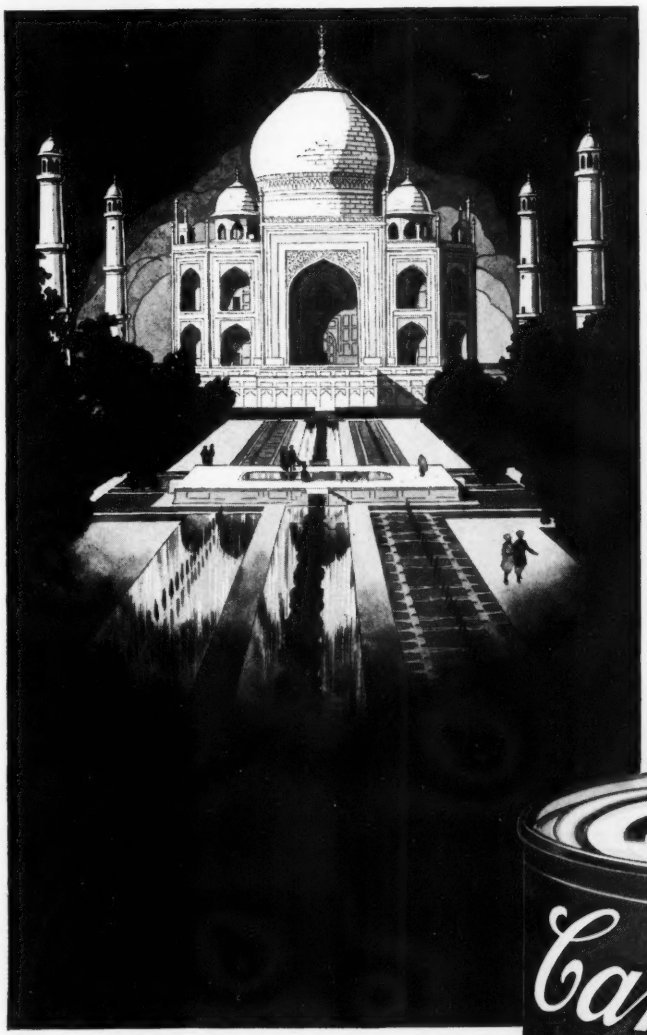
METAL-CAPPED BOTTLE
A metal-capped bottle and powder jar that are useful, decorative, and distinctly masculine—fitting additions to a man's toilet things

WIDE WINGS
Directly above is a unique dress collar with wide, sharp wings, particularly suitable for the man with a long, thin face and neck

RADIATOR CAPS
Details of some new cravat patterns are shown in the circles. These are inspired by radiator caps and insignia of foreign cars

MODERN DESIGNS
These designs are woven on a dark blue ground and make effective and amusing neckwear for wearing with country clothes

MULLIGATAWNY
~ the Chicken Soup of the Orient



A dish with all the aromatic savoriness of the finest Oriental cooking!

No effort is spared by us to faithfully reproduce this famous delicacy of the Far East. Plump, tender chicken and the finest of Patna Head rice, grown in the fertile valley of the Ganges, are its base. The pick of the market in fresh vegetables; cocoanut from the tropics; a touch of coriander from the Mediterranean.

These are some of the many ingredients, but it's the subtle blending with curry, against a background of East India chutney that gives to Campbell's Mulligatawny the true Eastern tone and flavor. It is truly a soup with a world-wide appeal.

A soup no home kitchen could duplicate. 12 cents a can. Look for the Red-and-White Label.

These choice ingredients in the East India chutney are aged at least two years before using:

Fresh tamarind	Crushed dry ginger
Raisins	Dry English mustard
Currants	Italian garlic
Apples	Salt
Orange peel crystallized	Sugar
Citron crystallized	Cider vinegar
Fresh green ginger	Bermuda onions
Fresh red peppers	

They're all in this enticing Mulligatawny Soup

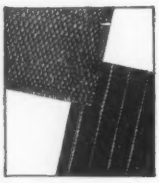
WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

For the Well-Dressed Man

The Effective Use of Line and Proportion in Good Dressing

THE SHORT FIGURE
The sketch above illustrates how the short man should dress to achieve an appearance of greater height. Especially the vertical lines are emphasized here

CORRECT
The correct sleeve tapers to a narrow cuff holding the shirt-cuff in place



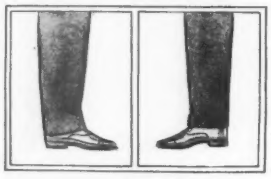
PATTERNS
Stripes give an appearance of slenderness, pin-head patterns bulk

VERTICAL
Compare the apparent height achieved here with that at the right

HORIZONTAL
Showing the broadening effect of the lines in this jacket and accessories

LEGITIMATE
Wrinkles at the shoulder blades are legitimate as illustrated here

WRINKLES
The correct wrinkle indicating sufficient material across the chest



BOTH RIGHT
At the left is the correct length for trousers without cuffs, while at the right is the proper way trousers with cuffs should hang

THE TALL FIGURE
A tall slender man in attempting to appear broader should emphasize the horizontal lines in his dress, as is done in the figure sketched above

THERE is a somewhat popular misconception to the effect that only tall, slim men can appear really well-dressed and that no matter what they wear appears to good advantage, and further, that stout men and small men rarely appear well-dressed. This mis-belief also credits a good figure and a manner of wearing clothes with a great deal more than either deserves. True enough, a well-proportioned figure and natural grace are extremely important, but the clothes also are important and must be properly cut or the effect may be far from good.

For example, a very short man, providing of course that he wants to appear tall, should wear things that have a vertical line and should avoid horizontals. Jacket lapels should be long and narrow. Shoulders should be natural and unpadded. A single-breasted jacket with notched lapels is preferable because it can be worn open showing the full length of the leg, pleated trousers, and a waistcoat cut with a sharp "V" opening at the top and decided points. The collar should sit low on the neck and have points, and the cravat should be a long, narrow, four-in-hand.

Hard-finished worsteds are excellent because they take a sharp crease, emphasizing the lines, and dark colours or at least nondescript colours will serve to minimize the breadth and so add height. A neat stripe in the material will help the total effect. Even small details such as a single vent in the rear of the jacket adds its bit.

Bold pattern, bright colour, and shaggy fabrics are to be avoided, and in general, the same rules apply for the man who tends to heaviness.

And the tall, thin man has his difficulties too, for if he wears fabrics that are too smooth, jackets that have too many vertical lines, collars too pointed, and long narrow ties he will emphasize his height to the point of disproportion.

A very slender man should wear a double-breasted jacket with a fairly broad overlap, medium to wide lapels, and wide shoulders. His collars should emphasize the horizontal line and his ties should flare from the knot. Cross-striped shirts will help to increase the apparent breadth of chest and shoulders.

The materials in his suits should be soft, and the trousers should not have a sharp crease, although they need not be baggy. A fine pin-head pattern in the material will help to give the necessary illusion of breadth. Definite, emphatic colours will focus the attention on planes of light and shade, rather than on line and the silhouette. These colours should never be bright or too conspicuous for town wear, of course.

(Continued on page 106)

Stokowski

and the Philadelphia Orchestra are playing the "Nutcracker Suite"

The world's great artists are Victor artists— **PHILADELPHIA SYMPHONY, BOSTON SYMPHONY, CHICAGO SYMPHONY, HOLLYWOOD BOWL ORCHESTRA, NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA . . . .**

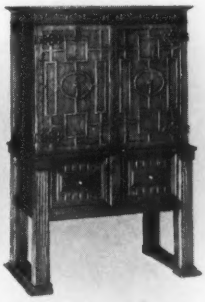
ORCHESTRA night at the Philadelphia Academy of Music. Motor-cars in an unbroken line. An audience radiant in jewels and furs. On the stage, the orchestra, waiting. . . . A burst of applause. Stokowski!

The conductor raises his baton, galvanizing a hundred musicians into one superb unit. An expectant silence, broken by the strings as they announce the first movement of Tschaikowsky's familiar, always-welcome *Nutcracker Suite*. . . . One hundred musicians on their feet, acknowledging the tumultuous applause.

Wherever you live, you may hear this and other great symphony orchestras, in your own living-room . . . through the Orthophonic Victrola. Precisely as you would hear them in concert. Whenever you say, and with all the encores you wish. The new Victrolas are more desirable than ever. . . . Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

The New Orthophonic

Victrola



Model Nine-fifty-four. Victor Automatic Electrola with Radiola Super-Heterodyne. List price, $1350, with Radiotrons.

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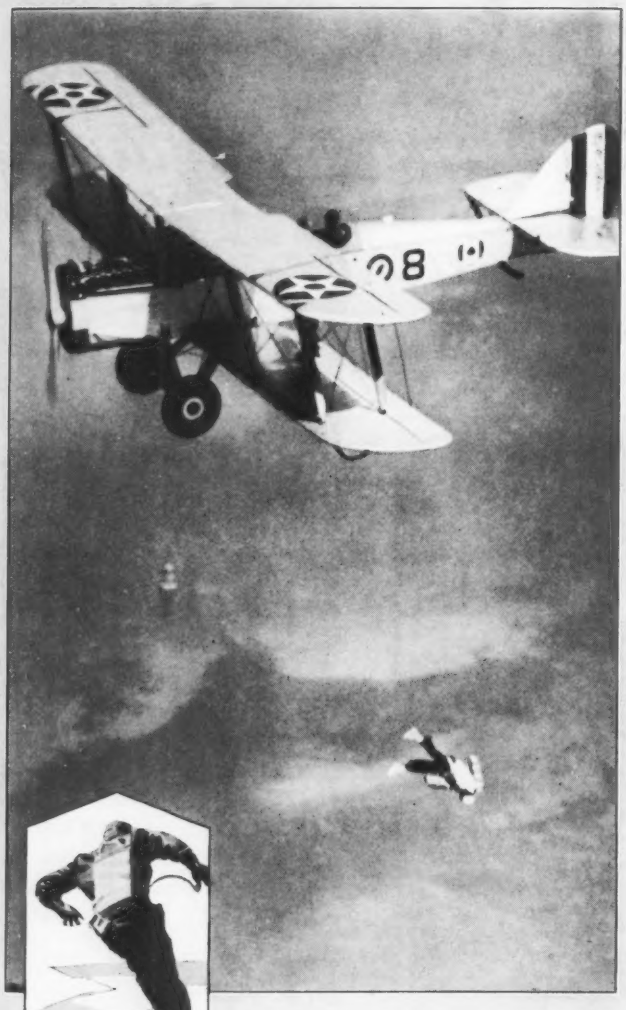

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The Graflex takes all of the pictures that *any* other camera can take. Takes many pictures that *no* other camera can take.

Speed up to a thousandth of a second for swift action—down to a tenth, or time, for slow. No guesswork in focusing—in the exclusive Graflex vertical hood you always see the scene ahead exactly as your negative will "see" it.

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GRAFLEX

PERFECTLY SIMPLE — SIMPLY PERFECT

FOLMER GRAFLEX CORP. ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Aphrodite in Aulis

(Continued from page 42)

on his pack without asking why he should burden himself with so large a package, he stumbled out of the house repeating the words: To Aulis! To Aulis! to himself, and afterwards at the Acharnian gate when challenged by the soldiers, adding his name, though they had not asked for it, saying: Kebren, an actor from the theatre, on his way to Aulis.

A pleasant moonlight stroll! a soldier cried as he shook the dice box, but the implied warning of the length of the journey passed unheeded, and almost before the rattle of the dice had passed out of his ears Kebren had forgotten his errand and the God that had bidden it. He walked like an animal, without a thought in his head, his brain benumbed, till on arriving at the bridge-head the murmur of the water roused him a little. A mysterious sound is that of water running, he said. All the same, I cannot spend the night listening to the warble of the Kephisos under its oleanders! And he continued his journey thinking that perhaps the Gods, having knowledge of the quires he had bought and being responsible for many acts committed in the battles before Troy, were anxious that their expounder should be learned in history and able to answer any questions that might be put to him. Should a caviller ask me if the bay of Aulis be large enough to contain the entire Greek fleet, it would throw discredit upon me, and indeed upon the Gods themselves, if I were not ready with an answer. Or it may be that I shall go to Aulis and return from Aulis with the quires of the Iliad on my back, and take my passage on board the next ship that will loose for Cnidus, and pursue my calling as a rhapsodist from island to island all over the Greek world, dying somewhere without knowledge why I was sent to Aulis by a God speaking in my ear at midnight. The Gods do not communicate their designs to men; if they did, mortals would not be mortals and Gods would not be Gods. And feeling himself to be nearer an understanding of the nature of Gods and men than he had ever been before, he continued: The power of the Gods over men is not stinted to one generation. They see ahead, and it may be that this journey to Aulis lies beyond the scope and business of my life. It may be that I am but a mere instrument, to be thrown aside when that which is decreed is on its way to fulfilment. . . . He stopped, frightened by the mystery, and might have returned to Athens if he had not been startled by the strangeness of the country around him.

Where am I? he cried, and left the road for the climbing of a hill from the top of which he could survey the country better. But when he reached the top there was little to be seen, no more than a grey-green tone stretching up to the pines of the foot-hills as far as Dekeleia, above Dekeleia a wavering line of snow-clad hills; and asking himself if he should dare a short cut through the olive garths, he descended the hillside and stepped across the road into a darkness of downward-sweeping boughs, to pick his way through a cumber of sharp stones and moss-grown rocks, stopping at last to select a stout reed from the stacks piled against the trees with which the olive-gatherers whipped the branches. I can now defend myself against a dog, he said. But there may be many! And as if in answer to his thought a fierce barking began, and he climbed into the branches of an old olive, to wait there till the God that had bidden him to Aulis should seal the nostrils of the dogs to his scent, or drift it out of their reach. One or the other the God certainly must have accomplished, he thought, for after snuffing about not far from the bough on which he was seated the dogs returned to their kennels; and when he issued from the garth he vowed to keep to the track, which he could see ascending a hillside, to drop into a valley—a track that I shall follow without attempting any more short cuts till it brings me to the foot-hills. And forgetful of how nearly he had been torn to pieces he trudged on, arriving at the foot-hills at the setting of the moon.

Had it not been for the time I wasted in that garth outwitting the dogs, I should have been here whilst there was light. Now it is dark night under the pine trees, and I must wait by the roots of this great oak till the world lightens again, without danger that I shall oversleep myself—rooks are the worthiest of watchers, going away at daybreak with noisy cawings to search for food for their young. Faithful watchers, I commit myself to your care! he muttered as he laid himself down amid the roots of the blasted tree to sleep if he could. My grandmother said that the counting of sheep never failed to bring sleep, and should it fail I shall put a spell upon myself with the words: I . . . must . . . go . . . to . . . sleep! I . . . must . . . go . . . to . . . sleep! But neither the counting of sheep nor the spell closed his eyes, and he allowed his thoughts to stream away into a long tale of literary adventures round about Sicily in the hope that sleep would take him unawares in the middle of it; but the rooks in the high branches continued to keep him awake. At last one bird flew away; he expected all the others to follow, but this did not happen, and cursing the dreaming rookery overhead he walked into the forest, asking himself if the early rook had gone away at the instance of a noisy chick that had broken its shell during the night. Be this as it may, the dawn is not yet, he said. But I shall not come to harm in these woods unless I meet with wolves hunting deer; even so, they will not turn aside from the deer to snap at me. Should I escape from wolves for another quarter of a league, I shall be walking up and down the long street of Dekeleia searching for the sign of an inn, and should that sign, welcome to the traveller, meet mine eyes, Dekeleia will be a charming village; but should no sign meet mine eyes every house and gable-end, every cock that crows and every dog that barks, will be

(Continued on page 90)

PACKARD

Those to the manner born still rule in the realm of taste and artistic discernment

Packard was born to occupy the fine car field. Its reputation has been made in that field alone. The history of all fine things shows that they are produced by men and organizations that have no other thought and no other ambition.

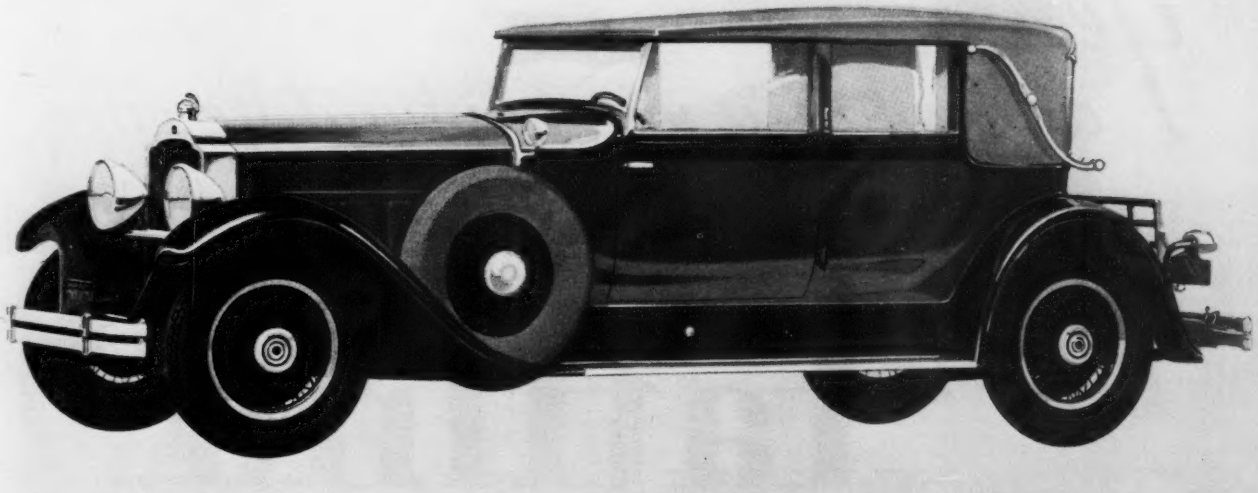
For thirty years only one ideal has actuated the Packard organization—to build quality motor cars for the most discerning and discriminating clientele.

The new Packard Eight, produced from so long and rich an experience in exclusively fine car manufacture, represents the highest fulfillment of the Packard ideal.

The characteristic Packard beauty is enhanced. The famous Packard straight eight powerplant, compact and simple, is refined and developed to new standards of smooth, silent performance.

A new and exclusive shock absorbing system, in conjunction with deeper, more luxurious cushions, provides driving ease and riding comfort never before achieved in any car.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



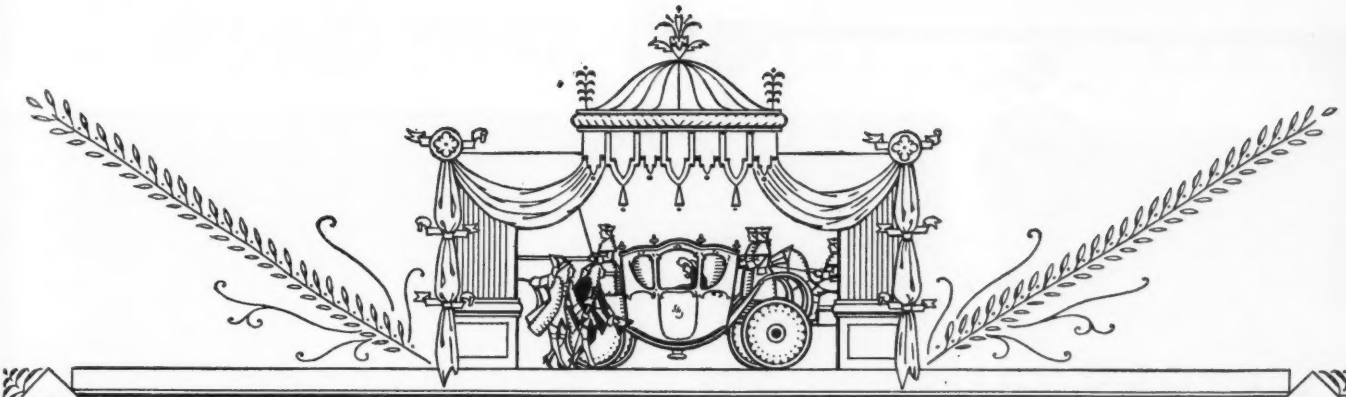
what a whale of a difference
just a few *words* make

Yes . . .
and what a whale of a difference
just a few **cents** *make*

A definite extra price for a
definite extra tobacco-goodness

fatima
CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



THE *New* FLEETWOODS

The Ultimate in Luxurious Coachcraft

Nowhere in all the world will you find expressed in motor cars the distinction, individuality and prestige so inseparably associated with the new Fleetwoods. ¶ These supreme examples of the coachcrafters' art are offered for that clientele which seeks in a motor car the precise interpretation of its own personal tastes and preference in body styles, color, trim, upholstery and appointments. ¶ That the exacting motor car buyer might counsel with professional coachwork designers just as he counsels with his architect and interior decorator in the construction and embellishment of his home—General Motors acquired not only the plant and properties of the Fleetwood Body Corporation but the highly specialized services of those Fleetwood master craftsmen who have devoted long years to fashioning coachwork of surpassing excellence.

The twenty-two exclusive and exquisite Fleetwood models can be had only on Cadillac-La Salle chassis. Many of these models are on display in Cadillac-La Salle showrooms of the larger cities throughout the country; the Cadillac-La Salle Salon, Palm Beach, Florida; and at our own Salon and Studios, 10 East 57th Street, New York City.

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CLOTHING,

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

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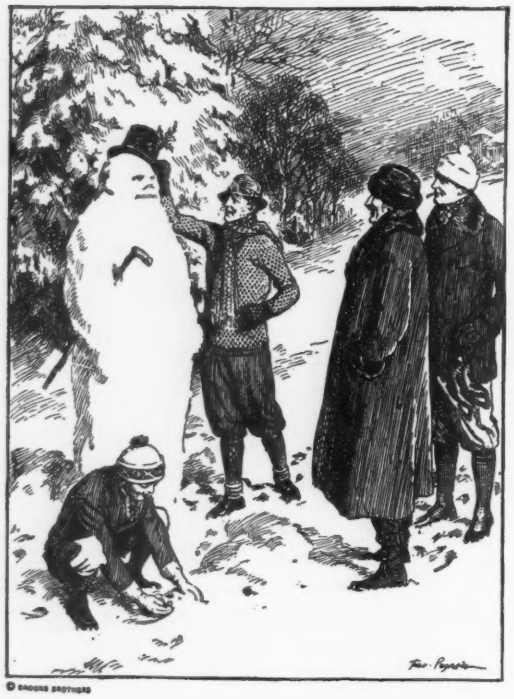

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Clothes & Accessories
for
Winter

Send for BROOKS'S *Miscellany*

BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

Aphrodite in Aulis

(Continued from page 88)

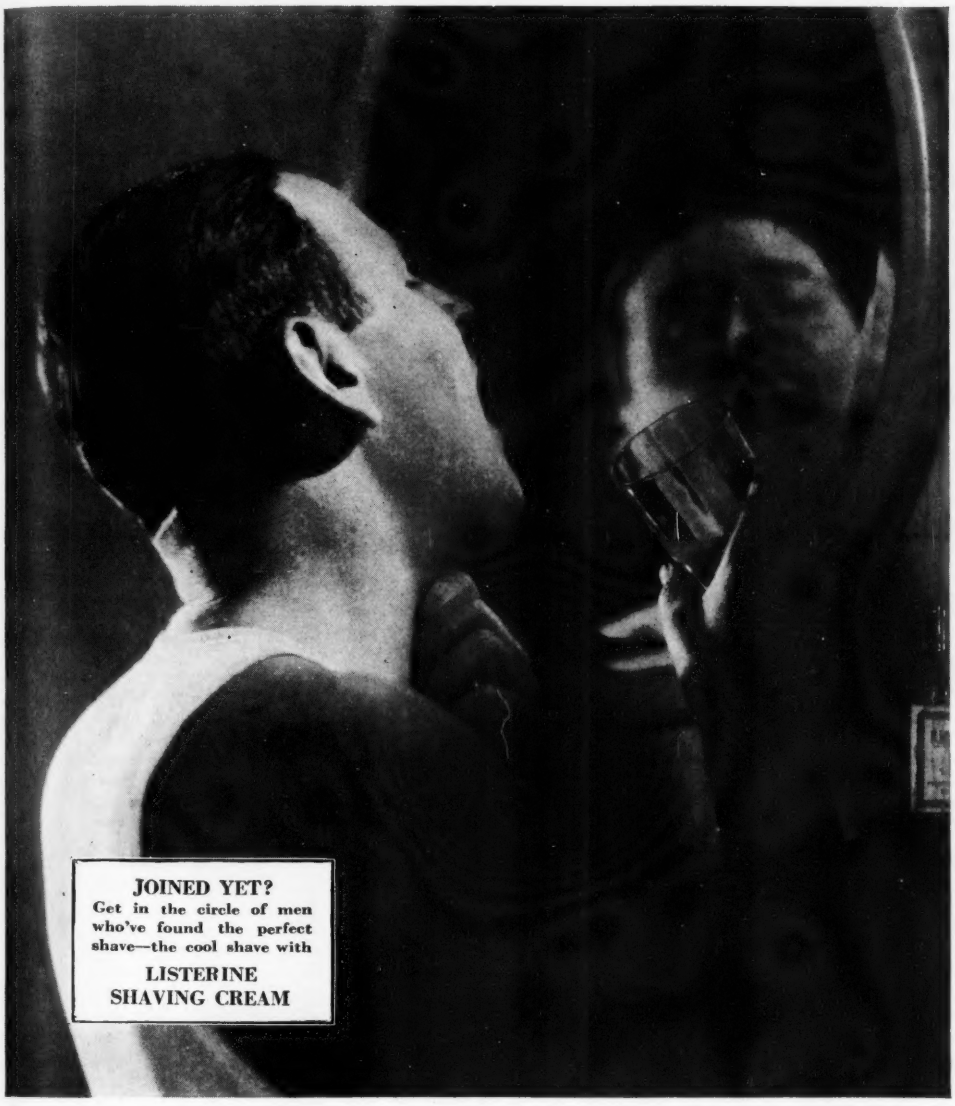
hateful to me, and I shall wander over the top into Boeotia without seeing anything or hearing anything, the world no more than a dim blur to me—such is the power of food to make or to mar us poor mortals! But it is not wise, he continued, for a traveller to dwell on the pig or mutton that he'll find at the end of his journey or mid-way in it; thought increases hunger and begets disappointment. It will be wiser to keep my eyes on the path and avoid the ruts than to peer among the tree tops for the dawn, which will come in its own time—philosophy is a staff that helps the traveller! And so he fared on till the grey walls of Dekeleia came into view between the trunks of the pines, bringing with them visionary flames of kitchen fires and pullets acquiring delightful brown sides as the spit turned; eggs, too, in bubbling saucepans were not lacking, nor was wine. And the hunting of the boar in these parts may bring his cheek into the larder, a rare delicacy at this time of morning—for morning cannot be far off; I believe it to be showing above the hills. And having quoted the Homeric tag to himself, he continued to seek the inn up and down the long streets; looking through gateways into mysterious courtyards, and finding it nowhere he became possessed of the belief that he had come upon a village without a tavern. A sad discovery indeed! he muttered, one in which philosophy finds no root-hold and hope dies, admonishing the traveller to sit on a doorstep. But it profits no man to despair. Fare on, traveller, fare on, and sooner or later a dripping pullet from the spit will fall to thy lot! But before the pullet comes my thirst, which I must quench, if not with wine at least with water. And continuing his journey he was rewarded by the sound of water trickling.

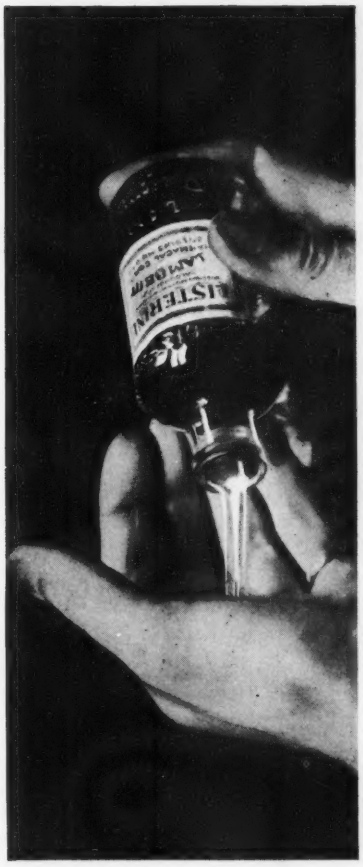
Somewhere in all this tangled undergrowth there is a springhead, he said; but whilst he sought it the smell of goats came to his nostrils. The goatherd will be able to direct me! Wherefore he abandoned his quest, and guided by the scent of the herd passed over the ridge and found it browsing on myrtles in the charge of a small man with the tawny skin of a he-goat over his shoulders, the old tunic he wore fastened by a plaited belt, a crooked staff of wild olive in his hand, and on his feet sandals of twisted grass. A veritable goatherd! Kebren said to himself. Canst tell me of a spring of water in these woods? he asked. Faith, I can, the goatherd replied, and a spring of water as good as any thou'dst find were the world wandered from end to end. Then indeed thou'rt the man I'm in search of! The goatherd answered with a merry twinkle, and calling to his son to keep the herd on the myrtles till he returned, he led Kebren up the hillside and bade him drink from a trickle of water and tall grasses, which Kebren was loth to do, for he had looked forward to rocks with water spouting cheerily from them. Kneel and drink without fear, said the goatherd; and on rising from his knees Kebren declared the water to be the purest he had ever tasted, as delicate as wine. More delicate than the wine I have in my gourd, which I was ashamed to offer thee! Whereupon they spoke of the inn at Dekeleia, which Kebren was not able to find for the good reason that the sign had been blown down from the doorway in a storm of wind some nights ago—And the inn-keeper is a lazy fellow, who thinks more about drinking himself than serving his customers. So there is an inn at Dekeleia, Kebren said. The goatherd nodded. And if thou wert to go thither and buy me a jar of wine—I can get thee wine without going as far as Dekeleia. My wife has always a jar of good wine to sell for a bit of silver—she is from Chios. The strangers that pass this way drink it for their money; she drinks it for her pleasure with a shepherd, and he beats me at her bidding when I am drunk; and the goatherd began to strip to show last week's bruises. Get thee back to thy garment and away in search of the wine, and hasten, for to-day thou'lt drink without being beaten. A scurvy story! Kebren muttered as he lay watching the plains shining through the gnarled trunks of the great trees, his eyes following the shapes of the fields and the woods and the streams. Comfortable steads and humble shielings, and how wonderful are the timbers of the old mill spanning the river Asopos! O, the happy, shining plain! And so many were the thoughts that came to him as he lay by the spring-head amid the tall grasses that hardly a moment seemed to have gone by when he was awakened from his dreams by the goatherd returning with a well-filled sack over his shoulder.

Two flagons of wine as good as any that ever were offered to a thirsty traveller, he said, and a cheese, too, with butter and bread and a honey cake. Have I not done well? And here are raisins, and here are currants and almonds; such trifles finish a repast neatly. Good indeed are the things thou hast brought me! cried Kebren, and whilst admiring some salted stock-fish brought out from the very bottom of the sack he asked the goatherd how it was that his wife had allowed him so much; to which the goatherd answered: All I had to do was to show her the drachmæ. She is generous enough at the sight of silver, surly at that of copper, folds her hands and goes about her business when there's neither silver nor copper. Rail not at the wife the Gods have given thee, but thank the Gods for the wine we are about to drink, if it be Chian. My wife is from Chios, the goatherd answered, and the wine thou'rt drinking is from her father's vine. He cut the cheese and the bread, and when these were eaten he pressed the honey cake upon Kebren, telling that his wife had said: The traveller must have it. And so firm was she that thou shouldst eat of her cake that I guessed her to have quarrelled with the shepherd, a greedy lout, who will love her less this evening for the missing of it. . . . If I drink another cup I shall not

(Continued on page 92)

How to avoid SORE THROAT . . . and COLDS





Tests show amazing power against bacteria

Kills typhoid germs in 15 seconds

More than fifty diseases, some slight, some dangerous, have their beginning in the nose or throat.

Therefore, an irritated throat demands immediate attention. It may be the symptom of a cold—or worse. The germs causing the irritation must be killed before they get the upper hand.

Listerine, used full strength as a gargle, is a powerful aid in killing germs. Repeated tests by laboratories of national repute prove it. For example, Listerine, full strength, in 15 seconds destroyed even the virulent M. Aureus (pus) and B. Typhosus (typhoid) germs.

Yet Listerine is so gentle and safe it may be used undiluted in any cavity of the body.

Now you can understand why millions rely on Listerine to avoid ordinary sore throat and colds entirely, and to check them should they gain a throat hold. You'll be amazed to find how quickly Listerine brings relief.

If, however, a feeling of soreness persists, call your physician. It is no longer a matter with which an antiseptic can deal.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy at home and in the office, and at the first sign of throat irritation gargle repeatedly with it full strength. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Prevent a cold this way?

Certainly!

Millions of ordinary colds start when germs, carried by the hands to the mouth on food, attack the mucous membrane. Being very delicate it allows germs foot-hold where they develop quickly unless steps are taken to render them harmless.

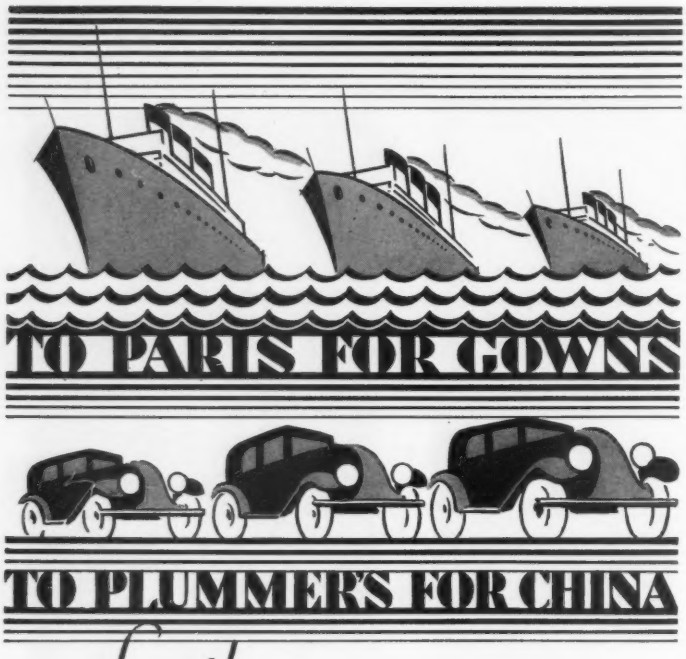
You can accomplish this by rinsing your hands with Listerine, as many physicians do, before each meal. Listerine, as shown before, is powerful against germs.

Use only a little Listerine for this purpose—and let it dry on the hands. This simple act may spare you a nasty siege with a mean cold.

It is particularly important that mothers preparing food for children remember this precaution.

LISTERINE

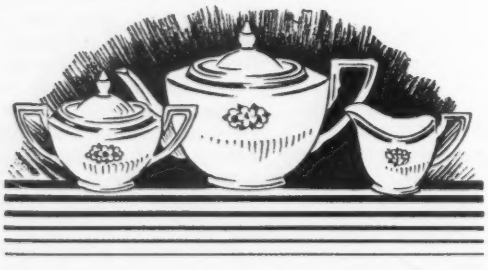
The safe antiseptic



for the same reason

EXCLUSIVENESS

There are no surging seas to cross when Madame is thinking in terms of exclusive china and glass. Right here in Little old New York —at Plummer's—is a shop that has corralled the world's most eminent creations in china and glass of far-famed quality. Many of the patterns so delightfully displayed were made for Plummer's *exclusively!* Patrons are therefore spared the fear of duplication in the gifts they make or table service placed before their guests. ¶Those who have never visited Plummer's have yet to experience the acquaintance of the only shop of its kind anywhere. Five radiant floors are devoted *entirely* to china, glass, earthenware and pottery, the one exception being a vastly interesting antique collection on the third floor. If you are harried with a problem concerning gifts or an individual service for your own festive board, Plummer's is ready with a happy solution.



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954 CHAPEL STREET

HARTFORD, CONN.
36 PRATT STREET

Won't You Be My Valentine?

(Continued from page 43)

"The Flirt" who "winks at every fellow, But when it comes to cooking, Your brains are very shallow," and another of "O, Miss Innocence," who no doubt considers herself "some chicken," but, "if the truth were really known, *Has little left to learn!*" On the other hand, the male sheik is destroyed in a particularly telling Valentine labeled "An Easy Mark," which presents the portrait of a cross-eyed young man with practically no chin, a yellow cane, a bright blue derby (perhaps unintentional), narrow waist and tight green trousers ending several inches above the tops of his shiny yellow button-shoes. This brilliant illustration is titled, happily, "They Needn't Be Slick to Do the Trick" and reads as follows:

"To hit the bullseye of your heart
Needs little skill on a female's part.
Any old thing in calico
Can do it with ease, the very first go."

It is a curious fact that through all these Comic Valentines runs the same moral note, at times so crusading and persistent in its spirit that one wonders whether the placards are not secretly sponsored by the Anti-Saloon League or the Republican Party. Scandal-mongers, bootlegging, cigarette-smoking, bastardy and the evils of drink are all denounced enthusiastically in pointed verses and pictures. With an admirable lack of self-consciousness, for example, the Comic Valentine descends with particular force on the "Chronic Roaster" in a venomous illustration which shows a lady with a long red nose and a slight moustache bending over a frying-pan and turning with her fork several smaller figures who are presumably friends of hers. According to the captions, they are roasting in "Scandal Oil," which is heated by an "Evil Spirit Lamp," which in turn is mounted, for further allegorical effect, on a brick labeled "Spite." Lest there be any lingering doubt of the intention of this portrait, the background is liberally posted with mottoes: "A Mean Woman," "You Never Have a Good Word for Anybody," and "You'd Roast Your Best Friends"; and the verse below takes evident satisfaction in predicting ". . . sure as Fate your time will come, When they will put you 'on the bum'!"

But the most lurid and obliterating attack is reserved for the unfortunate victim of the Demon Booze. Here the imagination of the artist is brought into full play, and we see an inebriated gentleman in disheveled clothing, his collar flapping behind his ear and his hat awry, terminating abruptly at the waist in the long green coils of a venomous snake, which wind their way backward in successive loops to their infamous source in a whiskey demijohn. With a curious disregard for logic, the man is holding aloft a foaming stein of beer and pointing to his left temple, evidently to indicate that it has gone to his head. Beneath this terrible moral lesson is a brief verse with the evangelical invitation:

"Get aboard, old man. Now don't delay.
You've hit it up, for many a day.
For the Water Wagon you're long past due.
Get aboard, or 23 for you!"

Surely in these carefree rhymes, devoid of the sophisticated subtleties and restraint which characterize the verse of, let us say, F. P. Adams or Dorothy Parker, we may find at last a true picture of the American mind. It is a fact that, with the possible exception of one or two ingenious poisons put up by the natives of New Guinea, the Comic Valentine has no rival in the field of destructive criticism.

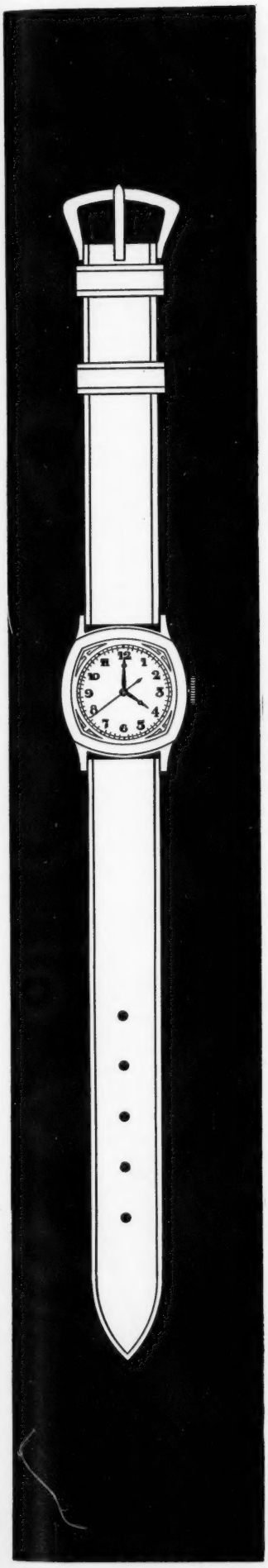
It is with this in mind that I have been very busy the past few days addressing envelopes in a large, disguised hand; and what a laugh there will be when Dr. John Roach Straton, and Bishop Cannon, and Senator Borah, and Richard Halliburton, and Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt and a few other buddies of mine open their mail on February fourteenth.

What a laugh on February fifteenth, for that matter, when I open mine.

Aphrodite in Aulis

(Continued from page 90)

reach Aulis to-day. The goatherd did not answer, and before finishing the flagon Kebren watched him; and finding him asleep, he shook him, saying: He is with Bacchus. Then doubts beginning to awaken in him, he remembered he had still a sum of money upon him, and that if he were to drink more he might fall asleep and another goatherd might come by and open his knapsack; money and manuscript he would find himself without. And unable to suppress the apprehensions, fears and alarms that crowded upon him and enslaved him to their will, he rose to his feet and was half way down the hillside before the woman he met on the path recognised him as the Athenian to whom she had sold two flagons of wine. My husband—where is he? she cried. Asleep under the plane trees on the hillside, Kebren answered. And the goats nibbling in Biton's garth—he shall know of this when I come upon him! More Kebren did not wait to hear, and, descending the winding road, with a blue strait of sea bordered by a white line of coast before his eyes, he crossed the river Asopos and made his way into Aulis, saying: A poor little town, with some trade for there are wharves. If the Greek fleet had not sailed from Aulis who would come hither? Who would speak of the two insignificant bays in which a thousand ships could not find harbourage? Yet a God bade me to this town, where there cannot be six men and women who will give ear to a reading of the Iliad, or understand it if they do. . . . Words failing him suddenly, he staggered towards some white sand between rocks on which he could sleep soft and lay down.



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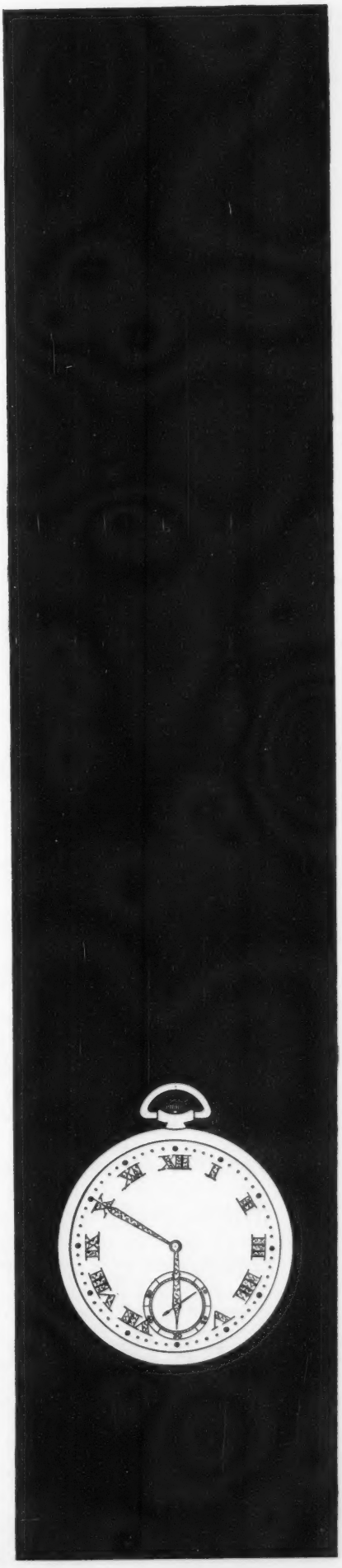

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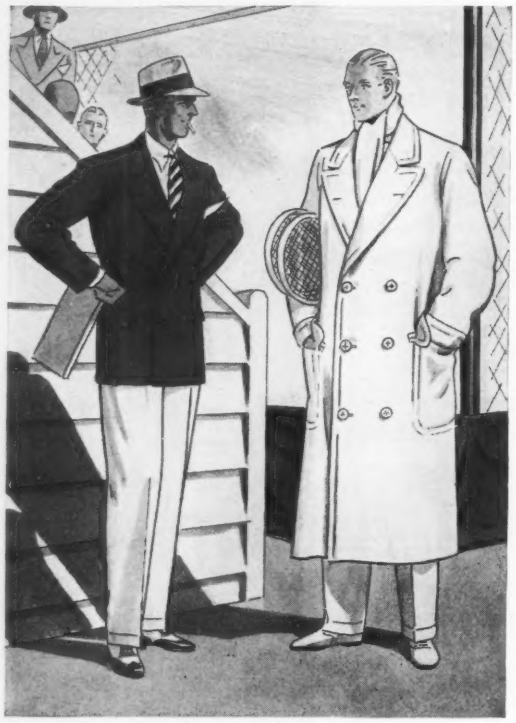

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MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET

New York

Eugene O'Neill's New Play

(Continued from page 62)

in the dooryard. This allowed the dialogue or the soliloquy in one portion of the house to be a significant and revealing comment on what went on elsewhere. The next experiment came in *The Great God Brown.* There O'Neill used masks to show us different sides of the same people—the true and the false, if you care to put it that way, or the superficial and the deep. Finally, came the obligato of spoken thoughts punctuating and sometimes puncturing the speeches of the characters in *Strange Interlude.*

All three devices served a common purpose. They cut beneath realism. They revealed inner character as the ordinary technique of the modern drama cannot do. The mask proved the hardest to use in an age that is fundamentally realistic in its tastes. O'Neill likes to keep that for imaginative dramas set in some other time—as, for instance, *Lazarus Laughed.* Sheering away the walls of neighboring rooms and lifting the curtains of our minds, bring scenery and speech to a common focus on a single problem. They team up admirably in *Dynamo,* particularly because this is a play in which two houses—the house of the fundamentalist clergyman and the house of the atheist engineer—battle over the problem of religion. For another sort of play, O'Neill will probably forget the technique of *Desire Under the Elms.* He is never likely to give up the aside and the soliloquy.

O'Neill comes slowly and carefully—almost unconsciously, you might think—to the techniques and ideas of his plays. You can see them develop rudimentarily in earlier dramas before he displays them deliberately and completely. Masks appeared only incidentally upon the Sunday church paraders in one scene in *The Hairy Ape.* O'Neill tried them out more fully in his dramatic arrangement of *The Ancient Mariner,* which was produced at the Provincetown Playhouse. He used them boldly on the principals of *The Great God Brown* and put them on some three hundred actors in *Lazarus Laughed.*

The use of the spoken thought developed even more slowly and carefully. O'Neill's first good playlet, *Bound East for Cardiff,* used the excuse of a dying man's delirium to bring out memories of his past life. The fear-crazed mind of the wandering Negro made *The Emperor Jones* one long soliloquy. Next, in a thoroughly realistic play, *Welded,* O'Neill had his two antagonists sit for one moment side by side talking out to the audience in parallels of expression that seemed never to touch. I remember at rehearsal how strongly O'Neill emphasized the fact that, though these people were talking to one another, neither one really heard what the other was saying, they were almost thinking aloud. In *Desire Under the Elms,* soliloquy and prayer carried thought to the audience. At last in *Strange Interlude* he developed the full technique of spoken thought to bridge the gulf between the drama and the novel. Now he is ready to use it fearlessly and repeatedly as it suits his purpose. And if he plagiarizes himself often enough and effectively enough, the spoken thought may well become the common property of all our playwrights, an accepted stage convention.

Lecturing on Love in America

(Continued from page 46)

on her—then how many of the husbands in the audience bowed their heads! How few of them dared to look at me frankly!

Must we conclude that woman dominates in America, as everybody says and as she herself boasts? Is she any the happier?

This is the one question.

I had still to make one experiment: to speak for the Movietone.

Never did I go through a harder trial. A glib and very engaging young man had come to fetch me, and had succeeded in taking me to the studio. On the way he had explained my duties. I was to be given two minutes in all to explain what I had to say—yes, two minutes in which to formulate a few ideas about love that would be original enough to impress themselves on the brains of several million auditors.

What a school of laconics!

I was in the operating room. Nothing could be more terrifying than these walls inscribed with the one word, "Silence."

A man came up with a powder puff and whitened my face. My feet were placed on an imaginary line across the floor. "Don't move from this line," they said. I wanted to run away. My eyes began searching for the door.

I closed my eyes and perspired in the terrific heat. I was a centre of light; all the light in the world was focussed upon me. The rest of the universe was plunged in darkness. Vaguely I heard the voice of the engaging young man:

"Say your text once!"

Hmm . . . but I mustn't say "Hmm."

"Be natural," said the voice of the engaging young man.

Be natural! I was a luminous archangel. I had never been a luminous archangel. How could one be natural in such a novel situation? I spoke at random, with my feet glued to the floor.

The engaging young man came forward.

"Now we're going to begin. Raise your arm a little . . . that's right . . . let your voice fall on 'secret.' Start speaking when the red light comes on, and finish with a beautiful smile." Can one smile into the void? Can one address a beautiful smile to a black hole? Instead of smiling, I gave a grimace. And I thought of the fearful india-rubber lips that people have in the talking pictures.

The torture lasted for half an hour.

I did not attend my tests, and I have never seen myself on the screen. For my remaining years, I should like to keep a few illusions.

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(*lower three*) La Fayette, Seville, Mary Chilton.

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Of a Wild Time in Paris

(Continued from page 68)

largest in the world, but the *Cirque d'Hiver* and the *Cirque Médrano* and a dozen impromptu circuses set down casually along the inner alley of chestnuts in a dozen boulevards? How is it that wheresoever you may be travelling in France, upon any of those interminable *routes nationales*, you are always coming up against some itinerant circus with its retinue of caravans? How is it that the world's supreme clowns, the Fratellini, are Frenchmen? They are, of course, Italian by origin. But that is part of the answer to these questions. It is because France is Rome, as Mr. Belloc would corroborate so gleefully. The *Cirque de Paris* is the direct offspring of the Coliseum. On a Thursday afternoon, during the period of this debauch, when I visited this titan arena, the place was crowded from tier to tier with school-children, whose cheeks shone like plums in a Babylonian orchard, behind the chalky cones of light suspended from the ceiling. And how the laughter of the school-children ripped like rockets through the hollow vault when one of the clowns inflicted upon his brother some grievous hurt! With precisely such tones of acclamation their youthful ancestors nearly two **millennia** ago saw the nasty common Christians decapitated by the nice fat lions. And when the cavalry of Caesar came swaggering up the Rhône valley, with a crack of whips and a jingle of spurs and a tossing of bright plumes, precisely so the eyes of the young Gauls shone as they shone now, to see the coal-black seas of horseflesh curving and billowing and the long manes flung like spray, and the cavaliers like flying fishes leaping from wave-top to wave-top . . .

That, briefly, was how I felt about it that Thursday afternoon among the roaring school-children. I went to a play that night; and a play, of course, the next afternoon. The first was a pernicious dramatization of a very witty and unsentimental book (which you will have read) called *Le Chemin de Buenos-Ayres*. And the second was *Maya*, which London produced privately and did not like, and New York produced publicly and strangled in its cradle. And both plays tell you what happens to little girls who leave home and neglect to book rooms at the Y. W. C. A. In both plays the major part of the action takes place in a very different sort of hostelry. And though I realized how proper it was for little girls to know what it might lead to if they accept ice-cream sodas at the hands of kind and handsome strangers, I hoped that I was not going to be forced to spend every afternoon and evening, for I had no idea how long, witnessing dramas in hostelries which are not the Y. W. C. A.

And as the thought presented itself, I realized, as I had never before realized that, just as these people are the most temperate in Europe because alcohol is not a thing of glamour and mystery to them, so they are the chastest, because sex is a thing uninvested by taboos. Sex is a thing to make patterns out of, the triangular pattern being the most popular. It is an abstract thing like sound or colour, to compose and balance, as Picasso or Poulenc do. It is a thing neither of fevers nor sniggers, hence Parisys and Jane Stick will weave their witty ballads out of it:

J'ai rencontré trois filles, trois fill's de mon pays!
J'embrassai la plus jeune, et la plus belle aussi!

But indeed, indeed, I will sing no farther!

The Grand Guignol is a further illustration of the faculty the Parisian has of exteriorizing an emotion which to the rest of the world is somewhat indecent and extremely intimate—the emotion of terror and dismay. It is all part of a tremendous network he has elaborated, by means of which he produces a shimmering illusion of ease and geniality and obscures from the world's eye his essential chastity and loneliness. The theatre is the main strand of this network; it consists further of his wealth of exterior gesture, the fallacious bonhommie of his café life, the breadth and brilliance of his boulevards, which are, in truth, alleys as narrow and mysterious as the dark blank ways under an Arab Kasbah. So I perceived that afternoon of hustling bullets and eye-gouging daggers in the Grand Guignol. I perceived also that these men and women among whom I sat, whom I had always thought the most gay and expansive of mortals, were as mysterious to me, as far removed from me under the bright rattle of their chatter, as any tribe of Bedouins with their hoods drawn over their foreheads, squatting among their herds in the desert evening.

Do I need to persevere with these incoherent revelations that came to me during that time of exhaustion and ecstasy? I should but find that these truths so new and wild to me have been expanded with footnotes and cross-references in the thesis laboriously compiled for his degree by some student from Wisconsin. Or that my truths even so soon were beginning to seem incongruous or ludicrous, even to myself. But that is because they are removed from the perspective in which I envisioned them; that is because I endeavour to express in words a state of being to which no words correspond.

And truth or no truth, Yvonne Printemps is a very pretty lady. And Heaven knows that Cécile Sorel can tear a passion to tatters. But I wish I were at the Bobino again, listening to Jane Stick:

Sur la rout' de Montmartre, de Montmartre à Paris
J'ai rencontré trois filles, trois fill's de mon pays.

And none of them booked rooms at the Y. W. C. A. They had not learned what such carelessness might lead to. How remiss!

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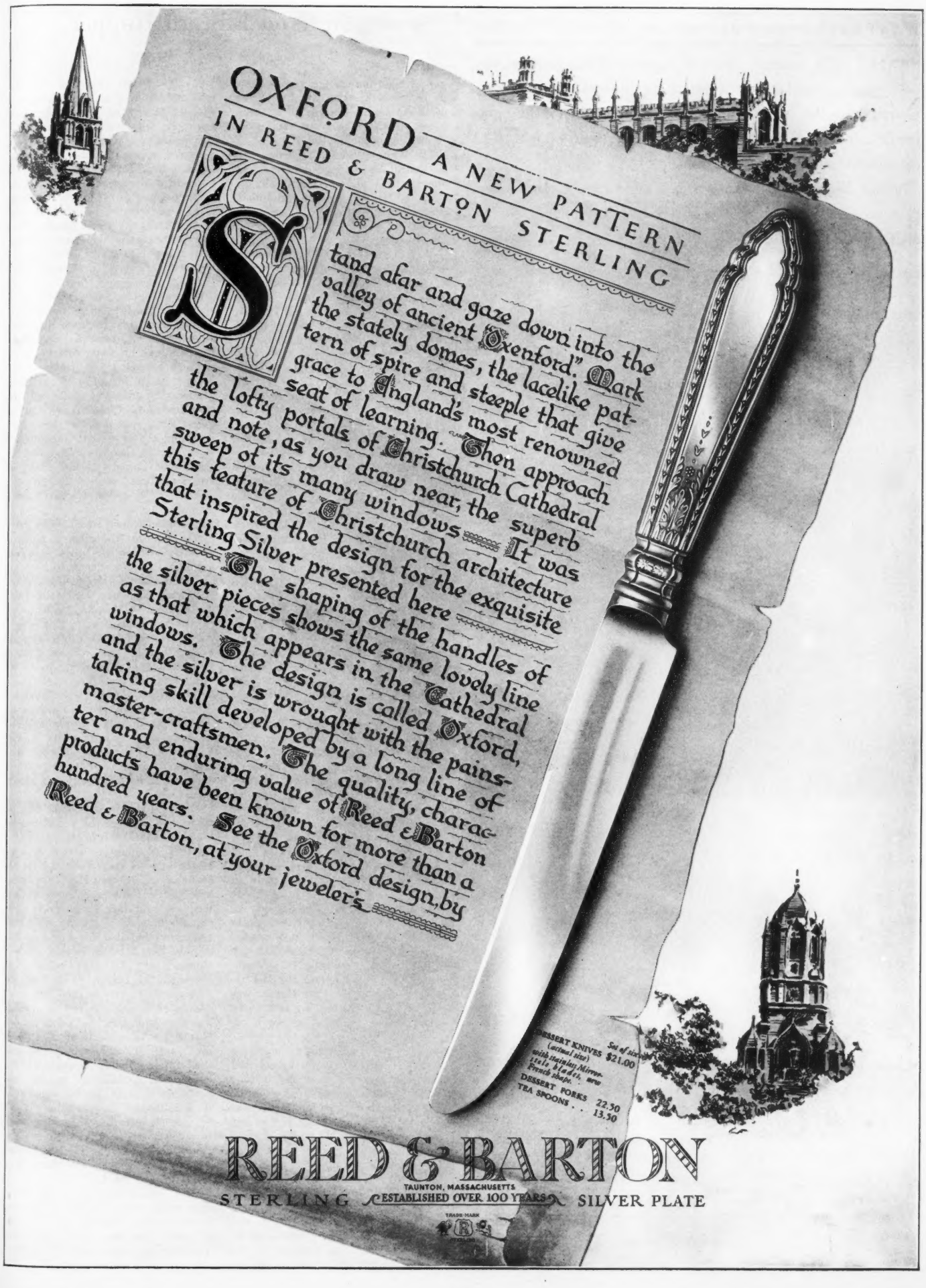
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Thomas Webb, who is known as a style expert, and whose paintings of men for Hickey-Freeman Customized Clothes are nationally famous, says:

One of a long series of beautiful portraits in color which Thomas Webb has painted for Hickey-Freeman.

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THOMAS WEBB

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ADDRESS.....2-29

A Note on Edward Hopper

(Continued from page 64)

top of his slow-moving lanky body, he looked down with infinite disgust upon those who, ceasing to be themselves, were rushing to get aboard the bandwagon of modernism.

The Whitney Studio Galleries, then on Fourth Street, gave him his first one-man exhibition. He had already exhibited at the Armory exhibition, at the old McDowell Club and occasionally at an out-of-town official exhibition.

What he felt in those days, when many a more facile American was painting as much like a Frenchman as he could, is reflected in one of those dry comments with which Mr. Hopper, at intervals breaks his long silences: "I don't see why people are so crazy to import French paintings when there are so many French paintings being made in America."

Hopper himself had gone to Paris, about 1907, to study by himself. He painted the Louvre and the streets and buildings along the Seine. It was the first time he had ever painted outdoors. There was no hint of French influence in his work unless the temporary use of a blonder palette than the Henri school had advocated might be considered the result of a French influence. At that time also one began to feel in his painting a degree of technical cultivation which would indicate that his studies in France were fruitful.

In 1916 Hopper began to etch and between then and 1923 he did about forty plates. Of these he is only willing to admit a dozen into his own good graces. The others, he says, with characteristic frankness, are no good. With that verdict, I for one entirely disagree. Originality and definiteness of viewpoint are as clearly visible in Hopper's black and white work as in his work in color. In a sense it was through his etchings that Hopper's fame began to grow. For although he had sold his first picture out of the Armory exhibition many years passed before he sold another. Meanwhile the etchings penetrated into galleries and exhibitions where the paintings were barred. And although some of the narrower specialists in etching who are very fussy about process did not embrace Hopper as one of themselves the artists made of sterner stuff immediately recognized that Hopper's prints had the juice of genuine vitality. Their downrightness did not please the last remaining Whistlerians for Hopper was rude enough to use etching as a means of expression rather than as an excuse for technical obediences.

Prophets could have predicted easily, prior to 1910, that both artists and public would eventually become satiated with doctrinaire painting. The preaching days of modernism were bound to come to an end except for that indestructible minority which enjoys art only when it is wrapped in preaching. People were being assailed with dogma and a sermon was delivered with every picture. Perhaps at no other period was it so difficult for the artist to keep his balance and to develop his own bent unaffected by the wildly clamoring partisans. At the risk of passing unnoticed Hopper followed, without swerving, the dictates of his own artistic conscience. Whether he realised it or not, he acted upon the knowledge that although doctrinaire pronunciamentoes might be useful as propaganda and publicity for a group, permanent success for the individual depended on what that individual had to say. If how he said it was not dictated by what he said he would remain a cult painter. That was too easy as the disappearance from the public eye of so many momentarily famous modernists has proved.

Hopper, looking like a professor of higher mathematics in an out-of-town college, refused to listen to the noisy demands for professorial painting. His paintings, his water colors and his etchings remained just Hopper. Unnoticed, except for a few of his fellow painters, the uneasy conditions of that time forced him into doing what is called commercial art. But they could not force him to waver. Consequently when the inevitable reaction set in and people turned from art based on art to art based on life, Hopper was destined to reap the rewards of his incurable honesty.

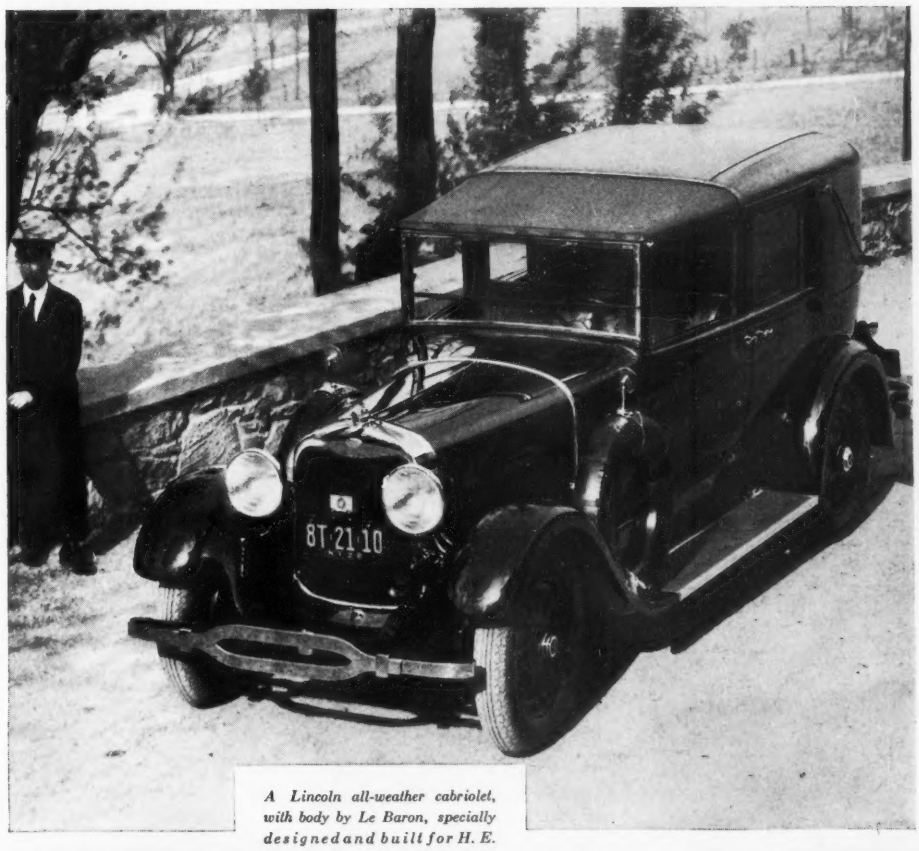
He had once said that he was striving to achieve "the greatest possible austerity without loss of emotion." In a brilliant appreciation of the art of his friend, Charles Burchfield, another American who has benefitted from the reaction of the public against a too cerebral concentration on the supposed elements of painting, Hopper wrote: "Is it not the province of work such as Burchfield's to render to us the sensations that form, color and design refuse to reveal when used too exclusively as an end in themselves, and which words fail to encompass?" Again he wrote of Burchfield: "Burchfield is one of those who, in each generation, naturally and honestly liberate their subjects from the taboos of their times."

These three illuminating remarks by Hopper supplement the knowledge of his aims that his work gives to us, for they all apply as well to Hopper as they do to Burchfield. As far as he knows consciously Hopper may be seeking "for the greatest possible austerity without loss of emotion." The remark suggests a certain starkness and conviction that his pictures also convey. But it leaves out of account Hopper's dry wit, his originality of invention, his depth of feeling for purely native material and his boldness of selection. It is as true of Hopper as it is of Burchfield that he has "lifted his subjects from the taboos of their times." While it is also true that form, color and design, have never been, could never be, for Hopper a too exclusive aim, it would lead to a fallacious interpretation of his art not to recognize fully that there is much more than just an eye for American material in his high-domed head. Guiding that eye there is a richly critical mind.

This original recorder of the American scene often selects architectural subjects which disobey the criterions of taste that have been registered, I was going to say patented, by those

(Continued on page 107)

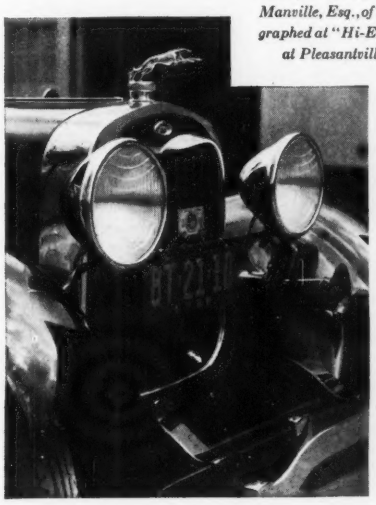
BENEATH ITS OUTWARD BEAUTY IS UNFAILING POWER AND STRENGTH

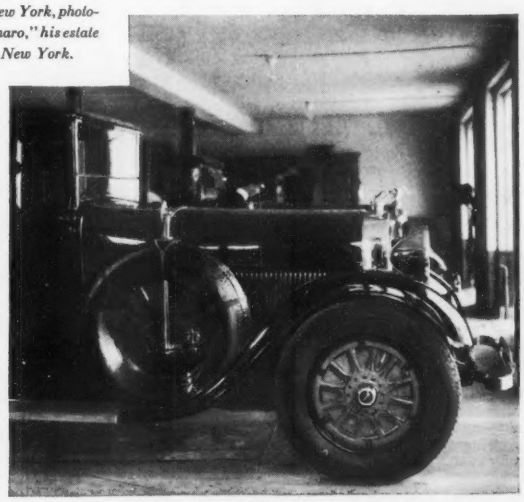


A Lincoln all-weather cabriolet, with body by Le Baron, specially designed and built for H. E. Manville, Esq., of New York, photographed at "Hi-Esmaro," his estate at Pleasantville, New York.

You can take your Lincoln abroad with you and feel proud to drive it down the Champs Elysées . . . you can go anywhere in London's West End, and see nothing smarter . . . you can tour day after day in it, and ride in perfect comfort. . . . For here is a car designed by the most famous coachmakers . . . Le Baron, Locke, Dietrich, Judkins, Willoughby, Brunn. (There are no yearly models. The Lincoln that you buy today will not be out of date tomorrow. Like all fine things, it grows old gracefully.) . . . A car so finely constructed that you do not even have to break it in. A car that has the timeless beauty of things in perfect taste. . . . In a word, an automobile so quietly distinguished that you will never cease to congratulate yourself upon your own good judgment in selecting it.

The Lincoln Motor Company, a division of the Ford Motor Company of Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.





"AS NEARLY PERFECT A MOTOR CAR AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO PRODUCE"

THE LINCOLN

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By paying a much higher price you can buy an imported fleece overcoat that looks like a genuine Mt. Rock. But no other fleece at any price will wear like one.

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Why No Trumpers Go Wrong

(Continued from page 76)

in a quick and easy way the strength of your combined cards, but also enables you to approximate what defense the opponents hold against you. Thus a partnership is practically insured against failure to declare, for probable games, or to incur penalties by blind overbids.

Without the protection of the point count, a slam bid at no trump is usually most hazardous. But fortified with the exact information which may be exchanged by point bidding, it is easy to arrive at a sound slam. Suppose you are assisting your partner's original no trump bid and have sufficient strength to consider slam possibilities. If you bear in mind that the total count of all the honour cards is exactly 40, you need only add the points in your hand to those indicated by your partner's bid to calculate how closely a slam is approximated. For example, if your partner bids three no trumps originally, showing a minimum of 21 points, and your hand counts 15, your bid should be an immediate raise to six no trump. A small slam is practically assured by a partnership holding of 36 points; a grand slam by holding of 38. One of the most helpful features of point bidding for slams is that the necessity of showing aces is eliminated and the opponents are cut off from information which might prove valuable in their defensive play.

With a holding which suggests slam possibilities yet is insufficient to warrant an immediate slam declaration, you may give a raise of one more than is needed for game, asking your partner to carry on if he has any value additional to that previously indicated.

This system of counting honour points will not serve for bidding a declared trump which must be played under entirely different circumstances from a no trump. But a test of the system in negotiating all forms of no trump bids will soon prove the fundamental soundness of its principles.

In short, it works.

The Terror of the Sands

(Continued from page 78)

to see our enemy in a bunker; it fills us with the sweet sensations of hope but we are never surprised if he puts the ball out of that bunker on to the green. In fact the nature of a recovering shot has to a considerable extent changed. The great recovery of today puts it on to the green as well; we are sometimes positively relieved it does not lay the ball dead into the bargain.

So if we are very ferociously inclined we like to see the enemy not in sand but in good thick heather with gnarled and twisted roots. There is still heather in the world, particularly on the less visited portions of the links, which can defy the strongest arm and the deftest niblick. I know none thicker than grows at Walton Heath, the home of James Braid who is probably rather better at getting out of it than any man alive. A good many years ago a friend of mine took a very charming lady to play at Walton and he gave her the great Braid for a partner. Every one of her tee shots toppled the ball gently but firmly into the nearest clump of heather, from which James dislodged it by prodigies of strength and skill, and with invincible good humour. At length she selected a spot considerably worse than all the rest: the ball was not only deep in heather but also involved in the roots of a small tree. To any other golfer the ball would have been wholly unplayable but James rose to the occasion, carried away the larger part of the tree and sent the ball some dozen yards. Then the lady turned to him with her most charming smile and said, "Well, Mr. Braid, it's comforting to see that even you can make a mistake sometimes."

In Praise of Intolerance

(Continued from page 49)

tual and moral freedom. According to the latest information, the Irish authorities have laid an embargo on the importation of the *Times Literary Supplement*, on the ground apparently that it contains reviews of books, of whose very existence the Hibernians must at all costs be kept unaware. If this is true—and I hope and believe that my information is correct—then the Free State (how appropriately named!) has struck the greatest blow for intellectual liberty that has been struck since the days of the Reformation. For ridicule is the most effective arm against repression. The Irish repression being ridiculous is thus seen to be self-destructive. My own hope is, not that the authorities will repent and relax their censorship, but that, on the contrary, they will make it much more stringent. I shall not be satisfied until the *Church Times* is confiscated by the Dublin Customs officials and *Cranford* publicly burnt on Stephen's Green. Even in geometry the *reductio ad absurdum* is regarded as a valid proof. In life it is even more cogent. That is why I am for every sort of repressive idiocy. So long as it is not perfectly efficient—and it is very difficult to make censorship efficient—so long as it stops short of actual violence, repressive legislation does nothing but good; for it makes people actively aware of the superlative ridiculousness of repression.

In the end it turns out that James Douglas and Joynson Hicks, the Irish Free State and the Fundamentalists are human benefactors. Long may they continue their beneficent and grotesque activities!

This new member of a well-known textile family is called

Cannon Lavender Lawn

Have you seen these finest sheets in the world?
*They are made in snowy white and in six spring-like colors**

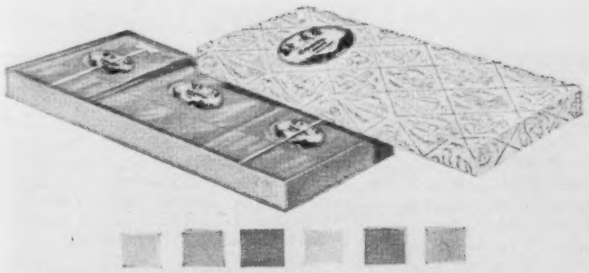
MAKE this note for your next shopping expedition: "See Cannon Lavender Lawn." Then stop in the sheet department of your favorite store and ask to be shown the finest sheet in the world.

The royal package will delight you. And as it is unwrapped and opened, a fresh fragrance tells you that these sheets are actually scented with lavender blossoms. Examine Cannon Lavender Lawn at your leisure. Enjoy the snowy whiteness or the soft spring-like colors. Touch the sheets and test their amazing fineness. Inspect them carefully and perceive the strong, even weave that gives assurance of service.

Sheets have a style significance today. You can say "my sheets," meaning Cannon Lavender Lawn, with pride well justified. . . . They are exquisite in a room that is the expression of good taste in furniture and decoration. They are perfect for a bed that is covered with fluffiest wool blankets, softest silk quilts. And when you purchase such sheets, your investment is guaranteed by the Cannon name.

Doubtless you are familiar with Cannon towels. They are used in fine homes everywhere, and in most of the famous hotels of America. They are found from Havana to Honolulu. Knowing the record of Cannon towels, naturally you expect the new member of the Cannon family to be remarkable as to material and manufacture. You are right.

We did not count the cost of making Cannon Lavender Lawn perfection. It is the only domestic sheet woven of Egyptian cotton, known since ancient times for its long staple, much stronger, more even than any other kind of cotton. And the skill and technique of our modern mills have made the most of the yarn. Yet, considering their quality, these sheets are moderately priced.



Cannon Lavender Lawn in the average size, in white, sells for about $5 *each sheet,* $10 *a pair. Plain or hemstitched. In all regulation sizes, prices grading according to size.*

Yardley's Old English Lavender is packed with the sheets, which come in regal-looking packages and in boxes, in different combinations.

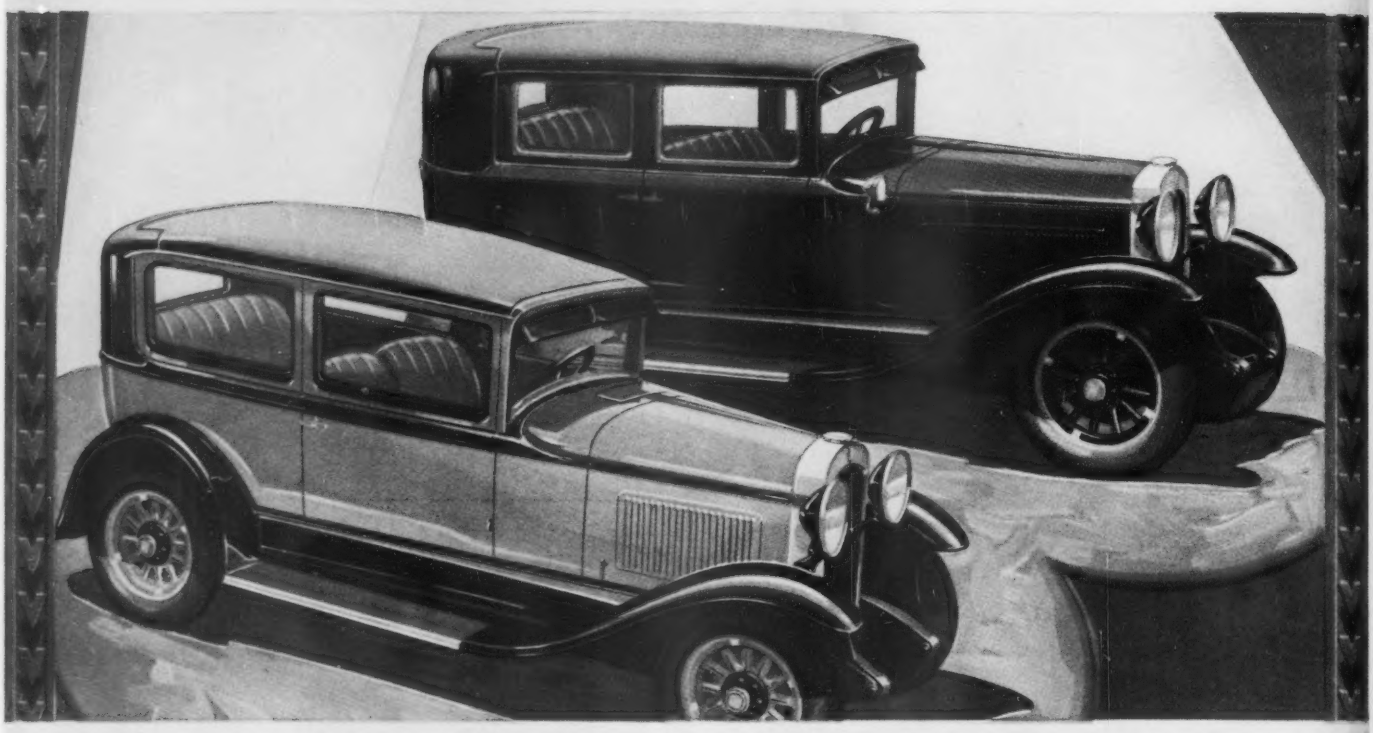
*Cannon Lavender Lawn is made in Orchid, Canary Yellow, Sea-shell Pink, Nile Green, Azure Blue and Peach as well as white. *All colors guaranteed fast.*

Cannon Lineen, a standard quality sheet, and Cannon Fine Muslin, a popular-priced sheet, are also made in white and six colors. Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.

ANNOUNCING THE NEW SUPERIOR WHIPPET

THE STYLE CREATION OF MASTER DESIGNERS

GREATER BEAUTY - LONGER WHEELBASE - LARGER BODIES



PULL UP TO START MOTOR
PRESS DOWN TO SOUND HORN
SHORT RIGHT TURN FOR PARKING LIGHTS
FULL RIGHT TURN FOR BRIGHT LIGHTS
HALF RIGHT TURN FOR DIM LIGHTS

Whippet Four Coach $535; Coupe $537; Sedan $595; Roadster $485; Touring $475; Commercial Chassis $365. Whippet Six Coach $695; Coupe $695; Coupe (with rumble seat) $725; Sedan $760; Sport DeLuxe Roadster $850 (including rumble seat and extras). All Willys-Overland prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.

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"FINGER-TIP CONTROL"

THE MOST NOTABLE ADVANCE IN DRIVING CONVENIENCE SINCE THE SELF-STARTER

IN modish design, the new Superior Whippet is as far ahead as the first Whippet was ahead in engineering advantages. With longer bodies, higher radiator and hood, low graceful lines, one-piece full crown fenders, mechanical 4-wheel brakes, rich, harmonious colors—the new Superior Whippet establishes an ultra-modern style trend for Fours and light Sixes.

Larger, Roomier Bodies

More spacious interiors, with 3 inches added leg room, together with longer springs both front and rear, and form-fitting seats, insure maximum riding and driving comfort.

The Superior Whippet is the first car to offer the "Finger-Tip Control"; a single button, conveniently located in the center of the steering wheel, controls the starter, the lights and the horn. Illustrations at the left clearly explain its operation.

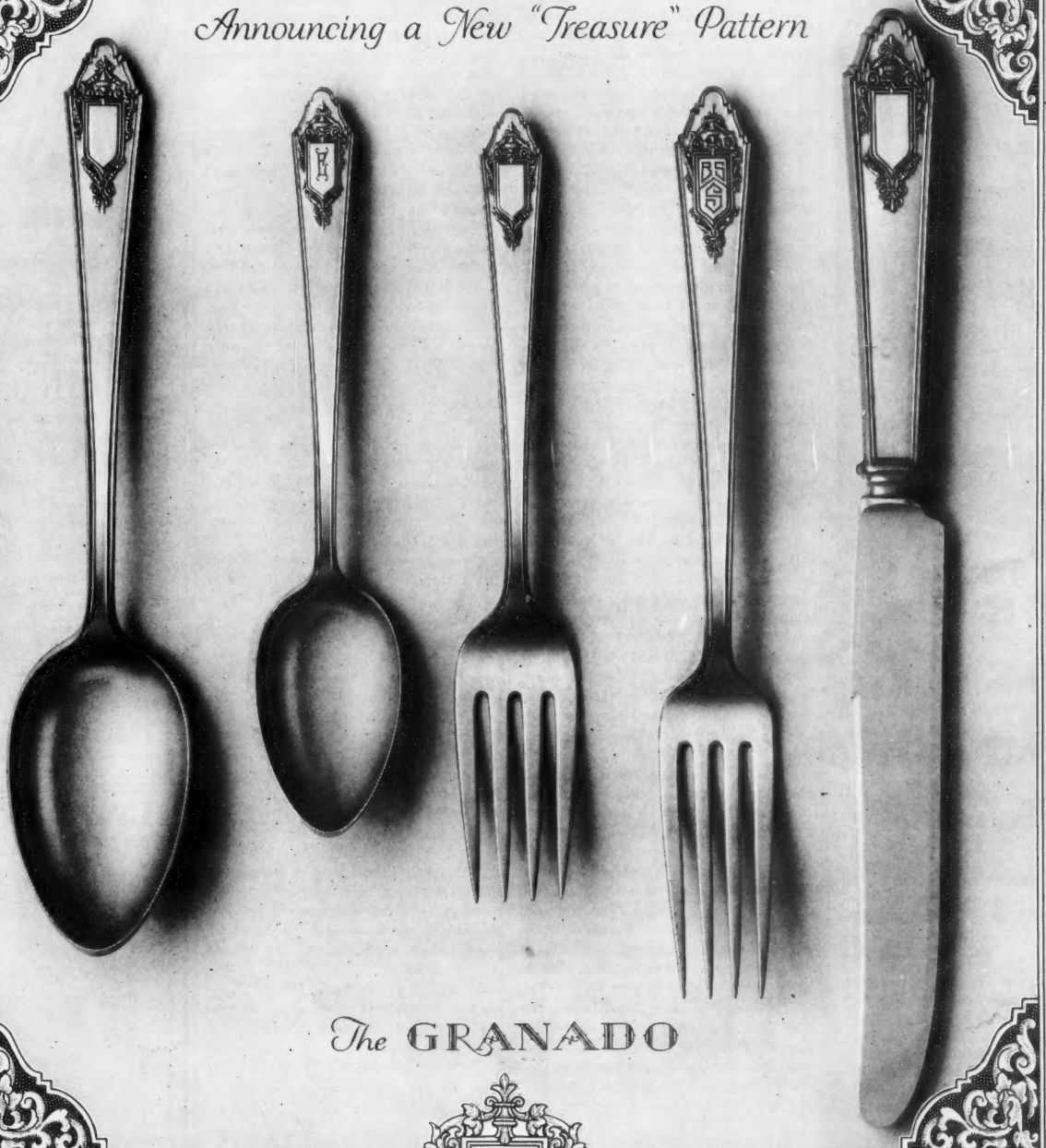
Mechanical Improvements

The Superior Whippet's higher compression engine gives more than 20% added horsepower, with resultant increase in power, speed and flexibility. Higher second gear speed gives faster pick-up. Low consumption of gas and oil, results in marked operating economy. An immediate order will aid in early delivery.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO

WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

Announcing a New "Treasure" Pattern



The GRANADO

Treasure BG Sterling

WITH justifiable pride Rogers, Lunt & Bowlen, Silversmiths, present their new creation in Sterling Silver Tableware—The Granado Pattern. Smartly modern in its straight lines, slender handles and splendid weight, yet authentically correct in its interpretation of historic Colonial-Spanish design. Like other "Treasure" patterns, which are based on the best period designs, such as the "Early American", "William and Mary" and "Adam" styles, you may always rest secure in the knowledge that it is correct. The Granado is so new a pattern that many of our leading jewelers have not had time to get in their displays as yet. And so, to save you any inconvenience, we will send you one spoon, engraved with your initial, on receipt of your check for $2.00 and your jeweler's name. After inspection, within ten days, you may return it to us and we will promptly refund your money. As one who is interested in fine silver we know you will love this charming design and we don't want you to have to wait to see it.

ROGERS, LUNT & BOWLEN CO. • *Silversmiths* • GREENFIELD, MASS.

UEBEL

YOUR COOK CAN MAKE YOU *famous*

WOULD you fain gain fame for your dinners? It is so easy! Guasti Cooking Sherry is now *legally* available to add delectability to countless delicious dishes.

Salt is added to remove it from the beverage class yet just enough to season foods for the average taste.

If your grocer cannot supply you, send his name with 50 cents to our nearest branch for a bottle of one of the Guasti Cooking Aids listed below, enough to prepare several meals.

"Treasured Flavors"

A *free* book of recipes of famous chefs. Address our nearest branch. Dept. 704.

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The Guasti Cooking Aids
SALTED . . . For Roasts, Soups, Sauces
☐ Guasti Cooking Sherry ☐ Guasti Sauce a la Bordelaise
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SWEET . . . For Fruit Cocktails, Puddings, Desserts
☐ Guasti Sweet Sherry Flavoring
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☐ Guasti Sweet Sauterne Flavoring
(Send 50 cents for each bottle ordered. Postpaid)

Winter in the West Indies

(Continued from page 57)

interior—for the island is hollow like a bottle. A marvellous harbour, which could hold all the warships in the world; so marvellous in fact that one asks himself how the English happened in the course of history to leave it to the Dutch. All the oil of Maracaibo is brought from the coast of Venezuela to be refined at Curaçoa; consequently, the island adds the smell of kerosene stoves to the fragrance of the bitter orange peel used in making that curaçoa which is so sweet to the throat. . . . The island is mainly inhabited by Dutch Jews, who live in little red houses with terraces of steps. . . . But the blinding sun eliminates all graduation of shadow, and Rembrandt would have preferred Amsterdam. No language and every language is spoken—negro, Indian, Yiddish, Spanish, and English being mixed up into an agglomeration which goes by the pretty name of *papimiento*. Curaçoa is a large free port; all currencies are exchanged there; one enters without a passport; one amuses himself among pals and without police. The island is the great gambling centre, pleasure resort, and smuggling base of the Antilles. The escaped convicts from the neighbouring Guyanas are the happiest and most peaceful of men, and carry on small businesses here, delighted to have exchanged their inferno for this paradise.

And now Haiti. How treat, in a few lines, this Haiti to which one should devote a thousand volumes! One evening as I was dining with General R—, the American high commissioner, in his beautiful villa overlooking Port-au-Prince, I could not recall without melancholy France's cruel loss of her loveliest Antille through having wished to apply the principles of the great revolution to a coloured population which was not ripe for the advantages of a republic. In that section of the city which bears the old French name of Peu-de-Chose, the tropical houses of the American officers, with their hewn timbers and their awnings illuminated from within, seemed like Venetian lanterns. A programme broadcast from New York was in the air, while the moon lit up the immobile bay, with the zinc roofs separated by the black foliage of the mangoes. I thought in dejection how the French of the eighteenth century had been the true Americans of the period, which is to say the strong and enterprising people, carrying high the torch of the white race. Now, whenever the American engineers construct a road in Haiti, they always find beneath it the old highways built by the kings of France. Today, as I looked about the table and saw these American officers in white, and these handsome "Sammies" at attention behind them, I was almost consoled to observe that the earlier efforts made by Caucasions were now being carried on by other Caucasians.

One must see the French Antilles, Guadeloupe and Martinique. They are almost more primitive than the English, without comforts, without hotels, almost without roads; but for this very reason the beauties here are wild and the shores resemble the landscapes of Robinson Crusoe. Lafcadio Hearn's finest book, *Two Years in the French Indies*, was written on the Antilles, and has these two islands for its background. The negroes there are more beautiful than almost anywhere else. Since the departure of the wealthy colonists, *i.e.*, since the end of the eighteenth century, Guadeloupe and Martinique have been inhabited solely by officials, and their one product is politics, that savoursome fruit so loved by the half-breeds. The *bals doudou*, the popular Saturday evening dances, almost surpass those of Africa in obscenity and violence. The women still wear the madras as a headdress. And all the picturesqueness of the lower Mississippi valley which is disappearing daily (while New Orleans, with its old French colonial traditons, maintains just enough of the old flavour to serve as bait for tourists), all this wealth of local colour still lives and thrives on the island of Josephine, the beautiful creole whom Napoleon loved and made an Empress. Her statue in marble, surrounded by a fence of coco palms, faces toward the sea at Fort-de-France. "Josephine!" I exclaimed, on descrying it. "What?" returned a pretty French modiste who had arrived from Paris on the same boat as I did.

"What, Josephine Baker already has her statue here?"

Soliloquy

(Continued from page 58)

sleeping in the house, and then get up and creep out to the barn.

How nice and quiet it was in there. I would go and touch the horses on the nose, rub the cows between the eyes. They liked that.

From the house the jangling voices. God help humanity when the animals are all gone.

What are we going to do, be authors, editors, millionaires?

All of this because snow lies thick on a village street. There is a long flat place where a horse could step. Nothing in sight but an old Ford, groaning and making a noise and a smell, the wheels whirling about.

No sound of sleigh bells in the air, no kids flipping bobs and sleighs.

No string of fast ones going up to the head of the street, turning there, crowds gathered on the street. A shout. "Here they come!"

Hell, there isn't a good horse owned in this town and this is in Virginia too. *Solarian* rotting under the turf somewhere, no sons or daughters to carry on his speed at the trot and his good blood likely as not.

There are a few good hunting dogs about here, but in a few years the game will all be gone. Then you can't even see a good dog work.

I wouldn't care so much if I could really afford to own a fast, fine car. I'd like a sport model, painted red, but I don't want to be anybody's chauffeur. I wouldn't mind being a jockey again.

That would beat authoring or editing forty ways to the deuce.

A WOMAN *is only a* WOMAN

says Kipling . . . but she is a regular Hotel Sherman chef when she regales family or guests with College Inn Chicken a la King.

Like those Continental places renowned for some great dish, the famed College Inn has its Chicken a la King—and the same chefs make it for your use at home!

Smart women use this and other College Inn delicacies for their smartest meals. Inexpensive. At all good shops.

COLLEGE INN FOOD PRODUCTS CO., CHICAGO

You will enjoy these
COLLEGE INN FOODS
Chicken a la King
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Made by
HOTEL SHERMAN CHEFS

INTERESTING IMPORTATIONS

NUYENS' GRENADINE

Also the most complete line of delicious imported French non-alcoholic cordials including Crème de Menthe, Crème de Cacao, Apricot, etc. Made by NUYENS of Bordeaux—founded in 1802.

B. B. DORF & Co., 247 Park Ave., New York

Enclosed you will find my check for one 26 oz. bottle of Nuyens' Grenadine—costing $1.50 each (3 bottles for $4.00) express collect. Also please send me without charge your illustrated book "Cordial Cocktail Confidences" #25.

Name.....

Address .....

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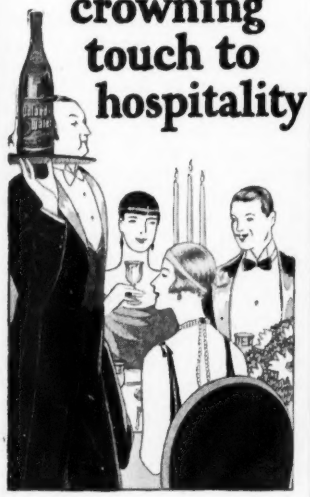
Table Delicacies for Vanity Fair Readers

Poland Water

served to your guests gives the crowning touch to hospitality



CALF'S FOOT JELLY

(Champagne)

For the smart private cuisine, Bon Voyage and Convalescent Baskets. One of the special importations of the Sherry kitchens. $1.25. Mail orders.

Louis Sherry

TABLE DELICACIES SHOP...Madison Avenue at 62nd Street, New York

Fig 8 Appetizer

Cup brown sugar; juice eight oranges, six lemons; half bottle Martini & Rossi Vermouth, two glasses plain or spring water, dash bitters. Pour in bowl with ice and pineapple slices. Stir gently.

Cocktail Recipes sent with Bridge Score Pad gratis on request to

W. A. TAYLOR & CO.
94F Pine St.
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MARTINI & ROSSI
NON ALCOHOLIC
Vermouth

SAVITA—*Concentrated Yeast extract rivaling finest meat flavor for broths, soups, sauces, gravies and sandwiches. Ready for instant use.*

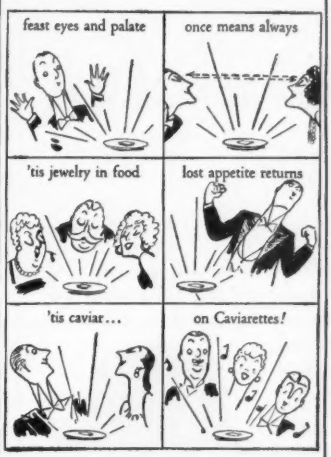
New Flavor

At Battle Creek, diet specialists have given attention to flavor as well as to health. Meatless dishes abounding in strength-giving qualities, now rival choicest beef and chicken. Cereals that have a tang of parched wheat or a crunchy crispness, call for second helpings. A food drink, rich as milk, makes the most delicious ice cream and salad garnish. Of particular interest is Savita being featured this month at all Health Food Centers. For Friday and Lenten menus, vegetarian dinners, and for those whose diet excludes meat, Savita offers a variety of recipes that tempt the palate. Used for years at the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium. Write for "Healthful Living" a 64 page illustrated booklet describing with recipes the Battle Creek Diet System. Sent free and postpaid.

BATTLE CREEK
SANITARIUM
HEALTH FOODS
for Everybody

Ah-h-h-h!

What a dish...



At dinner's very beginning, appreciation zooms. No fussy preparation. Behold . . . caviar served on Caviarettes. "Raised edge" crisps these are —with the zest of distinction.

CAVIARETTE
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

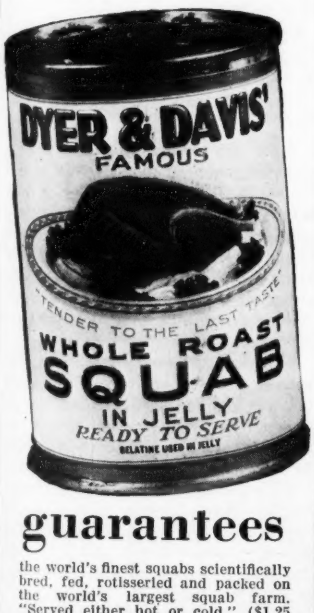
MOST *high grade shops have Caviarettes in stock. If you cannot locate them, send dealer's name and 90 cents to Vanity Fair, Greenwich, Conn., and a sealed tin of 36 Caviarettes will be shipped to you postpaid; three tins $2.25. The hit of the season.*

MEYER & LANGE, New York City
434 Greenwich St.
"Au Gourmet" Caviar "Grand Duke" Caviar

Its SEALED-IN FLAVOR

—The talk of the table wherever served! . . . Vacuum cooked the exclusive Hormel way, Flavor-Sealed Ham retains all the natural Flavors, Juices, Vitamins and Tenderness to the moment of serving. A valuable reserve food supply. Serve cold instantly. No bone, no skin, no waste. *At leading stores, or write Geo. A. Hormel & Company, Austin, Minn.*

this name



guarantees

the world's finest squabs scientifically bred, fed, rotisseried and packed on the world's largest squab farm. "Served either hot or cold." ($1.25 at your dealer's or by parcel post.)

Send for Squab Sampler

of two of each of Dyer & Davis' products (A) Whole Roast Squab in Jelly, (B) Pâté de Luxe, a delicious squab paste with a most appealing flavour, for sandwiches, appetizers and hors d'œuvres. Sent express collect for $3.25, prepaid, $3.75.

DYER & DAVIS
NEWFIELD, N. J.

Over the tea cups

Good tea sharpens the wit but keeps it kindly

To the hostess who values good feeling at her functions we recommend the rare bouquet and delicate flavor of the daintiest of teas,

FORMOSA
OOLONG
TEA

Well-Dressed Men

and Their Hats

THERE is a marked trend toward formality in hats evidenced. One of the newest hats, *St. Moritz*, shown above, is particularly appropriate for town wear. Its deep rolled brim and high crown is a simulation of the headwear of the Tyrolian Alps. It is dignified and formal, yet has an air of jauntiness that is so evident in the clothes of correctly dressed men. New shades are cocoanut and hedge.

KENT

Another hat that should be in the wardrobe of every well-dressed man is the new *Kent* derby. Its brim is medium in width and inclined toward flatness—the crown is full . . . correct for town and business wear.

For informal occasions or week-ends in the country *Piccadilly Circus* is still the reigning favorite. It is as British as Kensington Gardens and quite as refreshing. It has an unusually narrow brim that is generally worn turned down, and comes in a wide range of colors—dew, pearl, cherry, and a host of other shades.

PICCADILLY CIRCUS

The new *Tyrolian Homburg* is another model that is inspired by the headwear worn in the Alps. It has a narrow brim, curled sharply. The edges are bound. It is as formal as an Ambassador and every bit as impressive.

Flanul Felt is made of fine quality hatter's fur—a new pliable soft construction. $7 to $20. The Hodshon Company, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York. *Exclusive Manufacturers of Sunfast Hats and Flanul Felt Hats.*

TYROLIAN HOMBURG

Flanul Felts

B. ALTMAN & CO., FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

and exclusive shops throughout the country

New Trends in Old Arts

(Continued from page 52)

Our very materials are changing. A century ago, mahogany and oak were lumber, cheap enough to use for ship-framing. Today they are almost scarce enough for jewelry. On the other hand, we possess oreum, chromium, aluminum, quartz glass, quick-drying lacquers, fabrikoid, rayon, celotex, bakelite—marvellously useful metals, paints, stuffs, and compositions, all comparatively cheap, that were not dreamed of, fifty years back.

It is our task to assimilate these objects and these materials, to work them into the pattern of our daily lives. That we have not as yet done so is the principal reason why our age is mechanical, ill-adjusted, ugly. Dodging will not do. The fabrikoid cover for your telephone directory, that imitates stamped leather; the colonial tea-caddy that disguises your telephone; the Jacobean blanket chest that disguises your radio set—these merely postpone the solution of a problem; they will never solve it. On the day when our telephones can stand upon the library table, unashamed and beautiful, when our radio sets can be themselves without making our living rooms look like laboratories, when our fabrikoid curtains are as lovely in their way as velvet curtains are in theirs—when that day comes, and not until then, will our surroundings possess the beauty for which we now so envy our ancestors.

To do this it will be necessary to create new styles, to be as honest with new materials as with old, to look at life with a wholly modern eye. The contemporary decorative artist must scan anew every object within the range of his vision, be it a fountain pen, a player-piano, or a concrete wall, in order to discover in it the same completeness of utility, fitness of material, and appropriateness of form and colour that the mediaeval artist found in the goose-quill, the lute, and the arras.

This he is doing, and there are signs that he will best do it here. I doubt, for reasons already explained, whether there will ever be great national schools of decorative art, in the old sense. There will, however, probably be schools inspired by the principles and example of various great designers—the Benvenuto Cellinis, Adams, Brunelleschis, and Sheratons of our time. For the development of such men and women our land is the most fertile soil of all, and for reasons that up to the present have been our greatest handicap. Much of the work by European contemporary designers betrays the fact that it is deliberately revolutionary. There is a certain defiant air about it that seems to indicate an uneasy compulsion, not so much to express the present as to break with the past at all costs. One frequently feels, looking at a modern French chair, that the artist's principal aim was to make something that would look as little as possible like a Louis XV or Empire chair.

The American is under no such pressure, because he has no artistic tradition to defy. In the work of our own contemporary designers, such men as Frankl, Poor, Deskey, Weinold Reiss and Joseph Urban, you will find not only originality, practicality, and a genuinely autochthonous beauty; but you will find no fear of the past. "If I express the present while occasionally recognizing the past," says their work, in effect, "so much the better." Here at last we have a field of art in which our progress can be a march forward, rather than a retreat from our ancestors; a renaissance, rather than a revolution.

The Tirrells of Weymouth

(Continued from page 70)

had died, without saying anything which gave any information. Mr. Hersey again had been most thoughtful in his attentions.

Behind a fire-board in the girls' room, someone found a spoon which seemed to have held some preserved fruit. Otherwise, nothing unusual was observed. The doctors determined upon an autopsy, although Hersey strongly advised the family against it. He described such investigation as "brutal." However, he changed his mind, and asked to be allowed to attend, and represent the family. This was permitted, and he was present for a short time. The autopsy revealed the unexpected fact of pregnancy, and the doctors requested him to leave the room. He tiptoed out.

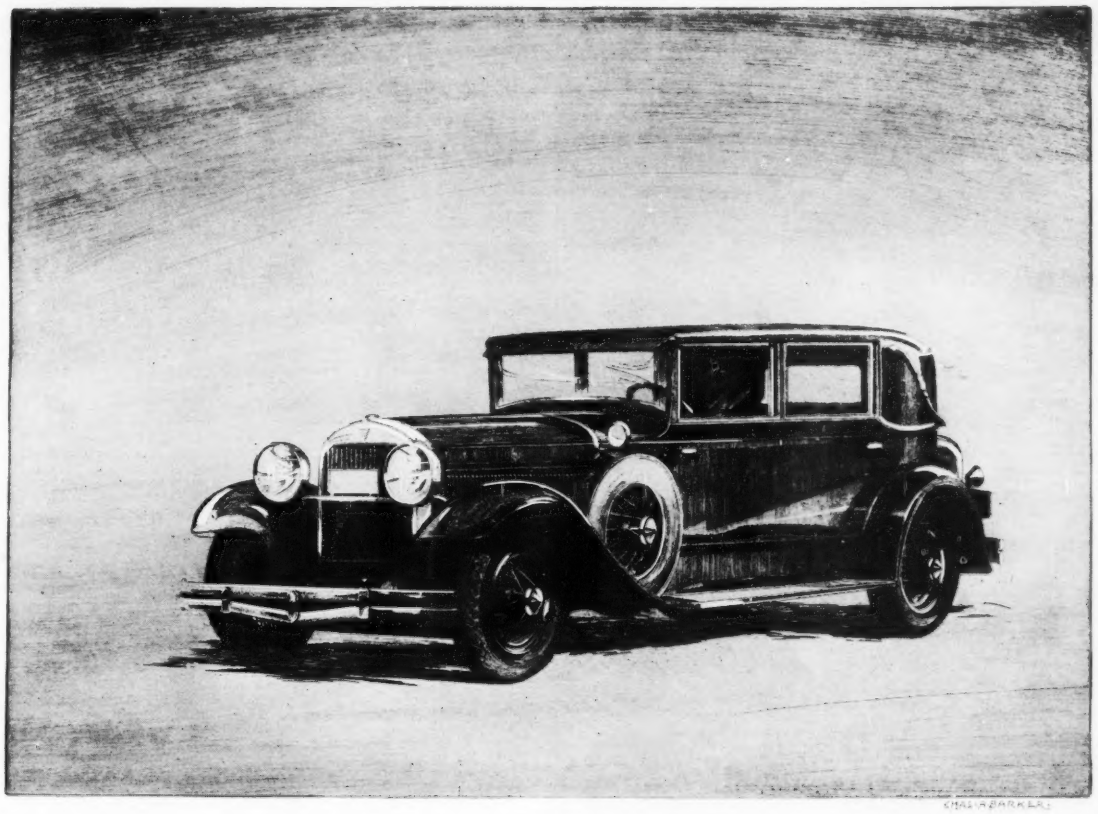
The subsequent analyses showed the presence of strychnine in large quantity, and the scientific testimony was interesting to experts in legal medicine, since this was one of the first American cases of the use of this poison. Strychnine was also found on the spoon in the dead girl's room. It had, apparently, been mixed with the preserved fruit, and taken by the girl after she had been told that it was a drug of an altogether different nature.

Since the police promptly discovered the source of the strychnine, and found, in Boston, the man who had sold it to Mr. Hersey, that subtle gentleman was arrested and put upon his trial. The defence was that Betsy Frances had suicided, and a strong argument was made that she had sufficient motive, and that the prisoner lacked the incentive to murder.

This jury, however, refused to be hoaxed: there was no evidence to show that the girl had access to any poison except that which was traced to Hersey. That she had been deceived by him into taking it, was clear.

He made his petition to the Governor of Massachusetts and Council, "in most solemn form"; protested that he was not guilty, and said that "in time" he would prove his innocence. They were not impressed.

On the day that he was hanged, more than two years after the death of Betsy Frances, he signed a confession of the murder. He said that he was innocent in regard to the death of his wife and of Mary Tirrell. It may be that this was the fact. But there were those who suspected that, even upon the scaffold, George Hersey was parsimonious with the truth.



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(Continued from page 81)

miles an hour. If provided with berths for overnight flights, it will carry eighteen sleeping compartments. It can scarcely be called an experiment as it will, on completion, be placed in operation between the Pacific Coast and Eastern points as yet undetermined. Its owners are proceeding on the theory that night flying with passengers is entirely feasible, which it is, and that an all-air journey over a long distance is preferable to one that includes air travel by day and train travel by night. This seems to me to be sound reasoning as repeated changes from train to plane and vice versa are not only an inconvenience but they prevent taking full advantage of the possibilities of time-saving.

There is one serious drawback to all aerial transportation that must, by some means or other, be overcome before aircraft can seriously compete, over short distances particularly, with road and rail. That is the inaccessibility of airports. Many operators work on the plainly obtuse theory that inasmuch as flying is a great time-saver the traveler will cheerfully waste an hour or two driving miles to a flying field. They are, I am quite sure, deceiving no one but themselves. Chicago's principal airport is an hour from the Loop. A plane travels, let us say, at the rate of two miles a minute. In the time required in getting from the Loop to a plane at Cicero, a hundred and twenty miles might have been covered by air. New York City's flying fields are at least an hour from Grand Central. The same is true in Detroit. Kansas City, a rare exception, has a municipal field almost in the heart of the city, as readily available as its Union Station.

It sounds very intriguing to say you can fly from Chicago to New York in eight hours, but the enthusiastic air traveler cools off a bit when he discovers that what is really meant is that in eight hours he can fly from a point one hour outside of Chicago to another point one hour outside of New York. In short, he journeys from Michigan Boulevard to Fifth Avenue, through clouds and crowded streets in plane and bus in ten hours, as against the advertised eight. Increased flying speed will not correct the situation. It will only mean that for every minute lost in traffic a greater distance might have been covered by air.

The airlines, obviously, are moving steadily along. There are times when I think they are several steps in advance of the travelling public.

For the Well-Dressed Man

(Continued from page 86)

In the matter of fit, too, care must be taken lest the heavy man have his jacket so well fitted that the resulting curves and horizontal wrinkles emphasize his bulk, and conversely, a loosely fitted jacket on a very thin man will fall in vertical folds that only call attention to his plight.

A tight fit, of course, is extremely bad taste and without a tight fit the jacket is bound to show wrinkles, bringing up the question of what wrinkles are permissible in a well-tailored jacket. About the armpits, for example, there must be extra material to allow the arms free and natural movement. Vertical folds result in front and at the rear of each shoulder, as the illustrations show.

If the buttons are properly placed, one will be at the waistline, and a horizontal crease will show as the figure moves, just as the muscles beneath crease in the same fashion.

The line from collar to shoulder and on down the arm should be a natural one, following the lines of the figure. Heavily padded shoulders only produce an unnatural and stuffed appearance, and very square shoulders give a cardboard effect, which is well enough on the stage but not the street.

Our London Letter on Men's Fashions

(Continued from page 84)

place, which means, in pyjamas, dressing-gowns, beach-clothes, and the type of sports clothes which are only occasionally worn. In the matter of the daily wardrobe, a taste for quiet, unobtrusive clothes and accessories of all kinds, excellent in quality and cut, is the foundation of the truly well-dressed man's wardrobe.

Much is written by style experts about the "new colours" for spring or autumn, but the truth is that our ideal well-dressed man continues to wear suits of the same quiet, yet distinguished materials, he has always worn. A "bird's egg blue" flannel, or "autumnal" shades of homespun, or by whatever fancy names new and obvious looking materials may be called, should not be recommended to any but the man who can afford to have a suit of some such material and wear it only a few times.

Good clothes are meant to be worn over and over again, and therefore should be made of the best materials, by the best tailors and haberdashers. Quality is the first requisite of the well-dressed man's wardrobe, and this includes that important detail of cut. When these qualities are supplemented with good taste in the matter of colour, a man is dressed as a gentleman should be.

A Note on Edward Hopper

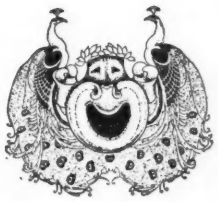
(Continued from page 98)

American architects who have taken their Beaux Arts training too submissively. These paintings are much more than austerely selected pictorial record. They have an architecture of their own in their convincing design. In many of these paintings there may seem to be an almost too exclusive concentration on the architectural subject matter. The humor of these uncultured structures seems sometimes to have been the whole reason for the picture. Yet when we come to examine our memories of the pictures we realize that they contain much more than the dominating architectural theme. The setting, with all its time and place connotations, is also definitely and selectively recorded. A lyric imagination, not immediately apparent because the artist's sense of the ridiculous occasionally obtrudes, lifts the art of Edward Hopper far above mere humor and witty ridicule.

It was one of Hopper's teachers, Robert Henri or Kenneth Hayes Miller, who once said that Hopper "is the kind of artist who could not be taught anything; he had to learn it for himself" This sounds more like Henri than Miller; but if Hopper could not be taught, he certainly could learn. Back in the days of the life class Hopper drew the figure as well as anyone in the school. The landscape in his pictures is well drawn, the buildings are well drawn. His interiors are not mere backgrounds for the figures within them. They exist throughout. For Hopper has to an unusual degree an understanding of what, for lack of a better term, might be called the dignity of weight. His imaginative grasp of the weight of things, the solidity of matter, is the anchor that keeps his somewhat sardonic humour from taking him too far.

The very limitations of Hopper's color seem to have proved to be an advantage to him, as if, while limiting, it sharpened his penetration into the character of man-made structures. His color, never very far away from the potentialities of black and white, has a sobriety of tone which ignores, or possibly derides at heart, the sensual magnetism of a richer and more complex palette.

As a matter of fact there is a limit to every painter's art and, as so truly said, every positive quality in an artist's work denies some other positive quality. Otherwise there might be in the same artist the flaming fire of a Van Gogh and the ungainly sobriety of a Hopper. The two qualities are contradictory and the main thing is that the artist shall be true to his own quality. That Hopper most richly is.



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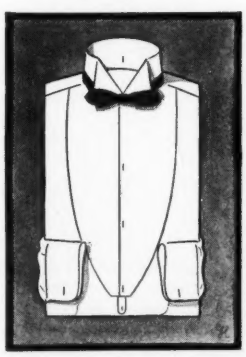

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The Urge For Sport Boats

(Continued from page 83)

runabout designed, and, like the others to be built for Lyon, by Purdy. This also is a two-step hydroplane and she makes 60 miles an hour with a 450 h.p. Liberty motor.

The motor boat world is agog over the new 38 foot Chris-Craft cruiser because its builders, Chris Smith and Sons, have, since the earliest days of the sport, devoted themselves to the building of high-speed runabouts and racing boats including some of the greatest craft that ever made racing history. This new Chris-Craft cruiser is a powerful, fast, graceful boat with comfortable sleeping quarters for four people, a completely equipped galley, linen closet, toilet facilities, full length mirror and other luxuries.

Elco's addition to its great fleet for 1929 will be a 40 foot cruiser which, at the moment of writing is shrouded in pre-Show mystery so far as details are concerned. She will have an Elco engine and living accommodations for seven or eight people. Various improvements have been made in the most famous Elco boat, the 34 foot Cruisette, which is known in almost every harbor of the civilized world.

Matthews, with its new speed cruiser and its highly popularized 38 foot family cruiser, will show something new in the way of cabin appointments, having employed a well-known interior decorator to attend to such matters as upholstery, fittings and cabin colour schemes.

During the few years that it has been in the motor boat world the American Car and Foundry Company has created an excellent reputation for its Eldredge-McInnis designed cruisers. This year, in addition to its regular type of cruising boats, it will introduce two new ones, a 26 foot day cruiser and a 40 foot double cabin cruiser.

In the foregoing paragraphs I have merely hinted at the high spots of the forthcoming Motor Boat Show. Luders will exhibit a magnificent new commuting express cruiser. Consolidated Ship Building Corporation, one of the oldest and most distinguished of our yacht builders, will exhibit a spectacular 50 foot cruiser powered with a 170 h.p. Speedway engine. This luxurious ship will be of mahogany and will include a large deckhouse and forward and after cockpits.

One of the most sumptuous big boats in the Show will be exhibited by Lawley. Dawn, Richardson, Chenevert, Hacker, Gar Wood and all the other prominent firms in the motor boat industry, as well as several new ones, will exhibit new craft for the enjoyment of our millions of miles of protected waterways next summer. The "Fleetwing 40", one of our popular cruisers, will be there in several new guises.

Among the designers of yachts too large to get into any exposition there is great activity. One of the most interesting of the recent announcements in this direction is that of the designing of a 170 foot Diesel yacht for Charles F. Kettering, the engineering genius of General Motors and two 236 foot Diesel yachts for Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., and Fred J. Fisher of the same organization, by John H. Wells and Cox and Stevens in collaboration. These beautiful boats are simply another evidence of the popularity of motor propelled craft among the automobile manufacturers, a majority of whom devote most of their spare time to the enjoyment of marine activities, ranging all the way from racing hydroplanes to huge motor cruisers.

This is to be motor boating's biggest year, the biggest ever, not only in the United States but up in Canada where Ditchburn is doing some of the greatest work that is being done in the development of open and enclosed step boats of great speed, luxury and comfort and in some foreign countries as well. Motor boating seems to be on the point of coming into its own as a major sport.

The Millionaire Problem

(Continued from page 41)

there are few masters left. Table manners for the banquet of life.

It seems that I have only suggested a curriculum in the main negative. But all spiritual education is that, as even the middle classes know. Education is weeding, not agriculture. In any photograph of this American raw material for an aristocracy there is unbounded visible evidence of the results of its lack. How many sulky, hard boiled débutantes; how many sullen, defiant young men in a polo group. In the name of reason and sense, sulky, hard, sullen and defiant about what? Let them learn that the mean fear at the bottom of all this defence mechanism is not allowed to those whose essential status is that they have nothing to be afraid of. Just as the English gentleman, whom they must learn not to imitate but excel, as Lorenzo excelled the Prince of Wales, must learn not to tell lies because there is no conceivable situation in which lying would be any good to him.

Then, just as there are special schools where everything is adapted to the production of a good stenographer in America, there must be a school for millionaires, for the final transformation of society into a civilization. To teach there it is no use going to an exalted bourgeoisie like the English: and there are no text books. Possibly useful examples might be found. Eschewing Rockefeller and Henry Ford and the eleemosynary philanthropists with the same horror as he would the men of the Tweed epoch, Fisk and Gould and the rest who wore diamonds like the stoppers of caraffes, and ate ten dollar bills in their sandwiches, the millionaire pupil would be taught to admire many things in a Hearst; for example, his forty mile long sea coast, and especially the Catilinism of his vital attitude, his high pleasure of amusing himself by playing with mob feelings. To teach this requires certainly a genius. And alas the genius is harder to find and rarer even than his natural complement in the history of civilization, the millionaire.

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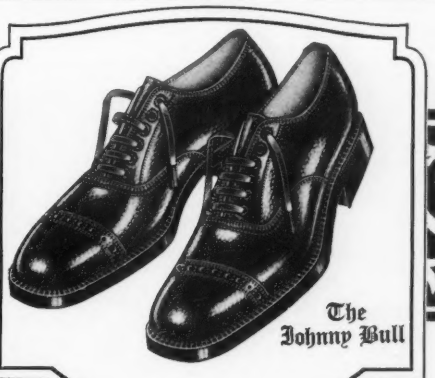

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The Star-Spangled Nichols

(Continued from page 73)

face carefully. Our glances met. There was no more sign of astonishment in his eyes than there was in my own.

So that was his game! Well, my proud fellow, two can play at that as well as one. If he desired to simulate boredom and pretend an indifference to the overwhelming charms of my magnetic personality, I could do as much toward his. So far I had made all the advances in this interview; he had not even said a word. Now let him make a few attempts to impress *me*. In the meantime I could sit back and snub him, snub for snub.

I yawned. He yawned. Very good, my bucko! My head nodded forward. His head nodded forward. Oh, it *did*, did it! I shaded my eyes with my hand. He shaded *his* eyes. There was a loaded silence.

Come, my fine fellow! A little of this is enough. Beverley Nichols has never been treated this way in his life. I peeked cautiously through the fingers of my hand, just in time to catch him peeking cautiously through the fingers of *his* hand.

I glanced up quickly. He glanced up quickly. We glared at each other. I half rose. He half rose. I shook my fist. He shook his fist. "You cad!", we shouted simultaneously.

With a choked cry of rage I reached for a book, and hurled it forward at him with all my might. There was a terrific crash, a splintering of glass, and a dull thud . . .

The young man before me had vanished.

I had vanished.

***

There was a repeated knocking at the door of the tiny apartment whose only claim to fame is the fact that Beverley Nichols lived in it. Through the keyhole drifted the voice of John Riddell.

"Let me in."

No answer.

"Let me into this article at once," he repeated in a louder voice, "or I shall break down this door."

Silence.

With a heave of his shoulder he threw his weight against the delicate oak panels. The door splintered, and fell in with a crash. John Riddell sprawled forward into the room, regained his balance, and then gazed about him with increasing bewilderment.

The room was utterly empty. In the center of the floor stood a vacant chair. Before it were the shattered remains of a full-length mirror, the jagged bits of pane still clinging to the frame. And on the floor, amid the debris of broken glass, lay a book.

John Riddell picked up the volume from the floor, glanced at the title*, and shook his head sadly.

*THE STAR-SPANGLED MANNER, by Beverley Nichols (*Doubleday, Doran*).

1927—1928

As this year of belles lettres winds to its conclusion, (this is being written way back in December, and it probably looks pretty silly now, what with all the violets in bloom) most of my fellow-reviewers are entertaining themselves with arbitrary selections of the Ten Best Books of the Year, which they offer to their awed readers on tablets of enduring bronze with crossed laurels and a small critical standard fluttering overhead in the breeze of an electric fan.

Myself, I entertain no such illusions. I have no idea what are the Best Books of 1928. I have no idea how to tell when a book *is* a Best Book. Probably I haven't read more than five of the Ten Best Books, anyway. Probably, for that matter, at least one or two of them have never been published in the first place.

No. I have just one standard in reporting on a book (now that we are being cozy and fratty together, and please not so much ginger ale with mine next time) and that is whether or not I like it. Therefore, if I am to be of any real service to a reader, he should know the sort of thing I am apt to like; and if his standard of taste happens to be similar to my standard of taste, then it stands to reason he will enjoy the books I recommend. This is a rather fundamental axiom of all criticism, and it is nothing new at all; but in these days of pontifical pronouncements at nine dollars a newspaper column, it is sometimes lost sight of. In the immortal words of Henry Beston, "99 $\frac{44}{100}$% of American criticism is either heckling or opinionated ploop."

Looking back over the year, from December 1927 to December 1928, I find that I recall a certain number of books with distinct pleasure. They are books I really enjoyed. I don't know how many there are: fourteen or fifteen, and of course there will be one or two others that I shall remember just after this copy has gone to press. But I am setting them down here at random, not in any sense to offer a list of Best Books, but rather to express my sincere indebtedness to these few authors for several hours of very real enjoyment:

"ELIZABETH AND ESSEX," by Lytton Strachey (*Harcourt, Brace*).

"THE OUTERMOST HOUSE," by Henry Beston (*Doubleday, Doran*).

"ETCHED IN MOONLIGHT," by James Stephens (*Knopf*).

"THE SET UP" by Joseph Moncure March (*Covici, Friede*).

"COWBOY," by Ross Santee (*Cosmopolitan*).

"A VARIETY OF THINGS," by Max Beerbohm (*Knopf*).

"THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA," by Arnold Zweig (*Viking*).

"SQUAD," by James M. Wharton (*Coward-McCann*).

"CONDEMNED TO DEVIL'S ISLAND," by Blair Niles (*Harcourt, Brace*).

"POINT COUNTER POINT," by Aldous Huxley (*Doubleday, Doran*).

"SUNSET GUN," by Dorothy Parker (*Liveright*).

"INNOCENT BYSTANDING," by Frank Sullivan (*Liveright*).

"ORLANDO," by Virginia Woolf (*Harcourt, Brace*).

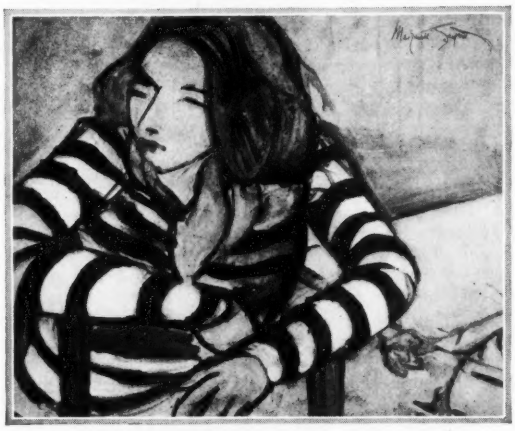
"MEANING NO OFFENSE," by John Riddell (*John Day*).

Which shows you just about the kind of taste that *I* have.

THE DOTTED DRESS
One of the sixteen provocative paintings by Margaret Sargent, which have been on view at the Kraushaar Galleries on Fifth Avenue

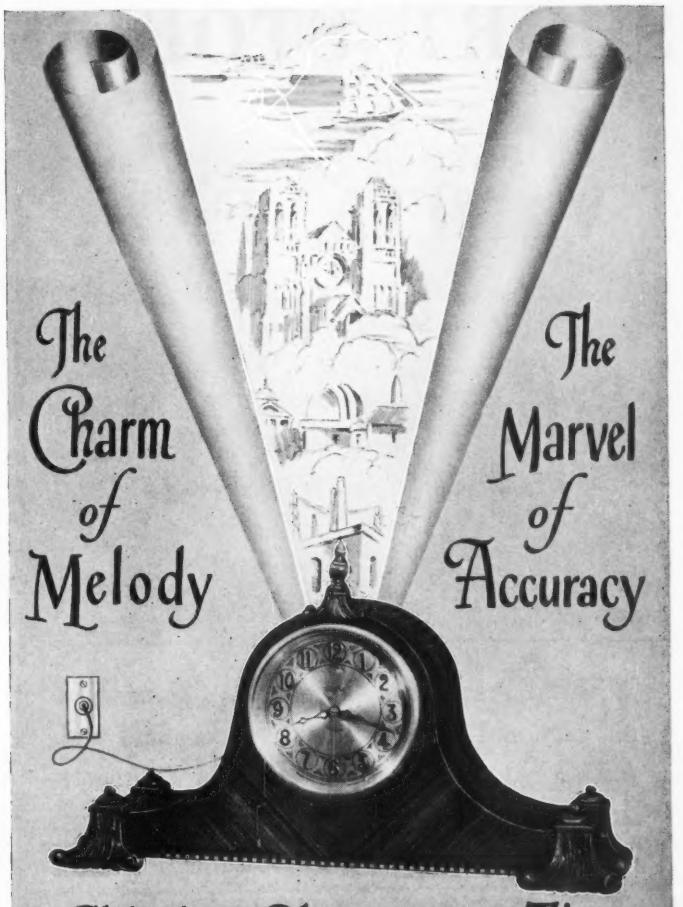
New Oils by Margaret Sargent

Three Canvases Recently on View in New York



THE STRIPED SWEATER
Though Miss Sargent was represented, in her New York exhibition, by paintings alone, she is also a sculptress of proved ability

TAILLEUR CLASSIQUE
Unfortunately the black and white reproductions of these canvases fail to convey an adequate idea of their beauty and importance



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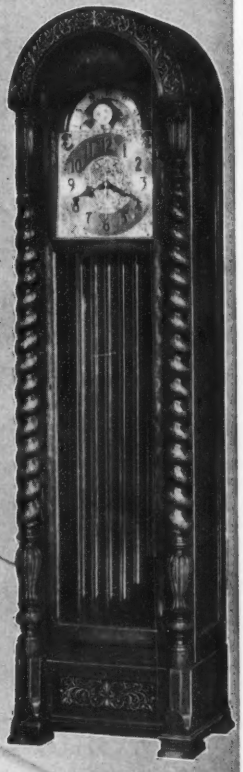

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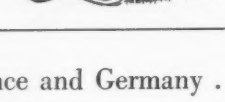

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Vienna, Then and Now

(Continued from page 55)

and their precious porcelains. The balls at the Schwarzenberg Palace were inferior neither in magnificence nor in Louis XIV liveries to those given during the Congress of Vienna by the ancestor of the present prince.

To-day most of these palaces are empty. Their owners, ruined by the war and the expropriations which followed, have taken refuge in such estates as they still possess: some in Czecho-Slovakia, some in Hungary, some in Yugoslavia. The entails which have kept these great fortunes intact through the centuries by reserving them for the eldest son (who, by voluntary gifts, supported such of his brothers as had not entered the army or the Church), will preserve for a little while the ruins of these noble patrimonies; but in Germany and Czecho-Slovakia, all entails will end with the present generation. In Austria, by a curious paradox, it is the socialists who are demanding that the right of entail be preserved. Perhaps they think that it will be easier to deprive one great proprietor of his estates than to expropriate the separate holdings of his descendants.

Meanwhile, by family statutes, the aristocracy is defending itself as best it can against the other danger with which it is menaced: that of misalliances resulting from poverty. Thus, when a Prince Schönberg recently married a commoner, his wife could bear his name but not his title. These statutes, however, are not universal, and the families which are without them, like the Crouÿs, will soon be mixed with plebeian blood. While awaiting this *Götterdämmerung* of the Double Monarchy, some of the noble houses still shine with a certain splendour; Prince Schwarzenberg, Prince Schönberg, and Count Clam have not forgotten how to entertain; toward them gravitate such of the older financiers as have managed to preserve their wealth; but the sceptre of fashion is passing to new families that have made their fortunes since the war.

The Hofburg, empty but haunted with memories, has become a museum where a few tourists, guided by one of those faithful lackeys who formerly wore the chestnut-and-gold livery of the Emperor, come to walk among the shades of those who were driven away. The *Spanische Hofreitschule*, now sadly fallen but still under the same director, Count von der Straten Ponthoz, gives public performances to pay for its upkeep, like a circus.

But at least the Austrian revolution burned nothing, destroyed nothing. The Viennese middle classes, artistic and cultured as always, have made an admirable and costly effort to preserve intact the lovely things they have inherited. Schönbrunn, Laxenburg, the Möllkerhof, and the abbeys of Nelk and Neuburg, the *Burgtheater*, the Opera, the *Hofburg*, all are kept as they were before the war. Lacking, however, is the glitter of the motley crowd in the streets and theatres; lacking are the officers in their multicoloured uniforms and great white military cloaks; lacking is the splendour of the armorial coaches. and lacking the smartness of the droshkies drawn by trotters from the breeding-stables of Hungary—the droshkies which, for a few *florins*, would carry you rapidly through the Prater, then crowded with equestrians but now deserted, toward *Venedig in Wien*, a cardboard Venice intersected with little brooks, or to the Wurstelpräter, a sort of Coney Island. One might add that these amusement places are the same.

After the opera it is still the fashion to have supper at Sacher's. There Frau Sacher, that almost legendary figure with steel-blue eyes, the woman who, one day, drove back the revolution, still sits among her little French bulldogs. But her guests are no longer the same, and they have even ceased to have anything of the Viennese air. What has become of the great archdukes and their slim aides-de-camp, of the lovely and coquettish *Contessen*, of the colonels with their war-like moustaches? At one table I see an obviously American couple; at another a Jewish banker with an actress; farther back are two Roumanian ladies, a Swiss, a pretty Belgian. . . . And yet, in a corner, I seem to recognize a face: who is this shabby gentleman with his little slips of paper and his lists of names and numbers compiled with so much care? It is Count B——, who bows as I come near. On a card, round a dinner table represented by a circle, he is arranging names—the names of mediatized princes, of cabinet ministers, of courtiers, of aulic councillors and former mayors of the Palace. I ask him when this splendid dinner will be held.

"Never, alas!" he answers, "and these guests live only in my imagination. I am ruined, my friends have disappeared. But there is no one, who can prevent me from dreaming or from recalling phantoms of the past."

Frankness

(Continued from page 60)

quarrel with Delapray and its consequences; he also considered what his life had been for the past few weeks.

"Tell me, what did you do? I was so frightened!" said Marcelle, who was waiting for him in the living room.

"I had a scuffle with Delapray and was asked to leave the club," he answered gloomily.

"But . . . why did you do that?" she stammered.

"What else could I do, after what you told me? The moment I knew what he had done, I had to take some sort of action, hadn't I?"

Suddenly his fine pretences of the past few weeks vanished. Pounding his fist on the table, he shouted:

"I've had enough of your frankness. Why did I ever ask you not to lie to me? There are some things that it's better not to know. You made a fool of me by telling the truth, and I've had enough of it. Enough I tell you! Forget everything that I said, and we'll never speak of frankness again."

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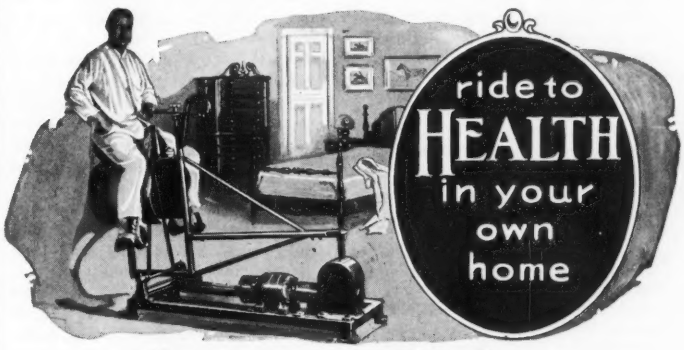

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The Captain's Memoirs

(Continued from page 65)

that the needy genius might better surrender his room in favor of someone who, although only the author of a vaudeville sketch, was living in the enjoyment of royalties actually coming in.

But he was never goaded to drastic action until one night when, feeling especially low spirited and hard up, he glanced into his dining-room and saw his self-appointed protegé at supper. It was what the protegé was eating that brought on the storm. With the air of one who knows no worry, he had ordered the most costly luxury on the menu. He was eating an artichoke. Case fled from the scene and, while the unconscious guest was still dipping the tender and expensive leaves into a pool of *sauce Hollandaise,* the outraged boniface was upstairs, ordering the fellow's bed dismantled, taken apart and hidden away in the storeroom. After all the gentle hints, this final gesture had the effect of informing the young man that he was no longer wanted, and off he went, protesting his undying affection for his host and pressing into his hands at parting the only valuable thing he could leave as hostage for his bill. It was the manuscript of an unproduced play. Trunks have been seized since the first trunks were made, but this is probably the first case of a bill being settled with a rejected play.

The surprised recipient mulled over it for a time, then took it down the hall to Eugene Walter, induced him to re-write it for a mere 75% of the possible royalties, and finally got his own share of the proceeds only by a suit at law, during which he heard himself denounced in court as a mere crass dealer in lodgings and nourishment who would fall like a vulture upon the dream children of artists. The play in its final form was called *Fine Feathers.*

The story of the aforesaid cup of coffee tells not of that Jack Barrymore who became, and, for a brief time remained, the foremost actor of the English speaking stage, nor even of that lesser person who is part of the circus in the town called Hollywood. It is rather the Jack Barrymore who, after tentative and unsatisfactory experiments in drawing cartoons for the *Evening Journal,* and also in doing nothing at all, came wandering into the theatre as a lackadaisical wastrel who, everybody felt safe in predicting, would certainly come to no good end. George need feel no delicacy about thus reverting to the days of the great Barrymore's vagabondage, because they are the very part of his life which the great Barrymore himself most likes to dwell upon whenever he puts pen to paper or puts his lips close to the Boswellian ear of Karl Schmidt. In those days Barrymore used to stop at the Algonquin because his famous uncle was always lodged there during the Drew season at the Empire, and because of the proprietor's seemingly endless patience in the matter of bills. The management did try (unsuccessfully) to shake this touching confidence. On one occasion the cheerful Barrymore's trunk was being held by the less pally Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia for a little matter of $35.00. It came on to the Algonquin only when Mr. Case promised over the telephone to send his own check for that embarrassing amount. Case did feel, however, that for the good of his own soul the young sinner should at least make this amount good. So when, forgetting all about it, Barrymore left blandly for a song-and-dance engagement in Chicago that evening, the hotel was moved to experiment in administering the salutary shock of a suit at law. The process server was guided to the very door of Barrymore's hotel room in Chicago, and was left there to apply the aforesaid shock. As nothing seemed to come of it, however, the discouraged Mr. Case investigated and found that Barrymore (through the keyhole of his bathroom) had welcomed the surprise party with the affable offer of a drink, that this unstable minion of the law had thereafter sat him down to wait for the morning bath to be over, and when last seen the process server and the defendant were weaving through Chicago, arm in arm.

Amused but exasperated, the baffled plaintiff tried again, somewhat in the spirit of a man who keeps plugging away at Canfield until at last he runs it out. When next the elusive young player put foot in New York another and more abstemious process server was set on his track. That night, while hurrying to the theatre, Barrymore dashed up to Case, feeling distractedly in his pocket as he approached him, retrieving at last a crumpled piece of paper, and thrust it into Case's hands.

"Won't you look after this for me?" he asked with the successfully appealing reliance a child can show, "It's a legal something or other. You know all about such truck." And off he went, with a that's-that expression on his face and, as like as not, a comfortable sense of having been extremely competent and business-like for once in a way.

When Case got a spare moment an hour later he took out and examined the document thus confided to him. It was a summons. In fact it was *his* summons. He gave up.

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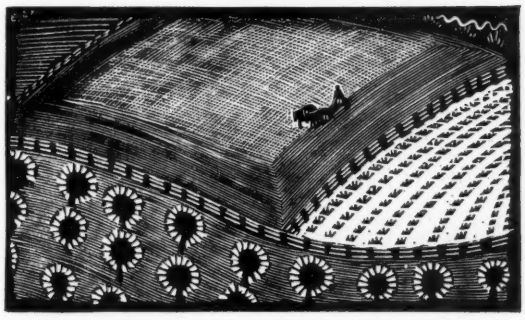
Woodcuts by Wharton Esherick

HARVESTING

Wharton Esherick, unquestionably one of the foremost woodcut artists in America today, has in the example above made dramatic use of the harvesting scene, basing his design on the sweep of the paths left by the harvesters' scythes flowing away in parallel curves from the wall of uncut grain

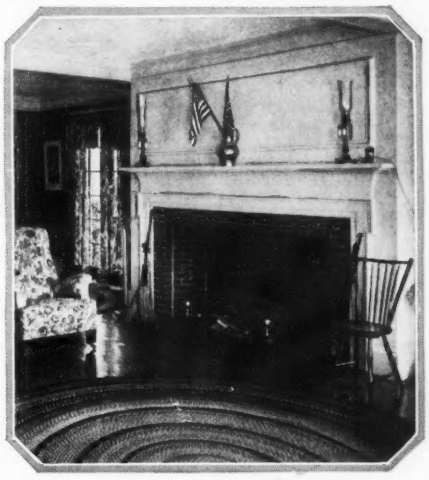


PLOWING *(above)*

It may be said that Esherick's peculiar genius is, as seen in the examples of his woodcuts reproduced here, to square the circle. His reconciliation in the same design of angles with curves, his strong simplification and his use of rhythms in crescendo are particularly masterly

HARROWING *(below)*

Esherick, a Pennsylvanian in his middle 40s, has painted, built furniture, and designed woodcut illustrations for two books of Walt Whitman and *The Song of Songs*. In his work one always feels powerful tensions whose opposing thrusts are always perfectly equated



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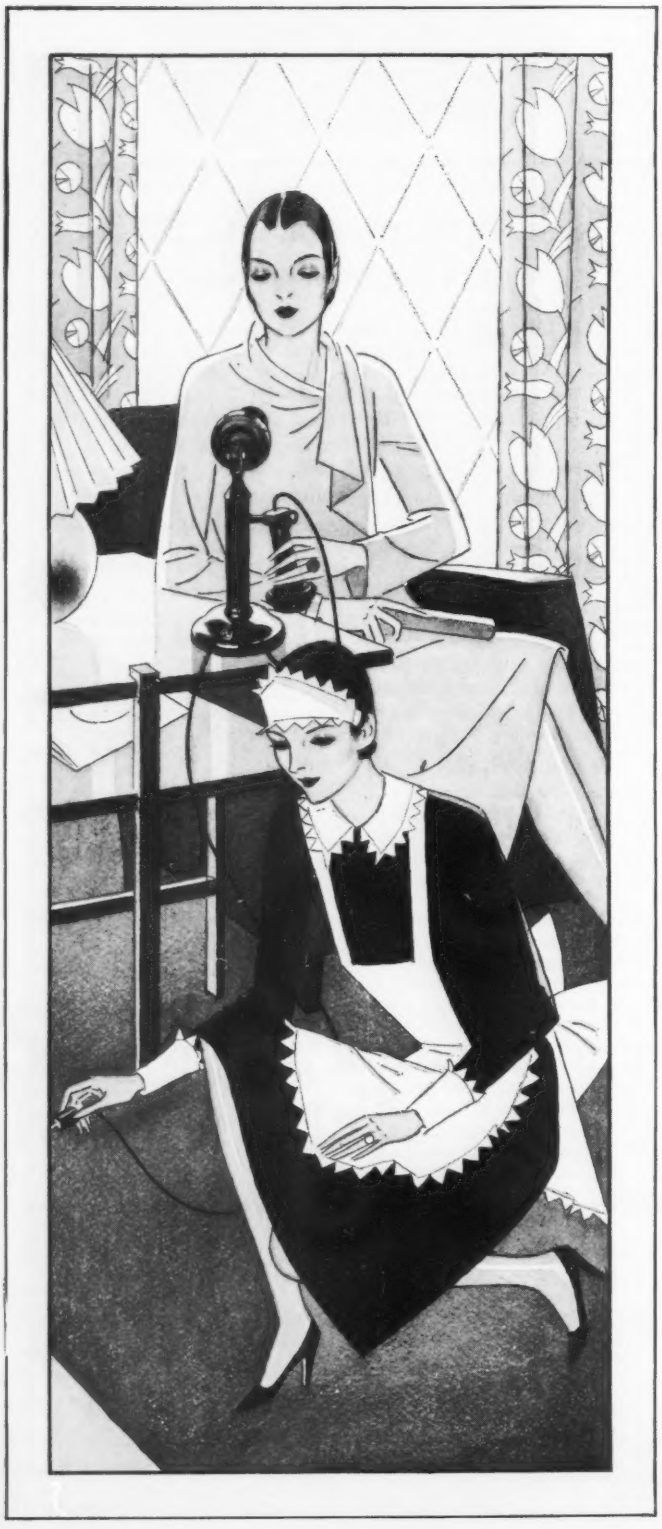

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